# FOREST AND STREAM.

## A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant, as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did"; and so, if I might be judge, "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

Isaak Walton.

## The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

*"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."*

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1897.—No. VIII.

*IOWA.*

**Game and Fish Act of 1897.—Sec. 14. No person shall at any time, or at any place within this State, trap, shoot or kill for traffic any pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, woodcock, quail, ruffed grouse or pheasant.**

### *THE SENSE OF SMELL.*

An interesting article under this caption has recently appeared in the London *Stock-Keeper* and has been copied in several papers in this country. Being written, as is supposed, by Mr. John Arthur Chambers, it may be imagined that it deals chiefly with the sense of smell in dogs. Attention is called to the different ways in which dogs of different breeds use their eyes and their noses in the attempt to recognize friends and acquaintances, and it is justly concluded that the evidence given to the mind by smell is much more conclusive to the animal than that furnished by sight. It is also stated—and very truly—that it is doubtful whether one breed of dogs can be said to smell better than another, but that the way in which a dog uses his nose depends largely on his education—that is to say, on how much he has been accustomed to use it and to depend upon it. The familiar statement is made that pigs have been used for finding game, and mention is made of the well-known instance where a herd of cattle was used by Col. Pollock to chase and kill a tiger.

Examples of the confidence which the dog feels in the evidence of his nose are often seen. If a dog loses his master and then finds him again, he recognizes him by the eye and is glad; but the first thing he does is to push his nose against him and smell him, so as to be really certain of the fact which his eyes had led him to believe.

It is natural that we should regard the sense of smell as more highly developed in the dog than in other animals, but this belief is founded purely on the fact that we see a very great deal of the dog and very little of other animals. For uncounted generations man has used the dog as a hunting companion, and no doubt long before history began to be written, stories of the dog's wonderful nose were passed about from man to man.

But the savage is well acquainted with many things in nature of which the civilized man is hopelessly ignorant. He depended for sustenance and support upon his skill with primitive arms, to use which it was necessary that he should approach very close to his intended prey. To do this he was forced to match his wits against the keen senses of these wild creatures, and he early learned that of all these senses, the keenest and the most trusted was that of smell. The wild animal might see him, and look for a long time without being able to determine what the hunter was, but if it smelt him it was never for a moment in doubt of its danger, and at once sought safety in flight.

Two motives affecting two widely differing classes of animals would influence the development of the sense of smell. On the one hand, the carnivora, eager for food, depending for existence on their ability to capture animals of rapid flight, use the sense of smell to follow them up, and by persistent and long-continued pursuit at last overtake and destroy them. On the other, the grass-eating mammals depend for protection from enemies chiefly on this sense of smell, and so soon as a whiff of the tainted air is brought to their nostrils they seek safety in flight, putting as great a distance as possible between themselves and the spot where the suspicious odor was observed. Motives stronger than these two cannot be imagined, since in each case life itself may depend on the sense in question.

To Indians and to many old white hunters it is well known that deer and moose when feeding commonly travel up the wind, looking for danger ahead of them and trusting to the rapidity of their movements to outstrip anything that may be following directly on their trail. It is equally well known that when about to lie down both the species named are very likely to turn about, go a short distance down the wind, and then lie down, using both eyes and ears to cover their back trail. It is for this reason that the practiced still-hunter who pursues these animals does not keep on the track, but follows along to the leeward of it, making a series of wide sweeps or loops, and going to the trail only often enough to see that it is still before him.

Many other examples of this keenness of scent will occur to the man who has done much hunting. From our perch on a mountain side we have seen a black-tail buck, frightened by a companion who was hunting a mile or two away, come racing over the prairie with head held high, apparently thinking only of the danger behind him, but when he reached the trail over which we had passed two or three hours before, he stopped suddenly, lowered his nose to the ground and smelt the tracks, and then turned at right angles to his former course, and continued his flight. In the same way in years gone by, bands of buffalo, frightened and running, have been seen to suddenly stop on reaching the trail left by several footmen who had passed over the prairie, and to refuse to cross it, but to run off another way. Some of our readers no doubt have had such a painful experience as was recently related to us, where a hunter who, having put out a bait for a bear, had walked around it early in the day, to see if it had been visited during the night, and then at evening, while watching, saw the bear come boldly toward the bait until it had reached his tracks, then turn and slouch carelessly along them for a few yards, and then run like a race horse toward cover.

The patient, tireless pursuit of the wolf on the track of a deer has so often been dilated on, that it needs no more than mention.

We all know that the odor given out by a flock of sheep or a herd of cattle can be detected even by the human nose at some distance, and in the same way the practiced hunter, as well as his dog, can often recognize the odor of certain game animals, such as elk, bear, white goat and, in old times, the buffalo herd, long after the animals have passed. No doubt the nose of the savage, like his other senses, are much keener than those of civilized man, because more constantly in use.

In writing about the sense of smell, we who are able to write are discussing something of which we know, and can know but little, yet it is certainly well that our few crude and imperfect observations should be set down.

### *THE NEW YORK ZOO.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the dullness and the heat of this summer season, the interest felt in the New York Zoölogical Society does not abate. Up to last spring, when the city authorities set aside for its uses 261 acres in South Bronx Park, no special effort had been made by the board of managers to secure members, as the carrying out of the Society's plans depended on the consent of the Sinking Fund Commission, and it was not certain how these officials would act.

Since then, however, reports of the Society's progress and statements of its plans have been sent out in some numbers to citizens of New York. The results of the distribution of this literature have been very gratifying to the managers, and the Society now has three founders, ten patrons, sixty-four life members, and 307 annual members. Of these, two patrons, eighteen life members and 160 annual members have been added to the list since June 10. The life membership fee is $200, the patrons' $1,000, and the founders' $5,000. Applications for membership are still being received.

The building plans for the park are now being prepared by Messrs. Heins and LaFarge, the official architects, and it is expected that these buildings will be the most complete of any in the world, for they will contain all the good features of the most modern zoölogical gardens of Europe and this country.

Not long since, the director of the Society laid before the executive committee a proposition and detailed plan for an exhibition of oil paintings of American wild animals, to be held next autumn, and it is probable that the suggestion then advanced will be carried out, and that the prizes and the conditions of such an exhibition will be announced before long.

Judging from what has already been accomplished, it seems altogether probable that in the autumn, when the summer travelers have returned to the city, the membership of the Society will largely increase, and that considerable additional subscriptions to the $100,000 fund, which is required before work on the ground can be begun by the city, will be received. It is understood that a considerable share of this fund has already been raised.

Thus, if all goes well, it may happen that work on the Society's park may begin this autumn, in which case the end of the year 1898 may see some portion of the park occupied by collections and open to the public.

### *GAME FOR GAME PARKS.*

To stock a game preserve in a game country is a comparatively simple undertaking: build a fence so constructed as to let the game in and not to let it out again, and there you have it. Preserve projectors in districts remote from the base of natural supply, however, are finding it more difficult year by year to secure a stock because of the more rigid restrictions against the capture and export of live game. While it is highly expedient that the taking of wild elk and deer for preserve purposes should be held within very close bounds and should be regulated very carefully by the game protective officials, we believe that as much latitude should be allowed as may be consistent with keeping up the native stock. The man who wishes to export a band of wild deer for his game park outside of the State is quite as worthy of consideration as the hunter who seeks merely to kill the lawful number of wild deer within the State. Maine has recently made an appreciated concession in this respect. Formerly it was there forbidden to take live deer for export. The law was not always observed; there is reason to believe that numerous deer which were alleged to have come from Canada had, in fact, surreptitiously been captured across the line in Maine. Now this is changed. The new law provides that the "Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game are authorized to grant permission to take moose, caribou, deer and birds for park purposes in this State, under such rules and regulations and conditions as they shall establish." This concession will be welcomed by the owners of game parks in the East, and we may depend upon the Commissioners to make such rules as will keep the export of live game within the proper bounds.

In our issue of July 3 we referred to a shipment of live elk from Wyoming, and expressed a suspicion that these might have been some of the elk illegally held in captivity on the Moose Head Ranch in Jackson's Hole. We are glad to be advised by the Wyoming authorities that none of the elk referred to in our article as having been trapped in the snows of last winter on this ranch have been sent out of the State. The Wyoming law makes admirable provision for just such a case as this. The railroads are forbidden to accept for shipment, and in practice they refuse to accept, live game unless accompanied by a permit from the State game warden. It would be impossible, therefore, for the Moose Head Ranch elk to be exported so long as the officials maintain their present determined attitude, which we are advised is that "the State will take the necessary legal steps to secure the release of the elk in question, independently of the county authorities, and will exhaust all legal resources in the effort to protect the game of the State, as well from capture and shipment as from wanton destruction or illegal hunting."

We suggested last week that electric-shock systems of fishing would be put under the head of tabooed appliances. This has already been done in Iowa, where the new law classes electricity with dynamite and other prohibited agencies.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## LOST IN THE WOODS OF BRITISH GUIANA.

Of course the old woodsman, like the red Indian, never loses himself; he may lose his camp, as the Indian may lose his wigwam, but he can always turn to himself for counsel where to find it. Nevertheless, the loss even of one's camp may, under certain circumstances, prove a serious inconvenience, as I found to my cost lately.

I had been sick. I was ten days down with pneumonia, and had left my bed only a few days when I was again prostrated with fever. Guiana fevers enjoy quite a reputation for the vigor of their attack, and I must confess that when mine left me after a fortnight's tussle, it didn't leave very much of my former self. I began to rally, however, and a few days later, when my host started on an official tour, I decided to take my gun and go out to look for something for the pot. I was lightly equipped, for I had no intention of going far or of staying long. I took no compass, for I intended to follow the bank of a creek which emptied itself into the river close to the camp; no matches, for I was not yet reconciled to my pipe; and the weather being fine and warm, my clothing was limited to a suit of flannel underwear and a pair of linen pants.

It was pleasant to get into the woods again, and I strolled along the bank of the creek, or rather along the high bank overhanging the ravine through which the creek flowed, for a couple of miles, when I turned to my right in search of heavier timber and lighter undergrowth. A spot was soon found where I could command a view of the surface for from 10 to 30yds. or more all around, and here I took up position between two big trees standing at 10ft. apart. Presently a rush of wind heralded a storm, the sky was overcast, and a shower came down at the rate of an inch an hour. I found shelter for my gun and partial shelter for myself between the buttresses of one of the big trees while the rain lasted, which was about half an hour, when I again took up my old position, with eyes and ears alert. After a while I heard the faint rustle of a leaf behind me, and wheeling round I saw an accourie (a species of guinea pig weighing 12 or 14lbs.) at about 5yds. from me. We eyed each other irresolutely for an instant when he sped, and my gun came to my shoulder. He found cover at 15yds., but I had him in line and drew trigger as he disappeared, and walking forward I found him lying quite dead. Picking him up and tying his legs together with a piece of creeper, I slung him over my shoulder, and decided to make the best of my way homeward and get into dry clothes, for the high trees kept dripping and the undergrowth, which I had to brush through, was saturated. I felt elated at finding that hand and eye were still true, and stepped out briskly, although I was soon so thoroughly wetted that the water dripped off the bottoms of my pants.

After going about two or three miles, it occurred to me that I ought to be near camp, and I first swerved and then wheeled to my right to strike the edge of the ravine. I struck it in half a mile. There was no sign of the river, and the accourie by this time weighed fully 20lbs.; but I plodded on another two or three miles as briskly as I could. By-and-by the bed of the ravine appeared to be rising, and going down to it I found that I was near its source in a broad, swampy depression. As I returned to the rise, feeling pretty well done up, the sun came out, marking 5 o'clock, and showing me that my course was north of west, whereas it should have been south of east.

After shooting the accourie I had started forward instead of backward! I crawled around awhile in search of a hollow tree, but the approach of another shower warned me to take the best immediately available. This was a mora, whose broad, spreading buttresses had divided, leaving a passage through under the base of the trunk, which was about 10ft. from the ground. Here I took shelter from the rain, but saw at once that I could neither lie down nor even sit with any comfort! The space between the buttresses was interlaced with their small branches rising a few inches above ground. Here was a dilemma! Just after a severe attack of pneumonia, and saturated with rain and perspiration, to be exposed without fire to the damp, chilly night air. I tried to sit, using the accourie for a seat, and the buttresses for a support for my back; but it was very uncomfortable, and I had to stand the greater part of the night, threshing myself with my arms occasionally to keep up the circulation. So the night passed.

With the dawn came a light drizzling rain which lasted an hour or more, when the sky cleared. The sun was not visible, but its light was occasionally reflected through openings on some tree in the west, and I started to make as nearly an easterly course as I could for the river. The Guiana forests are not easy to steer through without a compass. There are no landmarks to guide one; the dense, high forest limits the vision to 50yds. at most. The sun is rarely visible until near noonday, when it is so nearly vertical that turning in any direction and throwing your head back, the sun appears before you. Fortunately I had seen a map of the country, and knew that I was in an angle between two rivers: the Mazaruni, flowing approximately from west to east and the Puruni entering it from the north. I was west of the Puruni, and to the best of my judgment three or four miles north of the camp, which I estimated at eight or nine miles distance. I could hardly go astray if I could see the sun before noon. The Puruni was to the east, the Mazaruni to the south.

The sun soon made its appearance, and leaving the accourie behind me, I struck out on a due easterly course, designing to come out above camp and follow the river down. The sun was soon hidden again, and after numerous detours to avoid tangled creepers and undergrowth, I lost my course, and paused in an open space to determine the point at which the light was strongest, resting the stock of my gun on the ground. As I turned to proceed I saw the shadow of my barrels reflected on a wet leaf. Here was a wrinkle. A few trials satisfied me that I could locate the sun without seeing it, so I went forward confidently but wearily.

It was noon when I reached the Puruni, at a point which I estimated at four miles or so above camp, but on peering into the rivers I got a glimpse of two rock masses so nearly like two masses just below the camp that I thought I must be out in my calculations. I was at the mouth of a creek too, very like the mouth of a creek half a mile below camp, and remembering that there was a small boat camp about 200yds. from the creek, I determined to cross the latter and reconnoiter. As my foot sank in the muddy bank of the creek, I observed another foot track pointing the other way which appeared to be mine. This looked conclusive, but I walked on nearly half a mile without seeing sign of the boat camp, and came to the mouth of another creek. I did not recognize it, but I could see that a hill rose in front of me, and went on dubiously for a couple of hundred yards when I came to a boat camp, but apparently a newly erected and complete one. It might be the old camp enlarged! I toiled to the top of the hill, but there was no camp clearing. It was probably miles to the south of me, and I retraced my steps wearily. Two miles lost!

I was not making more than a mile an hour now in a straight line, but when I say that seven miles is an ordinary day's march through the woods, it will be seen that in my weak state I was not traveling without effort. Regaining the spot at which I struck the river, I followed its bank down stream for three miles or so, when the sun sank low, and seeing a hollow tree which promised good shelter, I determined to make camp there. The wood ants had been at the hollow and deserted it, since when a large mass of the fruits of their labor had peeled off and fallen to the ground. Leveling this off, I soon had a comfortable bed, with a raised pillow, and shelter from the rain for all above the knees. Here I stretched myself and soon fell into a sound slumber, from which I was awakened by a noise resembling the blowing off of steam; at least, that was the impression produced on me in my awakening state. I sat up and listened. The sound rose and fell in harsh and melancholy cadence, terminating occasionally in a grunt. It was evidently made by a troop of large animals, but I had never heard anything like it then. I have since become familiar with it as the cry of our baboons. After a while I located it across the river and fell asleep again, awaking refreshed, but chilly in my wet clothes, just before dawn.

I concluded that I was not more than two miles from camp and started out cheerfully, keeping the high land about 80 or 100yds. from the river. The undergrowth was more open here, and I was able to keep the river in sight. After a mile or so I got into a tangle which grew worse and worse until it became impenetrable. If I had gone back 100yds. or more, I might have got to the river bank and found a passable track, but this I did not know; besides, I hate turning back. I could not turn to the river from where I was, but I could turn to my right with every prospect of getting round the tangle. This I did, but I swerved nearly a mile from my course. As the forest opened to my left, I swerved round toward the river again, and after a while saw the gleam of an opening on my left, but it soon disappeared, and after a while I wheeled around due east for the river, striking it at the mouth of a creek. Here again the mouth of the creek, with the fallen logs across it, appeared familiar, and forcing a way through the undergrowth on the bank, I again found two rock masses, resembling those below the camp. Then I remembered that above these rock masses there should be a low bar right across the river, with just one opening, through which rushed a small rapid. There was no bar, no rapids; still, just at the expected place, an occasional point of rock could be seen in line across the river. The fact was, the river had risen and was now rolling quietly over the bar.

I sat down on a log and communed with myself as follows: "If I am misled by appearances and go to the top of the hill above me as I did yesterday I shall lose over a mile, while if I have really passed around behind the camp I am only three and a half miles from the junction of the two rivers and can go there and return by night." It was badly argued, but a *mens sana* is to be found only *in corpore sano*, and my frame was near exhaustion.

I went down stream for a couple of miles and found that its width was nearly double what it was at the camp. There was little doubt that I was nearing its mouth, but I would make sure now. Here I caught sight of a granite ledge jutting 50 or 60ft. out from the bank. A grand opportunity to bathe and wash my clothes. It was high noon, the sun showing brightly on the rock, and the clothes would dry in an hour or so. The bath was very refreshing, and sitting down on the water's edge I washed and beat out my clothes on the rock, and spread them out to dry, while I sought shelter in the forest's shade. An hour passed and the clothes were drying well, when the sky became obscured, the rain came down pitilessly, and there was nothing for me except to gather up my clothes, wet as they still were, and get into them. I had no shelter beyond the foliage, and this was soon dripping. When the rain was over I set out again, and in five minutes I was as wet through as ever, wearier, too; so far from feeling refreshed by the bath, I wanted to sit down on every fallen log I stepped on or climbed over.

It was 3 o'clock when I reached the Masaruni, and four miles "as the crow flies" to walk back. It seemed hopeless, but I put my best leg forward and trudged on. Night overtook me about a mile from the camp. There was no possibility of pushing forward in the dark, but there was a carpenter at the camp who might hear the report of my gun and come out with a lantern. I fired. As I pressed the trigger a "powis"—a bird resembling a peacock—stepped out from behind a tree, but I could not stay my hand.

The night was cold and I was unable to sleep a minute, but now for the first time my thoughts turned on the needs of the inner man. I began to dwell pleasantly on the prospect of eating. I felt ready to dispose of a quart of chocolate, and resolved that as soon as I got into camp in the morning I would begin with that and finish with ham and eggs. It was too chilly to sleep, and I lay awake all night, rising occasionally to thresh myself.

At the first dawn I was on the move, and in camp before sunrise. The carpenter, who was in his night-clothes, after regarding me a minute, lifted his eyes and exclaimed pathetically, with special reference to my headgear: "I never thought to see that old hat again." "He had heard my shot the night before," he said, "but he did not know it was mine, and if he had known he would not have ventured into the woods alone for anything wealth could give."

I bade him put on a full quart of water to boil, had a hasty bath, got into dry clothes, and was soon seated before a quart of chocolate and a box of biscuits. I disposed of the former and I decided that the ham and eggs could wait for breakfast; my most pressing, immediate need was sleep. This came almost as soon as I laid my head on the pillow. At 11 o'clock I awoke and had the anticipated breakfast of ham and eggs, after which I slept until 4 o'clock, when I got up and had a pea-soup dinner, which was rather too much for my weak stomach. A little fit of indigestion was the result, but I got five or six hours' sleep, and woke the next morning thoroughly refreshed, and none the worse for my outing.

It will appear no great feat, thirty miles in three days, to those unacquainted with tropical forests; but, considering the state of my health, the fact that I was walking fully ten hours a day, without food, and with clothes wet through the whole time, there can be little doubt that it was a severe strain upon the system, and it appears remarkable that I contracted no ill effects from it, especially in a region which has the reputation of being very malarious.

C. F. AMERY.

## REMINISCENCES OF MAJOR NORTH.

GENESEO, Ill., July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I just this minute finished reading, on your editorial page, a notice of the death of N. C. Creede, coupled with the announcement that he served as an officer on the Pawnee scouts, under Maj. Frank North, in the late 60s. Now, it is the name of Maj. North that causes fancy to ruffle up her feathers, and, with a vigorous shake, spread her broad pinions and soar afar.

It was early in the spring of '72 that I and another boy (Willis Lawbaugh, by name), having turned our earthly possessions into about 50,000 root grafts of apples and other fruits, loaded our effects and ourselves on board the cars headed for the great West.

Landing at Columbus, Neb., our first effort was to find a suitable location for a nursery. We had not much money, but were playing each nickel with a string to it. This, of course, was not known, and we were besieged by people who had the only suitable site near Columbus for a nursery, and who were greatly interested in the establishment of a nursery and wanted to lease us the ground.

But one after another their interest cooled down, when they found we did not intend to pay in advance on the lease a sum equal to at least twice the market value of the land. One day as we were rambling about the country, we chanced upon a beautiful site for our enterprise, some two miles west of Columbus on the bank of the Loup River, and on the farm just north of the Union Pacific R. R. bridge across that stream. There was a small, neat, white house and red barn on the place, and after looking it over we made our way there to inquire about the chance of getting it. The man at work on the place told us the "Major was away, but we could inquire at the house."

We found at the house an elderly lady, another lady somewhat below middle age, and a girl of six summers; these were the mother, wife and daughter of Major Frank North. Making known our errand, we were invited to make our headquarters at the North home until Major came down from Fort Laramie, which he was expected to do, and did, in a few days.

We were given our pick of the farm lands for our nursery on surprisingly favorable terms, and the Major's man was instructed to furnish us horses, plows, etc., when needed. We built a shanty on the river bank and proceeded to put out our stock.

We heard many stories of adventure on the plains during the summer, one of which was of the Major's ride of 102 miles on horseback in one day. Mrs. North showed us a bear-skin rug, the original owner of which the Major had killed with one shot from a .32cal. revolver. The story was that he came suddenly upon the bear in a narrow defile in the mountains with only a small pocket revolver at his command. He opened fire with this, when the bear turned and ran away, but only got a short distance when he fell dead, the bullet having found the heart.

She also entertained us with the story of a buffalo hunt in which she took part herself. During the summer of '72 the Major was in the employ of the Government as a scout and spent the greater part of the time in Wyoming, coming home every few weeks, as opportunity offered. The station was two miles east of his farm, and when the train slowed up at the Loup River bridge he would jump off and walk over or ride a pony which had been previously tied there, by his man, for that purpose.

He was a great hand to ride, and I have often seen him crossing the prairies at a breakneck pace, carrying his daughter Stella in his arms.

The Pawnee Indians, whose reservation was twenty miles up the river, used to flock there in great numbers eager to shake hands with him.

Coming down the river they would stop at our shanty and their eager question, "Is the Major home?" proved that they held him in high esteem.

In the spring and fall the river used to be lined its entire length with swarms of wild geese. We boys each had a double-barrel muzzle-loading shotgun, and we used to have high old times worrying them, bringing one down occasionally and giving a good many more a bad fright.

I remember what supreme satisfaction it was to me to get a chance to show off before the Major, who was visiting at our shanty, by bringing a goose down from a passing flock. I supposed he would be amazed at such a revelation of skill, and he did seem to be. Such is fame and such is conceit. Another circumstance that pleased me greatly happened one day as the Major's brother Lute and myself were seated on the bank of the river. Lute had his needle gun with him, which I was examining, when a flock of geese lit upon a sandbar some 400yds. up the river. At the suggestion of Lute I trained the Needle gun on them and fired. The bullet fell short of the geese by about 100yds., and in the meantime they took wing again. When about 8ft. above the water one of them was struck by the ball, which had glanced up and come down again.

Though I saw in an instant just what had happened, I hoped Lute had not, but a merry twinkle in his eye revealed that he was on to the "how" of it, yet such is the power of success that I was still very happy.

At that time Major North was a sufferer from asthma, and his brief visits to the heavier air of eastern Nebraska usually brought on an attack of that disease. This led him to move his family to Wyoming that fall. Our nursery tock flourished nicely till the fall of the first year, when

the grasshoppers raided and nearly ruined it. This was followed by another hopper raid in '73, which completed the ruin. This broke up the enterprise. The Major promptly remitted the rent due on the land and we organized for a big game hunt on the Upper Loup that winter.

A quarter of a century has rolled away since then, and great has been the change wrought by its passing years, but they have left me still chasing butterflies.

E. P. JAQUES.

## SHEEP AND SNOWSHOES.—VI.

### A Winter Hunt on the Summit of the Rockies.

### No Hunting Weather.

THE morning of March 11 dawned very cold and stormy, and hunting was out of the question. Hunter Powell started for home, agreeing to stop at John Monroe's lodge and feed the dog and young puppies that had been abandoned there, and which we feared would be frozen to death. Before he went home he made an effort to catch some trout, but found the weather too cold. I went out to put some finishing touches on my marten trap, but found the temperature so low that my fingers nearly froze, so that I was a long time in getting the trigger to hold. We never knew exactly how cold it was at our camp at this time; but Major Steell's thermometer at the agency registered 27° below zero on two different nights, the night of March 10 and one a little later. We suppose that it was probably colder at our camp than it was at the agency. Above us in the mountains the white wreaths of snow were flying all day long, and the hunters said that it would be impossible for a man to live up there, or at least to live and hunt with any pleasure. We spent the day, for the most part, sitting about the lodge and listening to stories which our friends told us of the old days. By pulling up the fold of his blanket behind him so that the wind would not have a fair sweep at his back, one could be very comfortable in the lodge, even on so cold a day. But we watched the doorflap very jealously, and the dog Shep, who had a habit of poking his head out and leaving the canvas door ajar, became a subject of frequent maledictions; for the air that came in was Arctic in its frigidity.

Even the least experienced of the party had now learned something of the theory of the lodge, and had come to admire it more and more. Billy Jackson had fixed up a fine bed for McChesney and me, this being in the back part of the lodge—the post of honor. Schultz explained to us that in the old tribal days there was a certain etiquette of the lodge which was rigidly observed. Thus, the back part of the lodge was the place where the "medicine" of the lodge owner stood, this perhaps being supported by a little tripod between the fire and the back of the lodge. It was contrary to the etiquette for any one to pass between the fire and the medicine, and the ceremonious politeness required that to cross from one corner to another in the back part of the lodge, one should go clear around the fire and cross on the side nearest the door. It was contrary to etiquette to have any sticks of wood left pointing toward the medicine when the fire was built or replenished, nor was it considered a fortunate or proper thing to carry out any ashes from the lodge fire. The little life-saving flame in the center of the conical house seems to have been invested with a certain respect or veneration, as indeed it might very well have been; for without fire one would be beyond hope in such a country.

Odd bits of information came up in the snatches of conversation in our daily circle about the lodge fire. Thus Schultz recalled with amusement a certain wedding in which a white friend of his had married an Indian woman. It seemed that this woman had had four husbands before this time. "It was a rattling good wedding, though," said Schultz, "and I remember that there were five gallons of alcohol as part of the refreshments." It seems that custom at weddings vary chiefly in degree, no matter what the people or country.

"Speaking of wives," continued Schultz, "reminds me of old Brocky, one of the chiefs of this tribe. You know, Brocky had four or five wives, and the priests have always been at him to be civilized, and give up all of his wives but one. Brocky said he allowed that that was the right thing to do, and that he would have to get into touch with modern ways of thought by following the priest's advice, but he said to the priests: 'I have had to give up good money to buy these wives of mine, and I can't afford to turn any of them loose without getting paid for it. If you people will give me what my wives cost me you can have the whole outfit, or all of them but one, just as you think is right.' Of course, the priests couldn't see it that way, but Brocky can't understand even to-day why there was anything unreasonable in his proposition." Nor indeed is there, for if we are to believe opera bouffe there are many white men who would gladly do just as Brocky offered to do, though perhaps not in so plural a manner.

We talked something about the religion of the Indian. An odd complexity comes in here. The government tries to civilize the Indians, but yet cannot rank them as citizens. They may go clear up to the line of citizenship, but still in the eye of the law are savages. If they were citizens they would be guaranteed under the constitution the right to worship as they see fit, but as it is they cannot do so. The Indians are all the time asking to be allowed to hold their medicine lodge, which they say it is very hard, especially for the ancient ones of their tribe, to give up. They like their own fashion of religion better than ours, and insist that it is harmless. They claim that at their medicine lodge they sing and pray after the way of their fathers, make presents to their old people, something after the way we make Christmas presents to each other, and do not indulge in any ghost dancing or that sort of thing. The government forbids these ceremonies of the old religion as retarding the progress of the Indians in the ways of civilization, and yet it sets the limit beyond which they may not go in the path of civilization.

### Winter Explorations.

If the day of March 11 had been cold, the night following was still colder. We could not tell how low the thermometer went, but as we later found that we nearly always under-estimated the record, we presumed that it must have been in the neighborhood of 30 below that night. We had to use all our extra clothing and were none too warm at that. It was one of the regular amusements of the trip to witness the struggles of the different members of the party to get into the sleeping bags and beds at night. McChesney would wiggle and twist and groan his way to the bottom of his Kenwood, and then I would take a turn, and sometimes Billy would come over and hold up the top of the bags while we were working our way down into the interior. The additional blankets which we put into the bags made them a very tight fit. In the morning we were covered with a dense rime of frost. We did not keep up a fire on any night in the lodge.

The morning of March 12 was still and brilliantly cold, everything sparkling and glittering and wonderfully beautiful, with all the myriad aspects of the mountain to interest and confuse the eye. While the others stayed at camp, Billy, O-to-kò-mi and I took a walk up through the woods to visit the Two Medicine Falls, a cataract not set down in the books or newspapers, but well worth a description as a natural curiosity. These falls are on the Two Medicine Creek, between the lower and the next upper lake of the Two Medicine chain, on which there are in all four or five lakes, great and small. Between the two lakes there is a difference in altitude of 100 or 200ft., a giant wall of rock running across the entire front of the valley at that point. The stream does not plunge over this rock wall, but drops below the top of it, then burrows through it, and comes out of the perpendicular face of the lower side through a round hole, as though from a sewer pipe let into the wall. The actual fall of the water is only about 40 or 50ft., perhaps, but the wall towers straight up above the fall to a great height. The stream plunges out of its confined subterranean channel into a wide and lovely pool of water, a good pistol shot across and many feet in depth—one of the grandest trout pools that ever lay out of doors, and one of the most abundantly stocked, according to the story of our friends, since the trout can get no higher up the creek than this point, and fairly swarm when they are stopped there on their run up in the spring.

We stopped some time at the falls, enjoying the beauty of a spectacle which but few white men have ever seen, and taking some observations of the country round about with a view to later hunting trips in that direction from our camp. We could see no game trails on Rising Wolf Mountain, but the lynx-eyed O-to-kò-mi spied two sheep feeding high up on the side of the mountain across from Rising Wolf and on the south side of the Two Medicine Lake. These sheep looked like tiny dots, far up on the side of the big mountain, and it was some time before I could make them out, even after the others had tried to show them to me. It would have been altogether beyond my ability to see or suspect game at any such distance, and I felt a pronounced wonder and admiration at the Indian hunter's eye.

We found the snow deep and soft in the dense woods, and had a hard hour or two at breaking trail. The weather remained cold, and it was a poor time to expect any game to be moving, yet we rather expected to see more sign of fur than we did. We scared one pine marten off his perch on a pine tree, and saw where he had made off through the snow, so we stopped and built a dead-fall near by, in the hope that we would get him later. We also saw two trails of lynx, a coyote track, and the trail of a wolverine. We also found a "bear tree," where some old bear, a good sized one evidently, had measured his height against the tree trunk, and scraped off the bark for a few feet just to show how big he was. All these little odds and ends of the signs of the woods showed us that we were in a game country. Indeed, one of the beauties of a winter trip is that the snow carries a record of the woods life, so that one can be encouraged by now and then seeing tracks of his game, always great assistance in getting to see the game itself. We were confident that we were in a good sheep country, and had no doubt of getting our sheep as soon as the weather moderated. We could see many angry storms raging up on the mountain tops, and even low down in the valley where we were the air was cold enough for us, as soon as we stopped the exercise of shoeing.

We followed down the Two Medicine Creek for some distance, looking for a crossing place, for the rapidity of this stream prevents it from freezing at many points, and for a distance of perhaps a mile below the falls the water was open for all or part of the way. We wanted to find a crossing point so that we could get over the creek on our way to the upper lake, on which we intended to camp a few days later, making a side trip from the main camp, and going further back into the mountains for a look at the sheep and goats of Rising Wolf Mountain upon its upper side. It was not a very good report that we took back home that night. All we could say was that the snow was too soft for sled or toboggan, and that the whole outfit for a side camp would have to be carried on our backs, with the certainty of a long, sharp climb up the divide between the two lakes in case it was possible to effect a crossing upon some log or felled tree. This difficult proposition did not seem to appeal to the majority very forcibly, especially as we had not yet hunted out the country above us very thoroughly.

### Sheep and Beans.

It had proved too cold for fishing that day, and McChesney and Schultz could show no addition to the grub stock when we got back to the lodge in the evening; but we made a great supper of sheep and beans, of which each man ate a most surprising quantity. The mountain men almost without exception prize the meat of a fat mountain sheep more than any other wild game, and we agreed that it was venison hard to beat. Its taste is between that of venison and mutton, not in the least strong, and very sweet and nourishing. As for the bean, its excellence as woods diet is well known. Billy, quoting the words of a Frenchman friend of his, said: "Ze bin is ze best dam fruit what come to Montan'." In this judgment we also concurred.

We passed a quiet evening in camp, the lodge, for some reason impossible to divine, having made up its mind to stop smoking for a time, so that we were very comfortable. I found it possible to read as I lay down upon the bed, with a candle mounted in a split stick stuck into the ground near by. By this time nearly all the ice had melted from under the beds in the lodge, and it was daily becoming more warm and dry and comfortable.

### A Wild Night.

That night, a little past midnight, the climate broke all subsequent records by a wind-storm such as rarely happens even in this vale of winds on the Two Medicine. The wind reached the point of a gale, and went howling over our heads in the woods with a force which threatened to blow the lodge from over us. It was not a steady wind, but a series of wild intermittent blasts; the storm at times lulling and then making a determined onslaught, as though under a deliberate plan to overthrow us. It needed small imagination to hear all sorts of voices, screams and callings, orders and threats and exclamations in the air. At times the puffs of air had almost an explosive quality, this betimes added to by the reports of the flopping ears of the lodge, blown loose upon the storm. In the morning Billy Jackson announced gravely that he was sure we had been visited by the evil spirit of the Crees, the mocking demon which comes on the storm and harasses the hunter, firing off his gun, and making all sorts of demoniacal noises as he goes. This word we received with little pleasure, for it began already to appear that we were pursued by misfortune, since we were losing so much time without a chance to get out and hunt. From that time on we had still worse luck in many ways, so that we knew what Billy Jackson had said was true, and that Pah-kuk-kus had indeed made us the subject of his bodeful sportiveness.

It was impossible to hunt on the morning following this storm. The mountains had a very wild and angry look, full of storms and wraiths of snow and mist. Schultz said we might expect a chinook before long, but that we would hardly get to hunt until it came. We could do nothing but sit in camp and tell stories. We talked of all the cold times we had ever seen or heard about. Billy Jackson told us of one gruesome incident of winter warfare in the old times. He said that after the Tongue River fight he was one of the party that brought out the dead soldiers to the nearest fort to be buried, as it was impossible to dig any graves in the snow-covered and deeply-frozen ground. The bodies of the soldiers froze where they fell, froze stiff and solid. When the packers took them out, the corpses were packed on the *araparejos* like so much cordwood, two dead soldiers being carried on each mule, one on each side.

"That was the fight where Yellowstone Kelly made some prisoners," said Billy. "He captured seven squaws, and later on one of the squaws hanged herself. This is not the only case I have known in which the Indian has committed suicide when taken prisoner. I knew three Cheyennes to hang themselves in prison once. I'll tell you about that some of these evenings, if I don't die of rheumatism before then."

### Pah-kuk-kus Leaves Tracks.

We had now been in camp a week and had had only one day of hunting. March 14 was fair and fit, so we turned out for a try after game, not stopping to think what day of the week it was. Really it was Sunday, as we later learned, though we had lost count of the days and did not know that it was Sunday. In this we were far more remiss than the Indians. O-to-kò-mi went on the hunt that day without saying anything, but when he got back at night he said that he had known all along that it was no good to hunt on Sunday, but he thought he would not speak of it. At another time later than this I saw this same carefulness not to violate the Sabbath shown by a native hunter. Old John Monroe was lying at his camp, and when asked if he was going to hunt replied that he was not, and that he never did hunt on Sunday, as he was taught that it was wrong. This may appear rather surprising to those who are in the habit of ascribing all manner of bad ways to the Indians and all manner of good ones to the whites; yet it is true that far away in the mountains, where at times the white hunters forget what day of the week it is, the Indian hunters of the reservations know it and observe it, for reasons which to them seem good.

McChesney and O-to-kò-mi hunted together that day, and they saw eight sheep, though only two of them were rams. They were not able to get a shot, although they had a long, hard day of it up near the rocks. Shultz and I went up to the place where I had killed my ram to see what was going on up in that part of the country. We found, as he had predicted, that the big cat had visited the carcass of the sheep. Half the ribs of one side had been gnawed or torn off, and the flesh was beginning to disappear from the accessible part of the carcass. Luckily, we had hung up the two hindquarters when we first skinned the sheep, so that we saved that meat. We thought that the biggest cat, which had made the tracks we first saw, had not been about, but that two cats of some sort, probably very large lynxes, had been operating for two or three nights at the carcass. Again we longed for a trap or some poison, for we knew we now had a chance for some fur. The snow was always blowing so much in the mountains that it was hard to follow a trail more than a few hours old; but we thought that if the trail had been fresher we could have jumped the cat by means of the dog without a very long run, as it would be almost sure that the animal would not go very far away from the bait, but would be back once or twice each day to feed. It is not easy for a lynx or a lion to get ready-made meat in such large quantities, so that such a "snap" is not liable to be overlooked by one of those gentry.

As the tracks of the beast could be seen leading away down the mountain side, Schultz and I concluded to follow the trail, in the hope that we could make it out to a point where the dog could run it by scent, in which case we felt we were sure of our cat. We could not figure out what it was we were following. The track was about as big as a small saucer, but the animal did not seem to break through crust which we hardly thought would have held up a lion, and moreover, at one point where the fellow had stopped we could see no tail marks on the snow where it had sat down, so we concluded it must be a lynx, though a very large one, as the distance apart of the toe pads clearly showed.

Our cat track led us down the mountain almost parallel to the snowshoe trail along which we had come. "See," said Schultz, "he's going back along our snowshoe trail of the first day, to see what sort of things we are, and to spy out any pursuit. I think we'll find that he has turned off into the big swamp below us there."

Sure enough, the cat, after running alongside our trail for a mile or so down the mountain side, did turn into the cedar swamp, and there we followed the deep tracks through a couple of miles or more of the worst sort of traveling. The shoeing was terribly hard here, and the contour of the country about as bad as could be asked. We

expected every moment to jump the cat, but it seemed that the latter had never stopped at all, but had swung right on back up the mountain. To make a long trail short, we came out again right at the carcass from which we had started, and there lost our trail in a confusion of cat trails which seemed to be the result of general cat carnival the night before. Once or twice the dog made as though to run the trail, but we did not let him go, as we wanted as close a start as possible. He was unable to hit off any trail at the carcass, and we concluded that probably the animal, whatever it was, had gone up over the bare country into the rocks above us. We thus had three hours of the hardest sort of climbing for nothing. "Talk about your evil spirit," said Schultz, "do you know what we've been following all day? It's not any cat, but old Pah-kuk-kus himself, that we're trailing. We might as well quit and go home." So we did quit and go home, with no results except a splendid day in the mountains, which were luminous all day long and very beautiful to look upon.

When we started down the mountain we took along both quarters of the ram, Schultz packing these slung across his shoulders. Long before we got into the well-beaten trail which we had now beaten down for nearly two miles, the weight of so much meat began to make itself felt, and Schultz was very tired as well as myself, so we cached one hindquarter in a tree near the trail and only took one into camp. There was no fresh meat killed that day, but we still had enough left to make a good supper. Billy Jackson, having spent the day in camp, and not having had the pleasure of chasing *Pah-kuk-kus* over the hills and far away, or of climbing the ice peaks after sheep to no avail, was unanimously voted cook for the evening. He got out his trusty Dutch oven, and constructed one of his noblest stews, from the bottom up, putting in beef, sheep, tomatoes, macaroni and beans in quantity sufficient to feed a dozen men of ordinary appetite, though it did not last long when we got at it. I should think we each ate about 3lbs. of stew, to say nothing of a dozen or two cakes of the sort composed by Schultz in his happiest moments at the fireside. We did not bake any bread, but after our pilot bread gave out made cakes fresh each meal. As Schultz was the cake artist, he rarely got to eat anything for an hour or so, the others kept him so busy; but under this tribulation he was very patient and good-natured. We had a splendid grub list along on this trip, and surely lived high, considering our unpromising surroundings. We had a keg of good butter, all the tinned vegetables we wanted, some cans of maple syrup, and everything one could ask for a camp menu of more than usual ambitiousness. McChesney and I, who had come expecting to rough it to far greater extent, often commented on our outfit, and we still time and again asked ourselves whether it was really true that we were out in the Rockies in the winter, with snow and ice and storm all about us, while we were so warm and comfortable and well fed all the time.

We passed another night of Indian talk and Western stories and sign language. My friends were very patient with my clumsy efforts with the Piegan tongue. There is a difference between the white man and the Indian in linguistic matters. The white man will make a bluff at speaking what few words he knows, or thinks he knows, of the Indian language, often making himself very ridiculous; on the other hand, the Indian may know a great deal more of the white man's language than he lets on, but he will not speak in any tongue but his own, being much afraid of making a mistake, at which he would be very much ashamed. I found evidence at times that O-to-kó-mi understood a good many English words, but it was very rarely he ever tried to say one, though he would take any pains to repeat words for me, and explain their meanings. Thus we came to know the words for "gun," "knife," "meat," "sheep," "ram," "big," "little," "good," "bad," etc., etc. As for the theory of the Piegan tongue, the forms of its declensions, its grammar, or anything of that sort, I could not get a trace. It seems to me that a man in learning Piegan must learn each word all by itself, and not expect to meet it again in disguised form. But this I say from the standpoint of one but very slightly advanced in the tongue, as I think I know only nine words of Piegan in all, and I sometimes get them mixed.

It being now accepted as a fact that we were being persecuted by evil spirits, as proved by the actual footprints of *Pah kuk-kus* himself, we all now began to ascribe any unusual or unpleasant incident to such agencies. If a man lost his cap or his gloves, some one would sing out, "*Pah-kuk-kus* has got them," and *Pah-kuk kus* was made subject to more than one uncomplimentary remark. McChesney still denied that his umbrella had anything to do with the condition of the weather or the hunting, but in this he was obviously wrong, and we deplored this evident bias in his beliefs. When O-to-kó-mi went to bed, he shook his head and muttered yet again his dismal word of "*Ai-so-pom-stan!*"

E. HOUGH.

1306 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

### Why Has the Fishing Changed?

HACKENSACK, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can you or any of your readers explain why it is so many of our fishing grounds, after years of good sport, seem so suddenly to give out without any apparent good reason?

To illustrate: In 1885 I visited Brandreth Lake, Hamilton county, N. Y. This superb little lake at that time was an ideal spot for anglers. The water was cold and deep; the forest, yet untouched, grew down to the water's edge; and all along its shaded shores good-sized speckled trout fairly swarmed, while in the deeper waters lake trout were easily caught at all seasons, some of them of great size. With the exception of suckers and a few shiners, these were the only fish known. Now this lake was strictly preserved and comparatively few fish killed in it, yet I noticed on subsequent visits that the stock of both brook and lake trout was rapidly decreasing, and at the present time it is very poor. The only possible reason I can see is that the suckers, which are on the increase, may destroy the spawn, but that hardly seems sufficient cause. Again, when I first visited Lake Ronkonkoma down on Long Island, black bass of the large-mouth variety could be caught in great numbers, even on the artificial fly, as most anglers know. Now it is impossible to find any sport even with bait, much less with the fly. The sudden failure of the fishing at this favorite resort is utterly without any apparent cause. I could go on and multiply instances of this kind without end.

WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

## Natural History.

### WHITE AND WOOD BUFFALO.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Having noticed a discussion in your columns of late concerning white buffalo, I beg leave to contribute my mite to the elucidation of a subject so interesting to both sportsman and naturalist.

Having spent some years, the earlier portion of my life, upon the frontier of our country, I passed much of my time both in hunting and in listening to the lore and narratives of those who were hunters and trappers by profession.

During the years 1857-8 I was stationed at Fort Abercrombie, on the Red River of the North, and during my residence at that place was presented with a white buffalo robe by a Yankton Sioux Indian, on account of some professional services I had rendered him. This robe was not entirely white, but showed here and there some reddish-brown spots. The hair was much finer and softer than usual. I was told by those well acquainted with the Indian character that this was considered a valuable present, and was certainly "a mark of his most distinguished regard," to use the language of the diplomatists. If my memory serves me aright, after the lapse of so many years, I gave this robe to Anson Northrop, of Minneapolis, he who placed the first steamboat on the Red River of the North.

Although I have hunted the common prairie buffalo from the borders of Texas to northern Dakota, I have never met with the wood buffalo, so that all my knowledge of that animal is derived from hearsay only, though from the frequent allusions to it made to me by trappers, hunters and *voyageurs*, I have no doubt of its former existence in the wooded parts of the far Northwest. The *voyageurs* always alluded to it as the *bœuf du bois*, whereas they termed the common buffalo the *bœuf de la prairie*.

During my military service in the region in question I was stationed, in the years 1860-1, at Fort Ripley, on the upper Mississippi, about six miles from the Indian village of Crow Wing. At this village dwelt an old hunter and trapper named Morrison, who was, by the by, one of the most worthy men I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. In our frequent conversations about matters pertaining to the chase, Mr. M. often alluded to the wood buffalo, and said that it was a much fiercer and more sagacious animal than the common buffalo of the prairie.

To conclude, and to change the subject somewhat, I will state, as a matter of some interest, that Mr. Morrison once informed me that his brother was Schoolcraft's guide when that explorer visited the head of the Mississippi; and that Lake Itasca was not the true source of the river in question, but another smaller lake in the vicinity was the real source. He also assured me—he spoke the Chippewa language perfectly—that the term "Father of Waters," applied by the whites to the Mississippi River, was a misnomer, and that the true meaning of the word was the "Endless River," so called by the Chippewas, who, on account of the extreme length of the river and the numerous tribes of hostile Indians who dwelt upon its banks, were never able to ascertain where it ended.

Mr. Morrison had an Indian wife, and was a fur trader by calling. He was well acquainted with nearly all of the famous hunters, trappers, warriors and fur traders of the Northwest, and his life was full of thrilling incidents. I was engaged in writing a narrative of his adventures when the civil commotions of the country, soon to be followed by "grim-visaged war," put an end to my praiseworthy project forever.

DR. A. WALL.

SOLDIERS' HOME, Richmond, Va.

### A MOCKINGBIRD IN VERMONT.

FERRISBURGH, Vt., July 19.—The mockingbird reported in Massachusetts reminds me of one that appeared in this township in 1860, I think. My attention was drawn to it by hearing the scream of a hawk and the notes of several song birds coming in rapid succession from the same point. A cautious approach enabled me to get a good view of the singer of many songs, who proved to be a genuine Southern mockingbird. His presence became known to some bird catchers, whose persistent efforts to snare him soon drove him from that locality. A few days later I heard the same bird, as I supposed, for the vocal performance was the same, in a part of the town at least three miles as the crow flies from the place where I first heard him. I never heard him nor heard of him again, and as there were fortunately no bird catchers nor collectors to molest him there, I conclude that he went his way in peace.

I would be glad to enter into the partnership proposed by my good friend Von W., or if it were possible, to swap a fairly good ear for one of the sharp eyes which note so accurately the doings of Mother Nature and her children. May they be preserved for many a year to come.

The English pheasants which began to scatter from Dr. Webb's Shelburne Farms a few years ago have increased in a way that is quite surprising, since they were supposed to be unable to take care of themselves in our severe winters. They congregate most in the neighborhood of woods where the button-bush abounds, upon the seeds of which they are said to subsist in a great measure during winter. Killing them at any time is prohibited by law, but it is pretty well known that some are shot or snared by pot-hunting poachers and by some who call themselves sportsmen. If these birds could have absolute protection, it looks as if they might become a valuable addition to our game supply in favorable localities. Perhaps they would then increase to an alarming extent, as the deer are said to have done, in the reports of the New York and Boston Sunday papers.

Those who, believing these absurd, sensational stories, come to Vermont next October with the expectation of finding ideal deer hunting are doomed to disappointment. It is a wonder that the Sunday papers do not boom the seal hunting of Vermont, for there is authentic record of at least two seals having been killed in Lake Champlain, one about 1809, the other in 1846, according to my recollection of the dates. The last specimen was in the museum of the Vermont University at Burlington, and, I presume, may still be seen there, or in the State Museum at Montpelier. Seals are not protected by our laws, and they have not become so plenty as to interfere with the navigation of the lake, but there is no telling what they might do with the help of the Sunday newspaper men.

AWAHSOOSE.

### The Birds of Riverside.

JOHN E. MARSHALL, a Baltimore contractor and builder, and superintendent of the Johns Hopkins, the Walters, and other buildings in Baltimore, owns a farm near St. Michaels, Talbot county, Md., on the banks of the Miles River, and on the Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic railway. The farm it named Riverside, and so is the railroad station, at the front gate. Mr. Marshall bought this farm from the Tenant heirs several years ago. It had been in the Tenant family for several generations, and at one time more than one-half of the tract was heavily wooded white oak forest. In the woods the late Col. Edward Tenant met a tragic death. He was on horseback, overlooking men who were felling trees for lumber. In falling, a white oak struck a big limb of a sturdy pine, which broke off, and the fragment in the violent rebound struck Col. Tenant and knocked him from his horse. When picked up he was dead, with a fractured skull. In personal appearance Col. Tenant was the living image, almost, of the pictures of Henry Clay at the same age.

Mr. Marshall has many wild birds at Riverside. When he first made a home there, he established a rule that no one, member of the family, guest, sportsman, pot hunter or farm hand, should shoot a gun on his place, and for fifteen years the rule has been observed. The result is that many of the wild birds of the woods and field have become quite tame, and some of them well domesticated. There are no partridges on Riverside now. These birds perished in the hard winter of 1894.

But there are many singing mocking birds, so tame that they come around the yards and feed with the chickens. They have selected places for building. The old birds return to their last year's nest and the young songsters select with much care their nest sites. "This spring," says Mr. Marshall, "there comes an exquisitely tuned mocking bird about the first dawn of the day every morning. He selects the highest chimney of the house, and from that pinnacle pours forth his melody until nearly sunrise." There are "Kentucky cardinals," orioles, kildeers, robins, nuthatches, larks and other birds in Riverside, all of them tamer than guinea chicks are, because they are never alarmed, and are fed, protected and fondled.

Mr. Marshall had no flickers or yellowhammers on his place, which was a distress to him. These birds build in vertical hollows, like that in the top of a decayed post. Mr. Marshall was told that when his gate posts got old and the processes of time made holes in them, the beautiful yellowhammers would find these hollows and nest there. Therefore, to hurry up their coming, he had big auger holes bored up and down in the sound gate posts, and, sure enough, the flickers found them out and nest there now every season. Mr. Marshall has built a little roof over each post to keep the rain from the nests.

"I walk about the place," Mr. Marshall says, "I come to a gate post with a flicker's nest in it, and a great outcry among the young and old birds is heard in the hollow in the post. I tap with my pencil on the post, and instantly every noise is stilled and there is absolute silence."

There are many kildeer birds in the fields at Riverside, and even the plowman turns his plowhorse aside and leaves the nest undisturbed, because "the boss says so."

The birds have a glorious time at Mr. Marshall's Riverside farm.—*Baltimore Sun.*

### Who Else has Seen This?

EDGAR, Neb., July 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In conversation with a gentleman who has just made a trip through western Indian Territory, yesterday, I picked up something new and interesting to me in regard to the habits of the prairie dog and rattlesnake.

This party said that a few weeks ago, while resting under a small tree in the territory where there was a dog town, he noticed a commotion among some dogs near him; they would run up to a place and peep at something, and then scamper off. Looking to see what was the matter, he saw that there were about fifteen to twenty dogs around a rattlesnake, which at length went into one of the dog holes. As soon as he had disappeared the little fellows began to push in dirt, evidently to fill the hole up, but about the time they got enough dirt to cover the entrance, the snake stuck its head up through the dirt, and every dog scampered off to a safe distance, all the time keeping up an incessant barking. The snake slowly crawled to another hole about a rod distant and went in, and then up came the dogs again and went to work to push dirt up before them to the hole.

This time they succeeded in their enterprise, and completely covered the entrance to the hole, and then went to work, using their noses to tamp with, and pounded the dirt down hard, after which they went away. My friend went to the place, and said he was surprised to find they had packed the dirt in solid with their noses, having sealed the snake well to the ground.

I had never heard of anything of the kind being seen before, and would like to know if it is something new in the dog and snake lore or not.

The gentleman is perfectly reliable, and has spent many years in the West, but said he had never heard or seen anything of the kind before.

H.

### Mrs. Bradford's "Audubon."

PERSONS interested in birds and bird preservation will be gratified to learn of the remarkable success which has attended the publication of Mrs. Bradford's sketch of Audubon, the naturalist. This charming volume has already passed to its second edition, and the receipts from this sale have all of them been turned over by the author to the Audubon Monument Association, of New Orleans, LA., of which she was the founder, and is the President. It is no small undertaking to attempt, with the point of a pen, to raise a monument to one long dead, but it is to be hoped that Mrs. Bradford will succeed in doing this. Certainly, her success up to the present time has been most encouraging.

It is in New Orleans, not far from the birthplace of the naturalist, and in an Audubon Park named after him, that the New Orleans Monument Association hopes to erect its memorial. Mrs. Bradford says:

"Here in New Orleans we have as yet only our beautiful Audubon Park to perpetuate his name; but we trust the day is not far distant when among its grand old live oaks and near the mighty river he loved, patriotic hands will place a noble statue in bronze of the great naturalist of Louisiana, a familiar figure, as he was in life, in hunter's dress, with dog and gun by his side. Let it be the pride of the women of New Orleans, with whom 'to will is to do,' both to undertake and to accomplish this long-delayed tribute to the memory and genius of Audubon."

We shall be glad to supply copies of Mrs. Bradford's book to those wishing to obtain it, at $1 each. The proceeds of the sale of the volume will be applied to the monument fund.

### Tree Planting Association of New York City.

NEW YORK, July 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Tree Planting Association has been organized a year, within which time 149 members have joined, and a beginning has been made in the planting of trees.

In consequence of the circulars that have been issued and of the notices that have appeared in the newspapers, 128 requests have been received by mail for information on the subject of tree planting from the general public, many asking for several duplicates.

Reports from the nurserymen show that 512 trees have been planted, and doubtless others of which the Association has not been notified.

The selection of the proper tree for each locality depends so much on various conditions that it will be safe for intending tree planters to consult with and follow the advice of the nurseryman with whom he places his order.

It is very gratifying to find so much interest taken in the subject by citizens generally, and by the press, who almost without exception recognize the advantages and favor the work of the Association and have done much to forward the plan and to encourage the project. W. A. STILES, Sec'y.

### An Albino Quail.

BURNSIDE, LA., July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I enclose you a photograph of an albino quail. It is a perfect specimen of an albino, for it has not a single dark feather. This quail was killed in St. James Parish, Louisiana, last January. For several years one or two albino quail have been seen in this section of the country, but this is the first specimen I have been able to secure. I have never seen so perfect a specimen, although it is quite a common thing to see quail with white patches of feathers. Another specimen that was killed was cream color, with a few brown feathers scattered about over his back. W. P. MILES, Jr.

[The photograph, which, unfortunately, will not reproduce, shows the bird to be as Mr. Miles says, a perfectly white specimen.]

### A Cuckoo Out of Place.

ROCKLAND, Me., July 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you by express a bird for identification. It was shot while swimming in deep water in a pond.

I could not place it; the nearest I could come was a young butcher-bird, a young kingbird, or one of the fly catchers; but neither of these satisfied. I have only "Samuel's Book of Birds" to assist me. J. W.

[The bird is a young black-billed cuckoo (*Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*), a nestling, which could probably fly only a few feet. It was of course altogether out of place in the pond, and very likely fell into the water from the nest, which it must have left very recently.]

### The Merchants' Association of New York.

THE Merchants' Association of New York, is an organization of gentlemen, whose object is to increase to as large an extent as possible the number of buyers visiting New York this fall. The officers and directors, who give their services entirely without pay, are assisted by an advisory committee, which includes in its membership representative men in the various departments of trade. The Association will secure for its out-of-town members reduced rates from the various traffic associations, which will give any member, his family or employees the benefit of one and a third fare for a round trip ticket to New York, good for thirty days. Such tickets are also eligible for stop over at Philadelphia or Baltimore. Out-of-town membership may be secured without charge on application to the Association. Resident membership costs $25, and already large numbers of public-spirited business men, who appreciate the advantages to be attained as a result of the Association's efforts, have applied for membership.

The Association has its headquarters in the New York Life Building, Broadway and Leonard street, adjacent to the trade center of New York. Here an attractive reading room will be fitted up, which out-of-town members will find convenient as headquarters while visiting the city. All the facilities of a business club will be provided, including, of course, telegraph, telephone, etc., and there will also a bureau of information attached.

Manufacturers and dealers in sporting goods will find it to their advantage to coöperate with the Association. The special railroad rates will probably apply for the latter part of August and first of September.

### Uncle Lisha and Sam Lovel.

WE have especially enjoyed, in our family of seven, the chapters of "Uncle Lisha" whenever they appear—the youngest member of the household is as eager to find Rowland E. Robinson's name in each new paper as I am.

We own the three volumes of the "Uncle Lisha" series and have read them aloud till the characters are familiar friends, and their quaint speeches are quoted aptly on many occasions. The books have also been placed in the public library of our town. Long live Rowland Robinson, to bring us closer to the heart of mother nature, and to help us understand human nature. L. H. BAILEY.

MASSACHUSETTS.

### The Pistol-Grip Stock.

NEW YORK, June 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* So much controversy afterward arises as to where and when any improved device originated, that it is not undesirable when one accidentally comes across an early mention of an improvement, which subsequently becomes accredited and adopted, to make record of the fact. In that connection I send you, in relation to the now almost universal pistol-grip, the following extract from an interesting book, entitled "The Sportsman in France," by Frederic Tolfrey, Esq. (London, 1841), Volume 2, Chapter 7, "Rifle Shooting by an American Gentleman":

"KINGSTON, Upper Canada, Aug. 4, 1819.

"DEAR SIR:

"* * * I once saw a rifle made at Harper's Ferry, in our State, by order of the then Secretary at War [*sic*], for an Indian chief who had distinguished himself at the battle of the Horseshoe. It was a splendid piece of workmanship. Instead of the scroll guard, a limb, which grew out of the main stock just below where the right hand grasps the breech, was fashioned to resemble the butt-end of a pistol, handsomely chequered and capped silvered. This enabled you to grasp the gun with strength and steadiness, and had a very handsome appearance. I thought it an improvement."

The letter, which is addressed to Mr. Tolfrey, is quite lengthy, and follows an argument, in the preceding chapter, in favor of rifles over ball-carrying guns. It is signed (in the printed book) only with the initials S. S.

From this it appears that the pistol grip at least considerably antedates 1819. Curiously enough, the same letter recommends for a rifle "a foresight made altogether of ivory, * * * as it never glares," which idea I had supposed was to be properly credited to Mr. Lyman.

CHARLES STEWART DAVISON.

## Game Bag and Gun.

### The "Brief's" Pictures.

THERE are twenty-nine illustrations in the current edition of *Game Laws in Brief*, most of them full page half-tones, and all admirably printed. The book is a beauty, and well worth having for the illustrations which, Mr. Charles Hallock says, so well represent America's wilderness sports. The *Brief* gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

# AMERICAN GAME PARKS.

## The "Forest and Stream's" Fourth Annual Report on Game in Preserves.

### Part One.—Fenced Parks.

(*Continued from page 63.*)

KEEPING pace with our diminishing game supply and decreasing covers is the movement for game preserves. The experimental stage has long since passed, and the day when such preserves as Blooming Grove or Austin Corbin's Blue Mountain Forest Park were regarded as interesting, because exceptional undertakings, has gone never to return. Game preserves are now as thoroughly established in this country as they are in the old world, and the fact that they have not as yet exerted a more powerful influence upon American sportsmen is due only to the great extent of our country, which still affords abundant opportunities for the unattached seeker after game or fish.

There is, however, little reason to fear that the rich sportsman will monopolize the shooting, as is the case in Europe, for here there are large areas of hunting country, where either State laws, public sentiment or natural conditions effectually operate against preserves. The conditions which favor preserves are cheap land with attractive natural features, and trespass laws which are well defined and easily enforced.

Under such conditions it is common for individuals or associations of sportsmen to take up large tracts of what might fitly be termed waste land, often almost divested of fish or game, and either by stocking with animals brought from a distance, or else by strict protection of the stock already on the land, vastly improving the sport for their individual benefit. It is worth noting that while such enterprise is unquestionably selfish in its origin, it often redounds to the benefit of all sportsmen who frequent the neighborhood, for such preserves act in measure as asylums for game, and the free hunting in the surrounding country is nearly always benefited.

As an illustration, it is safe to say that there would be no deer hunting on Long Island to-day were it not for the protection afforded by the preserved lands of the South Side Sportsman's Club, and others.

Though the object of our American preserves has been the same as that of their European prototypes, in that they have been organized to afford their owners better sport than could otherwise be assured, we have gone a step further than the old world in one respect and developed a new type in the fenced preserve. In Europe, the hunting country is practically nothing more than a series of contiguous preserves, and there is no need for fences, for while certain game may pass from one owner to another, an exchange is certain to be made sooner or later and the balance restored. In this country, however, many preserves are so isolated that fencing is a necessity in order to keep any game at all, and in other cases owners desire to introduce game not found in the surrounding country, and here again a fence is necessary to keep their own.

This type of fenced preserve is already well established and daily becoming more common. It enables the owner to experiment with exotic game, and also to locate his preserve whenever he pleases without reference to the surrounding game supply. He is also in a position to determine the increase of his game, and under certain limitations to influence its breeding. All which considerations make the fenced preserves extremely interesting to the naturalist and worthy of separate classification.

These reports are intended to show the progress of preserves in this country, and also to furnish material of interest to park owners and sportsmen in general relative to the effects of protection and the breeding of the various native and exotic species in captivity. The first report of this series was printed in our issue for Feb. 17, 1894. In 1895 articles were printed May 11 and 18. In 1896, July 4, 11 and 18.

### Litchfield Park.

LITCHFIELD PARK, in the Adirondacks, is the property of Mr. Edward H. Litchfield, of New York. Mr. Litchfield is a sportsman of ripe experience, who has hunted all over the United States, and is familiar with the different species of game animals in their native wilds. This fact gives the keynote to his park, for first of all it is designed to be a hunting park, where the game and fish are preserved for the sport their pursuit and capture brings.

Litchfield Park dates back to August, 1893, when Mr. Litchfield purchased a tract of 9,000 acres of wild forest land in the southwest corner of Franklin county, N. Y., and just east of Tupper Lake. The following September he had the park inclosed with Page woven wire fencing, using the growing trees to a large extent for posts. "The fence has stood the racket nobly," said Mr. Litchfield, in referring to it recently. "In a number of instances large trees fell on it, but in every case as soon as they were removed the fence sprang back to its original position, and it is, at the present time, in as good condition as when it was built."

Beginning in the spring of 1894, Mr. Litchfield purchased a small band of elk, which, prior to the completion of the main fence, were kept in a smaller inclosure, and later other elk were added, till last year the herd numbered over thirty. Their numbers have undoubtedly been increased by births, but owing to the extent of the park, and the fact that the elk are scattered, Mr. Litchfield is unable to give any figures bearing on the increase. Thirty-five more elk have been ordered from a Western dealer, and will no doubt soon be added to those already in the park.

In addition to the elk there are several black-tail deer, and a large number of native Virginia deer, besides jack-rabbits, pheasants and smaller game.

Mr. Litchfield visited the park during the winter, in the months of January, February and March, and found the elk in good condition. At the present time they are looking well, and are fat. Mr. Litchfield gives them no hay or other feed, and believes in making them forage for themselves. The idea of feeding his game as though it were domestic stock is distasteful to him, and, moreover, he believes the game will do better in the long run if left to shift for itself. Of course, a careful oversight of the game is kept by Superintendent Du Bois, and if the animals exhibited any signs of starvation, food would instantly be provided. As a matter of fact, however, the elk and other animals are sleek and "sassy," and at the same time as wild as any other like game to be found in America.

Mr. Litchfield has recently added to the area of his land by the purchase of an adjoining tract in St. Lawrence county, extending three miles along the eastern shore of Tupper Lake, and including the islands at the head of the lake as well as a half of County Island, and also a mile of the west side of the lake contiguous to the county line. This new tract takes in the best part of Tupper Lake, with a number of beautiful little islands and a shore line irregular and very picturesque.

Mr. Litchfield is at present engaged in building a good road to connect his park with the railroad at Tupper Lake Village. This road will begin at the park, west gate, and run northeast parallel with the general direction of the shore of Tupper Lake to Moody P. O., a distance of five and one-quarter miles. There is already a good road connecting Moody with the railroad at Tupper Lake Village. The work is being done under the supervision of a competent engineer, and thirty men are employed on it at the present time.

On the preserve proper are a number of lakes all stocked with trout. While fishing in one of the smallest of these last summer, Mr. Litchfield found a brook trout that had been struck by a fish hawk and run up into a little inlet stream and died, that measured 20¼in. long and weighed 6¼lbs. Under protection the fishing is greatly improving, and experience all tends to show that where the game is not already extinct protection will achieve wonderful results. In the case of the fishing the natives formerly were accustomed to skin the waters by means of set-lines and fishing on the spawning beds and through the ice. As a result, at the time when Mr. Litchfield first bought the tract the fishing was very poor. Now, however, it is as good as could be desired. To keep up the supply no permits for fishing are given, and all fish not required for the table are returned to the water immediately.

All Mr. Litchfield's pheasants have disappeared, as was to be expected; but, notwithstanding, he has turned out more this year, content to have his neighbors benefit, even if he himself does not. He has not been able to procure any wild turkeys or caribou, though he has advertised for both varieties. Mr. Litchfield is also on the market for moose; but though he has closed contracts for this game it has never materialized.

### Blue Mountain Forest Park.

Chief among the fenced preserves, by reason of its size and importance, is the Corbin Blue Mountain Forest Park, near Newport, N. H. Wandering at will within the fences of this immense preserve, which includes a tract of more than forty square miles, are upward of 3,000 large game animals, including deer, elk, moose, buffalo and boar. Its conception dates back only ten years, and the first wild game was turned loose only a little over seven years ago. So much has been written of this park that no detailed description will be attempted here. Full details will be found in previous reports, and also in our issues for March 12, 1891, and May 26, 1892. It is worth noting, however, that the present increase of wild game is due almost wholly to an original stocking of about 300 animals.

The leading varieties of game in the park at present, according to Supt. Stockwell's estimate, are: Buffalo 54, elk 1,150, moose 200, white-tail deer 500, black-tail and Columbia 650. European red deer 75, besides thar, boar, etc.

We are indebted to Mr. Austin Corbin for the following particulars:

"Every species has done well, with the exception of the wild boar. We have hitherto fed these animals with corn during the winter, but decided this past winter to see if they could not get along without it. As a result, a great many died, and I imagine that none of the young ones born during the most severe season lived. The number is probably reduced to less than half of that we had last year. I fancy that we have at least 250 up there. Anyhow, we have quite enough, as these animals are very destructive to pasture land.

The buffalo have also done well, and we have to the present date twelve calves born this spring, and expect several others. The above figures, of course, do not include the portion of the herd sent to Van Cortlandt Park, which were originally twenty five, but received an increase of three young ones this year."

### The Berkshire Game Preserve.

One of the most recent of American fenced preserves, and one that promises to be among the largest, is that of Hon. Wm. C. Whitney in the Berkshires, near Lenox, Mass. Mr. Whitney owns about 10,000 acres of picturesque hill country, including Washington Mountain. Something more than 1,000 acres of this is at present inclosed with seven miles of Page fencing of a special pattern, which is higher and has a greater number of wires more closely spaced than the standard game preserve fence. It is 9ft. 8in. in height, and has twenty-eight horizontal steel wires and sixteen vertical wires to the rod. For 3ft. from the bottom the horizontal wires are only 3in. apart, so that it is impossible for dogs or even smaller animals to pass through the fence. Higher up, the spacing increases gradually to 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8in.

Last year thirty elk were turned loose in the park, and the game has been increased within a few weeks by the addition of thirteen buffalo, twenty blacktail deer and twenty antelope, ordered from H. K. Glidden, of the Moosehead Ranch, Jackson, Wyo. The buffalo include three bulls and ten cows.

### St. Louis Park and Agricultural Co.

The preserve of the St. Louis Park and Agricultural Co. is in Taney county, Mo., in the southern part of the State, and forty miles from Chadwick, the nearest railroad station.

It comprises an area of 5,000 acres, inclosed with a barb wire fence 13ft. high.

It is stocked with elk, native deer, red deer, fallow deer

and Angora goats. The gentlemen interested are mostly officers of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., of St. Louis.

"ST. LOUIS, June 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We do not know that we can say more now than was said in our letter to you of June 29, 1896, except that all reports we have from our preserve keeper are encouraging. For some time past our stock of elk and deer has been increasing right along by births, and we presume this will continue for probably a month to come. We have made more headway this spring in the raising of Mongolian pheasants than formerly, and now we have quite a number of these birds. We are not hunting or killing any game on our preserve, except enough for table use when some of our members visit the club house, preferring to let them multiply; and will only kill them when they become too numerous. None of the members of the club have been able to visit the grounds this year, but all reports we have from there are to the effect that all the game is thriving, while the fishing is good in White River, which runs through our preserve. J. P. LITTON, Sec'y-Treas."

### The Page Game Park.

The Page Woven Wire Fence Co. has a preserve at Adrian, Mich., where the different varieties of American game are bred and reared with almost uniform success. There are at the present time in the park two moose, nine buffalo, thirty-nine deer and seventeen elk, besides a small band of coyotes and eight black bears (including four new animals in the shape of cubs) These latter are kept in separate inclosures. Among the deer are a number of black tails. The common deer are from stock captured in the Adirondacks, Michigan and other widely separated localities. Eighteen fawns were born last year, including a number of sets of twins, but owing to the fact that the tract is not very well provided with suitable browse or shade a number of them died. The larger game animals usurped the most desirable shade, and the fawns thus driven out could not stand the exposure to the sun and elements.

The elk were purchased four years ago and have bred regularly since the first year. The buffalo came from three separate herds, which should prove a desirable factor in breeding. Two calves were born this year.

### Furlough Lodge.

At his summer place in the Catskills, Mr. George J. Gould has a game preserve of 600 acres. This is inclosed with wire fencing, and is well stocked with ring-neck and Mongolian pheasants and various kinds of hares as well as large game. The greater part of the park is woodland, and the property includes a fine trout lake of twenty acres extent.

Mr Gould's superintendent writes that there are now sixty-five elk in the preserve, and fifteen or twenty deer, including black-tail and common Virginia deer.

### The Alling Game Preserve.

Col. Frank Alling, of Tacoma, Wash., has for some time given attention to stocking Fox Island, which lies five miles off shore to the southwest of Tacoma, distant from the city an hour and a half's steamboat ride. The island is about six miles long by two wide, and has an area of some 5,000 acres It is well watered and timbered, and wild land except for a few fruit ranches. Here Mr. Alling has liberated large numbers of ring-neck, golden, silver and Reeves pheasants, mountain and valley quail, and quail brought from the north of India. Deer are rapidly multiplying under his protection, and all the birds he has liberated are doing nicely, and are now leading about large coveys of young.

### The Glen Beulah Park Association.

The Glen Beulah Park Association was recently incorporated under the laws of Colorado in conformance with Section 20 of the act relating to forest game and fish for the purpose of establishing a "park for breeding, domesticating and raising elk, antelope, deer or mountain sheep."

The Association controls 15,000 acres near the head of Roan Creek, Garfield county, seventeen miles from De Beque. This land is so located in the cañon of Clear Creek that it has been found necessary to erect fences in but few places, the walls of the cañon for the most part forming natural boundaries.

The intention of the Association is to protect the native game already within the enclosure. The officers are: President, John A. Hinebaugh; vice president, E. Bennett; secretary, C. E. Noble; all of Colorado Springs.

### Caton Park.

The late Judge John Dean Caton, author of the standard work, "Antelope and Deer of America," was probably the first man in this country to bring together in one park the different species of American game. Since his death most of his game has been disposed of, but as there are at present in the park seventeen common adult deer, eight fawns and one doe mule deer. We are indebted for this information to Mr. R. F. Prettyman, agent for the Rock Island Railroad at Ottawa, Ill., where the park is situated. Mr. Prettyman adds: "Three does escaped a short time ago and are still at large, they are supposed to each have a fawn. The increase since last year's report is the eight fawns above mentioned. There are no fish in the park and no shooting is allowed."

The Caton preserve was of small area as compared with some of the modern game parks, and probably never contained at any one time more than one hundred animals. It is enclosed with a picket fence 8ft. high.

### Hon. W. R. Grace.

Hon. William R. Grace has a small herd of deer and a number of English pheasants on his country place at Great Neck, L. I. He writes: "The increase has been fair. There is no fishing on the place to speak of and no shooting is allowed."

### Hon. Abram S. Hewitt.

The Hon. Abram S. Hewitt writes of his place in New Jersey: "I regard the attempt to preserve game upon my property at Ringwood as an entire failure. I do not care to enter into particulars, but it has seemed to be impossible to prevent the destruction of the birds and of the fish in the streams by any reasonable amount of supervision and protection. Beyond posting the property, therefore I have concluded to abandon all attempt for its preservation, except such fishing as may be found in the stream passing directly in front of my own residence."

### Belle Meade Deer Park.

In connection with his famous stock farm near Nashville, Tenn., Gen. W. H. Jackson has a large deer park, of the type that was once common in Virginia and the South. Writing of his park, General Jackson says: "There are 500 acres in the deer park at Belle Meade. There are some 400 deer confined therein. The deer are well cared for, well protected, and seem to be quite satisfied with their lot. They are prolific breeders, and I cannot say that their confinement interferes in the least with their breeding."

### Stave Island.

Mr. F. H. Wells, of Burlington, Vt., has established a preserve on Stave Island, in Lake Champlain, eleven miles north of Burlington. The island has an area of eighty six acres, and is inclosed with Page fencing, a necessary precaution in view of the fact that the lake freezes from shore to shore each winter. The preserve is well stocked with pheasants, quail and rabbits. Mr. Wells writes under date of July 2: "About Dec. 1, 1896, I turned loose three deer, one buck and two does. In June we found two fawn. There may be more fawn, but we have been unable to find them as yet. The quail and pheasants wintered fairly well."

### Ne-ha-sa-ne Park.

NE HA-SA NE, Lake Lila, N. Y., June 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Replying to your letter asking for information regarding Dr. Wm. Seward Webb's Ne-ha sa-ne Park, I am pleased to give you the following: The park consists of about 40,000 acres in the very heart of the Adirondack forests, but only a small portion—about 8,000 acres—is fenced for big game. This was fenced for us four years ago by House & Co., of Chicago, with perfect success, and is, in my judgment, the best and safest forest fence built for this game. The fence is 9ft. high and made of No. 9 galvanized telegraph wire, sixteen wires being used in graduated widths with plenty of "guards" to keep wires in position. The deer in the park are native, and, not having been hounded in the last four years, have increased probably three-fourths. A close estimate of the number of native deer on so extensive an area could hardly be given. We have put in at different times, sixty elk and twenty moose. The elk were turned in during the fall, but I think, for choice of season, I would prefer the springtime. The elk did not seem to breed much the first year or two, but during the last two years every cow has had a calf. The moose have been in only two years, but many young are expected this spring I think the Adirondack forest better suited to moose and caribou than to elk, as the former derive their sustenance by browsing in the forest, while the elk are grazers. Yet elk bred here ought to do well. The number of fish have increased at least three-fourths in the last five years. While the State laws are, of course, strictly observed, we also have our park laws governing guests. No does are killed at any time, and not more than twenty-five trout a day are allowed to be taken by one person. No permits are granted. The park is used only by the owner, Dr. Wm. Seward Webb, his family and their guests. B. P. AMES, Supt.

ELK IN THE VELVET—PAGE PARK, MICHIGAN.
*From the Game Laws in Brief.*

### Biltmore Estate.

IN CAMP, Ecusta, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the Biltmore Estate, owned by Mr. G. W. Vanderbilt, a deer park has been planned for some time. However, it will be a comparatively small affair, and is meant to meet landscape purposes more than sport. It will contain about 250 acres only, and will be stocked with fallow deer.

On the Biltmore Estate (about 6,000 acres under fence) and in Pisgah Forest (about 80,000 acres), the native game and the trout streams have been protected for a few years by an organized system of rangers and assistant rangers. The rangers are in charge of "ranges" containing 2,000 acres each on the Biltmore Estate, and about 25,000 acres in Pisgah Forest. Apart from their functions as game-keepers, the rangers are acting as foremen with any day laborers, and as supervisors with any contractors employed by the Forest Department, within their respective ranges.

A few Mongolian pheasants and a dozen wild goats were turned out. However, my impression is very strong that protection of the native game (Virginia deer, wild turkeys, ruffed grouse, woodcock, quail, and even rabbits) will afford better sport than the introduction of species that are not indigenous to this country.

Game protection, of course, must be combined with feeding during a few weeks in winter, and with checking wolves, bears, wildcats, fox, mink, coon and hounds, by means of steel traps, poison and rifle.

For the deer, some salting-troughs have been put up.

A small lake has been stocked with bass; six fishponds and the headwaters of Davidson's River with rainbow trout.

Pisgah Forest has been made accessible by about 250 miles of footpaths built recently. C. A. SCHENCK.

### North Oaks.

President James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad, has a game preserve at his country place, "North Oaks," a short distance north of St. Paul, Minn. Our Chicago correspondent, Mr. Hough, visited this preserve last winter, and the report of what he saw was printed in FOREST AND STREAM, April 3, 1897.

The North Oaks property embraces a tract of about 8,000 acres of rolling land, covered for the most part with a native growth of short oaks and other hardwood trees, and embellished by no less than seven lakes, some of them nearly a mile in their greatest measurement.

These lakes swarm with fish, and afford fine sport at the present time, as a result of protection There is also very good duck shooting to be had each fall, the ducks coming in for the wild rice, which grows luxuriantly about the lakes.

The most noteworthy feature of Mr. Hill's collection, however, is his buffalo herd. Last year there were twenty-two full-blood buffalo, besides six crosses, including four half-breeds and two three-quarter-breeds. These latter were all the offspring of one mother, an old Galloway cow, which raises a calf almost every year to a full-blooded buffalo sire. There were fourteen full-blood buffalo cows.

Mr. Hill has had trouble with his buffalo, and since the original purchase of stock, which was probably from the Allard herd, six animals have died and five others (bulls) were killed. The range given the buffalo is something over 400 acres in extent, comprising meadows, open glades and forest.

Among the other animals in the preserve, the most important, numerically considered, are the elk, of which there are eighteen. Three years ago five moose were released, but all died, probably owing to the scarcity of browse at the place where they were confined.

There are six whitetail deer—five does and a buck—and these, together with the elk, have been kept upon a wooded island eighty-seven acres in extent. The food on this island is insufficient for the game, necessitating feeding with oats, hay and cornstalk fodder, and at the time of our corespondent's visit it was the intention to enlarge their limits by the addition of an adjacent meadow and contiguous strips of low lying woodland and shrubbery The elk have done fairly well, and five calves were born in 1896 There are ten cows at present included in the herd Quail prairie chickens and pheasants are also found on the preserve.

### Tranquility Park.

Mr. Rutherfurd Stuyvesant's game preserve at Allamuchy, N. J., includes an area of about 4,000 acres, enclosed with a close board fence 9ft high and one barb wire 11in. above the boards. Mr. C W. Puffer, superintendent in charge, furnishes the following particulars:

"The deer are increasing fast. I think there are over 200 They wintered well—did not lose a deer last winter—and are having a good lot of fawns this summer. The fawns do not follow the does much yet, but will next month, when I can tell better about the increase. It is Mr. Stuyvesant's wish to have them as wild as possible, and I think they will suit him in this respect, as they seem to be getting wilder every year.

"The elk have done well, even better this last year than previous winters, for we have no losses whatever. I cannot tell how many calves the elk have, for they stay in the woods in the daytime and feed mostly nights in the hot weather, but I saw fifteen calves together at one time.

"We wintered forty-eight elk. We expect to kill some of the old bulls next fall.

"The beaver are increasing. I saw seven all swimming in the lake at once in May. Some of them have gone into the streams in the park and built dams, and as a result we have three lakes or ponds in the park now.

Last winter was a good winter for birds, and we have the pleasure of hearing the Bob White, which we haven't heard in the park before in three years.

"We have a few broods of ruffed grouse and any quantity of gray squirrels."

### The New York Zoological Park.

Though the Zoölogical Park to be established in Bronx

Park, New York city, does not, strictly speaking, come under the head of a game preserve, it deserves mention in this connection as a breeding center for American game animals. Here will be found elk, antelope, deer, buffalo and all the principal varieties of our big game living under conditions as nearly like as it is possible to make them those with which they were familiar in their wild state

The plans of the Zoölogical Society, as stated by Director William T. Honraday, include a buffalo range of twenty acres and like spacious enclosures for the other important animals. A herd of twenty or twenty-five buffalo will be kept, including both sexes and all ages. It will be a "show herd," composed of animals selected for their beauty and perfection of type.

Similarly the elk group will be thoroughly representative of the species Here ten or twelve animals will be enough for the typical herd. No attempt will be made to secure a large number of any one species, but on the other hand the greatest care will be taken to present a series of strong, healthy animals at different ages. Whenever possible, the enclosing fences will be sunk so that spectators can look directly at the animals from above. The present plans include at least a mile of enclosures for large animals that can be so overlooked.

### The Bear Swamp Game Preserve.

The Bear Swamp Game Park, located in Sussex county, N J., contains about 1 000 acres of woodland, the timber consisting of oak and chestnut principally. A swamp of about 100 acres, thickly covered with pine, hemlock and laurel, near the center of the tract, adds beauty to the park as well as protection to the game. This is known as the Bear Swamp, and from it the park derives its name. The tract was purchased in 1894 by Dr. E S. Dalrymple, of Branchville, N. J., with the view of forming a private game preserve The park was fenced about a year ago with 8ft. Page woven wire. There has been no shooting allowed since 1894, and as a result the native game, consisting of grouse and rabbits, has increased rapidly. Quail are also to be found, though they are not very abundant.

The park is not yet stocked to its full capacity. A number of Canada hares were liberated in the spring of 1896 and have made a good showing, as have also some English pheasants turned out at the same time. Thirty or forty Belgian hares, liberated last summer, have not been heard from, having probably fallen victims to gray foxes, which were at one time quite numerous, and which have destroyed considerable small game. The foxes are now, we think, practically exterminated.

A number of Virginia deer were turned loose in the park last year. They have been seen occasionally since, and have prospered Some fawns have been seen this summer.

The park is watered by a stream and tributaries which empty into Lake Owassa. This lake, which is some two miles in extent, lies along the western side of the park. It affords excellent bass fishing, and is free to the public.

### Hon. J. F. Duncombe.

Hon. J. F. Duncombe, Fort Dodge, Ia., writes: "I have had in my deer park from twelve to thirty deer until last March, for twenty-nine years, or about that time. Unfortunately in two nights the dogs got into my deer park and destroyed all of them except two. I have now, I am sorry to say, but two remaining."

### In Northern Montana.

COLUMBIA FALLS, Mont., June 16 —*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would say in regard to the information which you desire, that the elk captured by Christensen Brothers, Rogers and myself in 1896, and those previously caught by us, are doing well in the parks of Messrs Howell & Ryther in this valley.

They are very prolific; in fact, three of the four cows which we brought out last spring raised calves that season. White-tail deer in the parks mentioned do not seem to do so well. Deer, in my opinion, should not be confined in parks, unless of large area, as their temperament and delicate constitution is such as will not warrant their being safely handled to any extent, and they do much better when left to shift for themselves.

Mr. Rogers and I have for the past seven months spent most of our time in the mountains in the eastern part of the valley and north to the Canadian boundary, a distance of about sixty miles from Columbia Falls.

Our work was looking up the game and making an estimate—comparing it with what I knew of the game in the vicinity seven years ago. Mr Rogers also did some photographing.

We found that the white-tail deer had increased wonderfully. We saw a great many every time we passed through their winter quarters. Their increase is readily solved when the fact is known that no hunter can get at them after winter sets in without a good deal of hard snowshoeing, for there is a high divide to be crossed before one can get at them. Furthermore, a few of us who are interested in that section of the country, by vigorous efforts have kept the Indians (Stony Indians, from Canada) out of there. They nearly cleaned the country of game ten years ago; in fact, the black-tail deer got such a blow that they never recovered, though a few wintered on the North Fork of the Flathead River, near the boundary, and a few wintered further south on the other side of the river. The remnant of a band of moose that the Indians left have increased fast. We estimated that there were from thirty to forty moose in that section, judging from the amount of sign we saw. We were not in the elk region this winter, so cannot vouch for them, but from inquiries made I did not hear of any being killed by hunters or otherwise. As the winter was exceptionally mild, I don't think they could have decreased in numbers.

The mountain goats do not seem to have decreased in numbers in our vicinity. We could have captured several had we wished to, as they came down into the timber to feed, when the deep snow came. Fishing is good. Trout were taking the fly when we left camp, June 5.

Mr. Rogers caught two bull trout, weighing 3 and 6lbs. respectively, while trolling one morning—the last of May—on Cleveland Lake, a beautiful sheet of water eight and a half miles long by one quarter to three-quarters of a mile in width. Waterfowl are not worth mentioning, as the flight is short and but few birds come this way. Partridges and fool-hens are as plentiful as one could wish, and blue grouse are by no means scarce.

We finished our winter's campaign with a bear hunt this spring. Though not successful in making a large catch, we (are perfectly satisfied with the quality. We got two large silver-tips; the larger skin measures 7ft. 6in. in length by 6½ft. in width.

The other bear is a trifle smaller. Both are well furred, and are rare specimens. The weather so far has been cool and dry this season, which is favorable to young birds and game in general. Hoping this may be of interest to your readers, as there is seldom any communication from this part of Montana. C. A. BRYANT.

## MAINE GAME AND GUIDES.

STATE OF MAINE, COMMISSIONERS OF INLAND FISHERIES AND GAME, Augusta, July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* So many contradictory statements are being published relative to the hunting, killing, etc., of our big game, and the "guides' registration bill," that I venture to send you an editorial taken from the Bangor *News* of July 21, the leading newspaper in northern and eastern Maine, where our big game is. It is a well considered article, and hits the nail on the head squarely. L. T. CARLETON.

The *News* says: Lumbermen, river drivers and tourists who have lately come down from the up-river woods tell different stories about the big game which they have seen, and concerning which they have heard reports. While individual testimony differs widely, the majority of reports are agreed upon several things. Moose and caribou are rare and shy. They seem to grow less plentiful every year, a fact which is no doubt due to persistent hunting in open season. Though moose and caribou are occasionally killed out of season, the cases of violation are not at all common and grow less frequent every year. The considerate, yet rigid, enforcement of the game laws which the Commissioners have undertaken and carried out successfully has made the life of the professional poacher very sad. He boasts of what he has done and is going to do in the line of slaughter; he tells how easy it is to get a deer or a moose in close time; he calls the wardens fools and cowards, and he makes a lot of verbal warfare which sounds very brave. He does all of this before strangers and tenderfeet who have come to the woods for big game regardless of the law. When a warden comes along he cowers, stammers and pleads for mercy, like an unweaned calf. He never killed a deer; the deer which the warden has found dead with water on its hide and a bullet hole in its neck committed suicide, and finally, to prove that he is honest, he boldly asserts that there are no deer in his region; therefore he could not kill any. The men of this class lived on short commons for two years, and most of them have gone out of the business.

Everybody says that deer are unusually plentiful this year. They are in all parts of Maine, showing themselves boldly at midday and despoiling the planted crops in the fields until the farmers are raging mad. Reports of illegal killing, while common and bloody enough to satisfy the readers of dime novels, are mostly inventions gotten up to vex the wardens and annoy the Commissioners. No doubt that a good number of deer have been dogged during the present summer. A dog running at large is not a responsible animal and does not comprehend the law against dogging deer. While dogs have been chasing deer in several parts of eastern Maine, it is hard work to prove that they were put upon the chase by men, and a community can hardly be blamed for the voluntary crimes of a few curs. This question of dogging deer is a hard one to settle. Those who have visited the sporting camps in the Maine woods have no doubt noticed that nearly every camp supports one or more dogs. When the dogs are hounds, beagles, harriers or mongrels of these breeds, the presumption is that they are kept for the purpose of chasing deer, and thus afford sport for the patrons of the camps. It is an actual fact that most any kind of a dog will follow a deer, and the dogs of the hound kind are not the only offenders for which the wardens should be watchful. The beautiful curly-coated water spaniel, which many men keep for the purpose of treeing partridges, is also a most industrious animal when following the tracks of a deer or a rabbit. It has a sharp, clear voice and a steady way of following which generally ends in success. While it is not argued that all or half the Irish spaniels kept in camps are there to chase deer, it will be safe to keep these animals in view when they run loose in the woods. In fact, a dog is an irresponsible animal that is never safe among game unless it has been thoroughly trained, and is accompanied by some person to regulate its conduct. The tendency of modern legislation is to restrict the liberty of dogs. Should the dogging of deer increase to an alarming extent in Maine, a law compelling owners of dogs to keep them under restraint will be demanded, and if the next Legislature has the same temper of the last one, such a law will receive a triumphant passage through both houses.

Upon the whole, the Commissioners are making a brave effort to stem the tide of tradition and prejudice which still prevails in the far backwoods. They are enforcing the laws much better than they were ever enforced before, and they are making a good fight to preserve the fish and game of Maine, so the great sporting grounds may be a perpetual source of income and pleasure to the people of Maine. No doubt the warden service can be improved, though it is better now than ever before. Most of the wardens who work on salary under orders from the Commissioners are wide awake and earnest men. Some of them are rather too aged for active service in running down poachers, but their minds are alert, and their wide knowledge of mankind makes their services valuable. The trouble lies in the local wardens, whose duty it is to guard certain streams and ponds near their homes. These men, having friends and enemies, are prone to reward the former and punish the latter more than actual justice demands. But this cannot be remedied until the State grants money enough to keep all the wardens under salary.

It is too early to predict the result of the new guide license act, for which Commissioner Carleton made such a great fight last winter. The guides, who oppose the bill and who threatened to shoot, burn and destroy, have nearly all come up and taken out licenses, as the *News* said they would do. To refuse a license and attempt to guide is an open declaration of outlawry—a hoisting of the black flag of piracy. Such threats simply cast suspicions upon the guides who made them, and did not for a moment hinder the enactment of a just and long-needed law. Since the act was passed the Commissioners have been firm and most generous to all their old foes. No competent man has been refused a license because of his former opposition. All that is asked of him is that he observes the laws from now on. His past talk and his past acts are all forgotten, wiped out as if they had never been. The guides are now placed upon their honor. So long as they deport themselves correctly they will receive the cordial support and encouragement of the Commissioners, and whenever one of them steps over the boundary the Commissioners hold his punishment in their own hands. In theory the guides' license act is one of the best laws ever passed by any Legislature. Up to date it is working beautifully. Should the fair promises of to-day be fulfilled in the autumn the new law will save Maine many thousands of dollars every year and will do more in the line of game preservation than an annual appropriation of $100,000.

The fish and game interests of Maine are in good hands. Let the Commissioners follow up the work they have started so well.

## BILL CHADWICK'S.

I HAD been sent home to recover from a severe illness contracted in a camp before Yorktown. While debating what I should do and where best to go to hasten my recovery and escape from the heat, some friend suggested "Bill Chadwick's," on Squan Beach, near the head of Barnegat Bay. I had often heard of this spot as a famous place for bay snipe, wildfowl and beach parties, to say nothing of soft shell crabs, bluefish and applejack.

I was not long in finding a shooting chum to join me, and so it happened that one warm July day found us driving along the deep, sandy roads and through the lonesome pines that lay between Red Bank and our destination. Our driver was a good-natured Jerseyman, very jolly, but with a great weakness for stopping at every tavern to sample the applejack, which proceeding, as much as the sandy roads, lengthened our journey to such an extent that it was quite dark before we reached the hard beach along the ocean, which formed the last stage of our journey. This part of our drive was most delightful. The cool sea breeze, blowing fresh off the ocean, was charming after our hot, dusty drive, and banished entirely the clouds of mosquitoes that had tormented us for several hours past. The waves pounded on the shore, sending the salt spray almost into our faces, and the line of foam hissing and curling up to our horses' feet. Plover and bay birds innumerable whistled and called high up in the air, giving promise of glorious sport for the morrow; and in the East the great round face of the full moon lit up the wrinkled surface of the rolling sea; while far away to the south Barnegat Light blinked and flashed its warning to all mariners. We supped heartily and well at Charley Moxon's and resumed our drive. Presently the twinkling lights of Chadwick's hospitable tavern was sighted, but it was fully 9 P. M. before Quango, the Newfoundland, welcomed us with noisy barking and Bill had us out on the long, low-roofed piazza, shaking us by the hand. We were at once ushered into the cozy little bar-room, so thick with tobacco smoke that it was almost impossible to recognize any one across the room. Here a goodly company of gunners and sportsmen were assembled, a most cosmopolitan crowd. After the usual New Jersey welcome we adjourned to the dining-room, where we enjoyed a cup of Mrs. Chadwick's excellent coffee, and then returned to listen to the fishing and shooting talk going on around Bill's bar, to say nothing of ghost stories, tales of shipwrecks and the like, while off in a corner a couple of young men were loudly arguing over the rival merits of the Hong Kong and Yokohama beauties. Tired and sleepy, we were soon shown to our respective apartments by Bill, who promised to call us in time for the early morning shooting.

It seemed to me to be only five minutes after when the flash of Chadwick's candle awakened me. "Half past 3, Major," said Bill; "time to get up." And up I got. We were provided with a bag of stools, as the wooden decoys are called in that locality, and directed to a blind made of green bushes and weeds only a couple of hundred yards from the house. Urged by the distant calls of passing flocks of yellow-legs and dowitchers, we were not long in placing out our decoys on a convenient sand bar and seating ourselves comfortably in our blind. Both my chum and myself were fairly good callers, and as there was a steady flight of the various kinds of bay snipe we soon had a goodly string of birds, notwithstanding many villainous misses. After a couple of hours of good sport the welcome sound of Chadwick's breakfast horn recalled us to the house. Leaving our guns in the blind we started back to breakfast, for which Mrs. Chadwick was justly famous. Coffee, bluefish, clam fritters and flap jacks appeared and disappeared in quick succession, and back we went to our blind. We now regretted having left our guns in the blind, for a flock of fine marlin passed us within easy range in answer to our whistle, but seeing our helpless condition went their way rejoicing. Shortly after a fine bunch of willet swirled over our decoys and departed, leaving a number behind them. By 10 o'clock the sun grew too hot for comfort, so we adjourned to the beach and enjoyed a refreshing dip in the surf in company of a jolly party of young people from Tom's River, piloted over by the veteran Capt. Gulick. Toward sundown there was another good flight, and when we returned to supper we were able to decorate Bill's piazza with a noble string of birds.

To make a long story short, we spent a happy week here enjoying good shooting, and once or twice we varied our sport by a sail down the bay to Barnegat Light, where we enjoyed elegant weakfishing and bluefishing. At the end of the week we returned to the city much better for our trip, and distributed our birds among our admiring and grateful friends.

A villainous railroad now runs down the beach and the bay birds know it no more, so let no sportsman go down there expecting to find shooting. There is nothing left but the mosquitoes, and the glory of Bill Chadwick's has departed forever. WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

### Virginia Game Prospects.

PINE VIEW, Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The call of Bob White is again with us almost in the old-time plenty. I think I am safe in saying that there are 120 pairs nesting (some are out with the brood) within three miles of this place. It will be a close season with them again this year—then for sport that will awaken the sluggish blood of the sportsman. There are about eleven broods of wild turkeys in same scope of country. Pheasants are doing well. Rabbits were never more plenty, with a few deer. W. L. C.

### A High-Priced Guide.

A GENTLEMAN of the East, who was probably in search of information for business purposes in regard to good shooting country, recently sent out to Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, E. S., Mich., what was probably a circular letter, though on its face it did not bear the appearance of one. The sender probably had very little acquaintance with Mr. Mershon, for the document in question read as follows:

"MR. W. B. MERSHON, Saginaw, Mich.—Dear Sir: Will you kindly tell me what inducements your country offers to sportsmen. What different kinds of game you have, and what you consider the best season for each kind. Also let me know what accommodations you have for taking care of sportsmen, how many you can take care of at one time, whether you have dogs, horses and decoys if necessary. Give me an idea of your usual prices and such information as you may deem necessary. An early reply will greatly oblige."

It happens that Mr. Mershon is not engaged in the business of guiding, though he does shoot and fish a good deal on his own account. He owns a part of the famous shooting car, the W. B. Mershon, which has been elsewhere mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM from time to time, and when he is not out on some shooting or fishing trip, or engaged in handling a political campaign, Mr. Mershon runs a good, healthy business of his own. He receives the request for information as to his ability at guiding very good naturedly, and says that he has advised the inquirer that Saginaw is not exactly the sort of town the inquirer thinks, but has several boarding houses, about the size of the Adams House, the Vincent or the old Tremont, of Boston, and the hunter could probably get a lunch put up without much difficulty. "As to what I charge," said Mr. Mershon, "I said it all depended on the work I had to to, and that I had come to the conclusion, when my term of office as mayor of the city came to an end a year ago, that $10,000 was a small salary."

Mr. Mershon is, as I may personally testify, an excellent guide, though it is necessary to write him a little in advance, as his time is pretty well taken. He is the sort of guide you find usually in the South—the sort that will not go hunting or fishing with you for anything but the fun of it. Guiding is a peculiarly Northern institution. Of all guides I have ever had along with me with special cars of their own, Mr. Mershon will stand comparison with the best. He has plenty of decoys and very good dogs, and his table is above reproach. I really think Eastern sportsmen might do worse than to engage him, if they can stand the price.

E. HOUGH.

1906 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

### Long Island Meadow Hens.

I DO not understand what the Long Island constables are doing. Last week a party went to Rock Lead (near Long Beach Hotel) and killed twenty seven meadow hens. It is a crime, as just now they have either eggs or young ones. Another family in Christian Huck has been living for several weeks on meadow hen eggs, picked out in the meadow.

C. B

[The New York law protects meadow hens from Aug 16 to Jan. 1, and permits them to be killed at other times.]

## Sea and River Fishing.

*Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in* FOREST AND STREAM.

### WHERE TO GO.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM'S service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsmen for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

### The "Game Laws in Brief."

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief* (index page dated Aug. 1) contains the fish and game laws for 1897, with a few exceptions, as they will continue in force during the year. As about forty States and Provinces have amended their laws this year, the *Brief* has been practically done over new. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. on receipt of price, 25 cents.

### THE KINGFISHERS.

WHEN we went to Presque Isle Lake, Wisconsin, last year, for our summer camp, we were treated so "out o' sight" by the C. H. & D., Monon, and Chicago & Northwestern Railway people that we have decided to take another hitch at it, and make the camp at the same place, "Skunk P'int," so named by Dick Morris on account of a "flock o' skunks"—five of them—that had a temporary abiding place under an old birch root at the foot of the bank, and only a couple of rods or so from the tents, albeit, I "hived" two of them with a mink trap and drowned them in the lake. (It may not be generally known that a skunk fast in a trap will not open its "perfume valve," but may be carried by the trap chain, tied to a short pole, as a precautionary measure, to any handy water and drowned, without the slightest danger from the "hind eend o' the varmint.")

We found the best fishing in Presque Isle and several other nearby lakes that we have had for years, a fine camping place on a high and dry point well shaded with a growth of hemlock, pine, white cedar and birch, and a wonderful spring bubbling out near the lake under the bank a few rods away; a spring, the temperature of which was exactly 42°, tested by a reliable thermometer.

We "got onto" this lake through a letter in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 2, 1895, and took the route suggested by the writer of that letter, via Green Bay and Powers to Marenisco, Michigan, the best connections for anyone going there from south of Chicago. From Marenisco we drove about fifteen miles to the foot of the lake, the last four of which, after crossing the State line into Wisconsin, is a "caution to tender feet."

However, Mr. E. A. Ormes writes me that he has worked that part of the road till it is a very fair road to drive over; that both hind wheels of a wagon will stay on the ground at the same time, which they wouldn't do when we drove over it.

Ormes runs a summer resort, 40 rods across an arm of the lake from Skunk P'int, and it would be hard to find a better place in that region where one could enjoy the solitude of the woods and find quiet and rest for the tired brain and body, away from the noise, and turmoil, and toil, and dust, and dirt, and heat, that make life a burden to the city man and woman during the hot months.

There are more than a dozen lakes that can be reached from Presque Isle Lake by portaging from a few rods to a mile and a half, the best one in easy reach being Pappoose Lake, reached by a portage of about 15 rods across to Katinka Lake, and another of 100 rods across to Pappoose. We took a great many bass out of this lake running from 2 to 3¾lbs. in weight, and several maskinonge. Pappoose Lake lies just south of the "divide," its waters finding their way into the Mississippi, while Presque Isle Lake, not a mile away, has an outlet into Lake Superior through the Presque Isle River. There are no maskinonge found in waters north of the "divide." We took, while camped there, 519 bass, most of which were returned unhurt, as we had no use for them. We got, in all, twenty-five maskinonge—Charley Furr the largest, weighing 14½lbs., and Dick Morris the smallest, a little fellow of just ¾lb. weight, not much heavier, Dick said, than the spoon he took him with. We caught so many pike-perch of 1½ to 6lbs. in Pappoose Lake that we lost the count of them early in the fight.

We had a good time, a good camp, great fishing, and the most glorious spring we have ever found in the North Woods, and we are going to leave over the same trail on the 30th of this month and go back and get some more of it all before it is gone.

The latch-string is always hangin' out at the "Camp of the Kingfishers" for any brother of the rod to pull and come in.

KINGFISHER.

CINCINNATI, O., July 18.

### ONLY A BROWN-HACKLE.

Is there anything closer to an angler's heart than his fly-book? I know of a case where a burglar, among other things, took a fly-book. He was arrested, and speedily convicted and imprisoned. He cleared things out pretty well in the house, but the owner seemed to care nothing about the missing fur coats, sealskin sacques, silverware, and other valuable lares and penates, but he did bewail the loss of his book of flies. The other things he could buy again, but to get together such an assortment of valuable flies seemed to him an impossible thing. He had been years collecting them, picking up odd ones here and there, until, for quality and variety, his book could not be excelled.

It was a fly storehouse, as it were. No matter where he intended fishing, or whether for trout, bass or salmon, he could always find a choice assortment to draw from with which to fill up a supplementary book.

Although it was some time ago, he yet bewails the loss of that fly-book. Many have been the efforts to get track of it, but all in vain. He has gone to the expense of sending to the prison, in a distant city, and endeavoring to prevail upon the convict to divulge the hiding-place of the book, but without success. A persistent search of the pawnshops, and periodical advertising, have produced no better results.

There were flies in that book for trout and salmon in Irish waters; flies for the salmon and trout of the Scotch lakes and the English streams, and flies for the salmon of Norway. The favorites from Maine to California, and from one end of Canada to another, were collected in that wallet. Anything and everything, from the feather-down midget with cobweb gut to the lordly salmon fly, absolutely irresistible to the lurking salmon deep down in the icy pools of the Cascapedia.

There were flies in that book on which famous bass, trout and salmon had been hooked, each fly carrying with it memories of battles fought from canoes among the rushing, swirling waters.

Almost every angler has a fish skeleton in his closet that he carries through life, in the shape of a lost fish. When he recalls the loss of that fish a cloud overspreads his face, and, disregarding all rules that relate to chestnut stories, for the hundredth time in his life goes over the ground again. How he struck the fish after the third cast; it was a Jock-Scott fly; the way he ran with the line; the number of times he broke water, and the length of his leaps; the way he sulked, and the short, vicious runs he made; and then came the trying time as he was led up to the gaff, his silvery side showing through the water, and jaws distended—and—and—and—just as the guide was about to set the gaff, one more frantic twist—the leader parted, and he was off. You have caught many salmon in many waters, but the likes of that lost fish you never expect to see again. The look of sadness that covers the face of the narrator is similar to that expression which always accompanies the tale of the stolen fly-book.

And when you come to think of it, what better diary does a man want of his fishing trips than his carefully-kept fly-book? In the midst of winter, on a Sunday afternoon, you are tempted to spend a few moments looking over your tackle. You pick up your fly-book, and, turning over leaves and looking through pockets, you strike reminders of happy pleasant days at every turn.

In one pocket by itself you find a leader and a brown-hackle. You carefully take it out and look it over, and get to thinking. You go back a score of years. It is your vacation time, and you are stepping off the train that has brought you from the hot and dusty city. You are full of life and enjoying every moment, and bound to get out of your two weeks every atom of pleasure. Farmer Brown, whose hospitality you have tested on former fishing trips, is there with his rig at the depot. You gaze at the meadows and surrounding hills and mountains, and greet them as you would old friends.

You learn trout never were so plenty, and they're rising well to a fly, but the boys stick to "worms" There's a monster in the pool below the house, that the boys have all had a try at; but it's the same old story, either the line breaks or the hook tears loose—anyway, they don't get the trout, and he is still to be seen at the bottom of the pool. This kind of talk you listen to with tingling nerves and bated breath. The horse goes too slowly; time flies not fast enough until you can get waist-deep in the stream and try conclusions with that fish. It's late in the afternoon, but you'll have time to change your clothes, get supper, and be at the pool before dusk.

A warm greeting awaits you at the farmhouse, and after shaking hands with goodwife Brown, barefooted Samuel, who has just brought in the cows, takes you one side and tells you the story all over again about the big trout.

Before sundown, with rod in hand and Sam by your side, you are wending your way across the meadows toward the alder-fringed stream. The fish you are after is a wary old fellow, and it takes considerable skill to lure him up. So you walk gently, and as you near an open place in the alders near the pool, you got on all fours and crawl the rest of the way on your belly, being entertained by Sam, who gives you the history of that trout in a whisper. The sun is down behind the hills, and a gentle breeze comes up rippling the surface of the water.

With great caution you straighten out your line, and finally make your cast above the pool. You have used but a single fly, a brown-hackle, thinking best not to startle the trout by too many flies at once. Luck and fortune are with you. A mighty swirl; a disappearance of the fly; a turn of the wrist; a bending of the rod; a shrill screech as the line pays out; a panorama of an immense trout making a traveling rainbow of color as he breaks water, and the fight is on in earnest. You are on your feet, and into the stream up to your waist. You have a veteran to deal with, but the tactics that have broken the lines and torn loose the hooks of the worm-fishing country lads serve no purpose now. The supple rod gives no such purchase as the alder pole, and there is nothing left for the fish to do but dart and leap about, with the gentle but endless strain of the rod and line on his jaw. The stream was wide and deep in some spots, one after another of which the trout sought in his runs.

You are fresh from your desk. Your muscles are soft, and already the fight seems a long one to you: but it is no time to waver. The fish is less active, but yet full of trick and ginger. He doesn't leap so high nor run so far, but there is fight in him yet.

The incessant "Come on" of the rod is telling the story, and if luck does not fail you, in a few minutes more you will have him gasping on the sod. As the fish weakens you become more careful and nervous, for it is at the last of the fight, as a rule, when the big fish is lost. A slack line just for a moment will serve the fish's purpose and see your hook ejected from the torn jaw. Sam, with the net, is in the stream, behind you, and by your orders he moves to shallow water near the bank. Your trout is on his side and does not evidence any more fight; he is tuckered out—has made his good fight and lost.

You work him slowly toward shallow water, where the beach shingles down, and at the word Sam advances from behind, and, presto! the trout is safe. You live the whole thing all over again, and unconsciously wipe a few beads of perspiration from your face. With that old leader and fly before you, you make the fight all over as if it were yesterday. It turns back for you the hand of time, and you live the scene all over again. What a faculty memory is, and in connection with an old fly-book what hours of pleasure one can get by associating one with the other.

What a wealth of old memories; of streams and lakes in all parts of the world; of salmon of mighty weight and length; of rainbow trout and busy bass, were gone for ever when the burglar laid his sacrilegious hands upon that fly-book.

CHAS. CHRISTADORO.

ST. PAUL, Minn.

### IN THE SIERRA NEVADAS.

IT was with pleasure and bright anticipations that I looked forward to the near approach of June 1, when I was to pack my traps and start on my annual outing trip to Donner Lake, that gem of mountain waters situated high up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains at an altitude of nearly 6,000ft.

Soon the long looked-for came at last, and with a couple of well packed grips I bade adieu to the "City of Sudden Deaths," and taking the 6 P. M overland was soon whirling away from the rattle, jar and bang of this dusty city, away into the fresh green fields and from the busy haunts of trade.

Truckee was reached in the morning, where we left our train, and after seeing our traps safely stored we started for the glistening waters of Donner, three miles away.

The smell of the pines was refreshing, the rippling, gushing of the babbling brook and the pure, bracing mountain air added their delights, while in the distance the snow-capped mountain range of the lofty Sierras made a picture time cannot efface.

Donner Lake is memorable on account of the tragic fate that befell a party of pioneers in the year 1846 While seeking the new Eldorado, they were overtaken here by a fearful snowstorm, and forty-six perished from the untold horrors of starvation.

The lake derives its name from the leader of the party. It is a beautiful sheet of water some three miles in length and one in width, and is surrounded on all sides by the Sierra Nevada range.

A rude cross now marks the spot where, fifty years ago, were enacted the scenes of the tragedy.

Here we are once more at Donner Lake. The gentle swish-swash of whose waves seem to extend to us a merry greeting.

After putting our cabin in order and enjoying a quiet lunch, with a drink of pure mountain water—which cannot be excelled on earth—we draw our rods, and, selecting some tempting flies, hurry down to the dam in eager anticipation of the good sport to follow.

Sneaking softly up to the whirling rapids I make a cast, when, with a swish, tug and pull, I have a beauty, and a rainbow, too. Once more, and again do they respond, and not until we had landed fifteen beauties—whose combined weight was 21¼lbs.—did we call a halt.

Gathering up our fish, we were soon on our way back to the quiet little town of Truckee, and found awaiting us a supper prepared by my old friend Mrs. S

We were up long before the sun, and after a hearty breakfast of baked trout, fried chicken, smoking pancakes and hot coffee, started out on a sight-seeing expedition.

After doing the town we laid in our supplies, and, loading our luggage, were soon *en route* for camp life. Arriving at our cabin, which we named Possum Cottage, we flung "Old Glory" to the breeze, and after unpacking and setting things to rights, settled down to a quiet afternoon at home. After a good night's rest—being lulled to sleep by the gentle swish of the waves and the harsh cry of the coyote—we were gently awakened by our old friend of boyhood, Robin Redbreast, singing the same sweet song from his high perch in a mountain pine near our cabin, and which I had not heard for over twenty long years. As I listened I wondered if it was not the same bird that used to sing in the maple that stood in front of the old home in the far away East. Every morning at 4 o'clock, as long as I remained, did this same sweet singer visit me, and from his shady perch warble the same sweet song. It seemed like meeting an old friend.

We gave up this day-dreaming and soon had a couple of rainbows frying in the pan. After a hearty meal, selecting some of our most tempting flies, we stowed ourselves on board our jaunty little skiff, the Possum, for a good row up the lake.

The sun was just climbing over the snow-capped mountain tops as we pulled out, and so engrossed were we in the beautiful scenery, the high range of mountains, with the long, dark line of snow sheds stretching away along their face, the quiet stillness and the glistening water, that we quite forgot our mission. But shaking ourselves together, we resumed our pull and were right among them.

Most of the fish were of what is known here as the cut-throat species (although where they derive that I am at a loss to determine), with now and then a silver beauty.

On reaching Possum Cottage again and counting our catch, found we had just thirty-five, whose combined weight tipped the beam at 96lbs 7oz.

Here are cooling breezes all through the summer, the purest and the best of water, with fishing and scenery that is hard to surpass; and only six miles, with a good road and pleasant drive to Truckee, and the Overland R. R.

Having had our fill of lake fishing, we resolved to break camp and try the famous Truckee River and adjacent creeks.

Next morning before sun up found us doing the Truckee with fair success, but owing to high water our catch was not phenomenal. September is the best month with the fly. Truckee River could and should be the ideal fishing water on this coast, being, as it is, the outlet of Tahoe and Donner lakes; but owing to the many dams, it is utterly impossible for fish to ascend the stream. I used to think that there was a State law obliging corporations doing business on a river to put in fishways, but I failed to observe more than two, and one of these was high and dry on the bank.

Our next visit was to Alder Creek, distance four miles from Truckee, where but a few years since were planted New Hampshire trout, but owing to high water we failed to secure many. Martis and Donner creeks were visited with poor success. While I was fishing at Donner Lake near the dam, a laughable incident took place. I had just landed a beauty, and dropping him into the weeds that lined the bank, I continued fishing down stream about 50yds., when, on looking back, I saw my newly-caught prize in the jaws of a big mink, which speedily disappeared with him in the stream.

One more adventure. While whipping the Truckee, I came to a black, swampy spot, and on looking out for a hard place to jump on to, picked out a low bunch of what I took to be dried willows or dead sagebrush. I reasoned that if I could jump on to that I could jump on to an old log at the next jump, and would be all right then. Reasoning after this fashion, I seized my rod tightly and made the jump. But what struck me? Who am I? Where am I at? For no sooner had I struck that innocent little bunch of shrubs, when w-o-o-s-h! up jumped a big black sow and landed me backwards in the blackest and softest of black mud.

To say that I was rattled fails to express my feelings, for honestly I did not know what town I was in. When I pulled myself together and looked around and saw the author of my strange position, not over 20ft. away, with bristles all ruffed the wrong way, eyes flashing fire and her jaws snapping together like a castanet solo, I suddenly remembered that I had left my gun at home, besides I had fish enough for one day, and, gradually backing away from my dusky companion, I left her to resume her *siesta* undisturbed.

But as every fish line has an end, so has my outing. After enjoying over five weeks of the best of fishing, reluctantly I turned my face cityward, where, after a pleasant ride, I arrived, feeling much invigorated and in a happier frame of mind.

E. NETTLETON.

SAN FRANCISCO.

## MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

### LI.—George Tweddle.

AMONG the playmates of early boyhood now held in pleasant remembrance is George Tweddle, the son of a wealthy maltster of Albany, N. Y. George was a city boy, while I was a "Greenbushwhacker," as the Albany boys termed those who lived in the village of Greenbush, across the Hudson River. As I knew all the desirable fishing places within the reach of boys, George was fond of coming over to see me on Saturdays or other school holidays. We must have been about twelve years old when I took him to fish in the pond of the old red mill, which looked down on the village from a height of some 200ft., and whose waters tumbled about half that distance over the dark slate rock and showed up against it as a foamy cataract from the opposite side of the river. The old mill has been replaced by a smaller one lower down, the pond has shrunken, the stream which supplied it is almost dry, and the water no longer leaps down the precipices and foams over the slopes as it did half a century ago. There are handsome country seats where we boys shot rabbits, and the place looked unfamiliar when I saw it last summer.

When I first showed George how to fish I was under the tutelage of John Atwood, an older boy, whom I wrote of in the third article of this series, exactly a year ago, and who had declared that there was "no fun fishin' with a pole, 'cause you jerk 'em out when your float goes down and don't feel 'em wiggle." So I rigged our lines with light sinkers, two hooks on snoods fastened on each line above the sinkers. Then with baits of angleworms we twirled the lines and dropped the sinkers some 80ft. away in the pond, and awaited the pleasure of the fish. Fishing tackle was not to be had in such variety as to-day, and we village boys bought ours of the grocers, the only ones in the place who kept such stock. We bought Limerick hooks, with the end of the shank flattened, and then cut off a piece of the fish line for a snood and made the hook fast with several half-hitches, clumsy, but strong and effective for our kind of fishing. The hooks were sold two and three for a cent, according to size, while lines cost 2 cents a knot of 15ft, as I remember. We pounded out the sinkers from pieces of lead into long, four-sided, tapering shapes, finished them with a file, and made a hole in the smaller end; and there we were, rigged out for a season's fishing for about 10 cents. George had brought some hooks on gut snells, which had cost 3 cents each, and then I first saw how a hook with a tapered shank was put on a snell. I had seen the hooks, but had no use for them, because I did not believe they could be securely fastened to a line; but here they were, and George did not lose a hook that day, yet it was evident that to whip such a hook on a gut snell or a fish line was far beyond my power.

"George," said I, "your line is too slack. Draw in until you feel the sinker, but don't move it; your lower hook will then be on the bottom for suckers, bullheads and eels, while the upper one will hang clear for perch, sunfish and rock bass. When you feel a nibble, be ready to strike at a hard tug, and then pull in hand under hand to examine the baits, if you haven't got a fish."

I soon had a bite and pulled in a yellow perch of fair size, perhaps a ¼lb., for they did not grow big there, and George danced around it in great glee. It was the greatest fish he had ever seen alive, and in his enthusiasm at seeing me unhook it and put it on a string to keep it alive in the water, he forgot his own fishing, until I had baited and was ready to throw out, when he saw his line running out into the pond, and grabbed the wooden winder just as it reached the water. He tugged away, and after hauling in 10ft. of line landed a large sucker that, to-day my memory says, must have weighed at least 2lbs, but memory is not a steelyard nor a grocer's scale, especially when the guessweight of a fish is attempted fifty years after it was caught. Suckers of 2lbs. weight were often taken from that pond years after, and this was a big one.

"What kind of a fish is it?" he asked in his excitement, "and is it good to eat?"

"It's a sucker, George, and in early spring many people eat them, and numbers are sold, but in summer they are soft and don't keep long; you'd better let it go."

"Let it go! Not by a long shot. I don't care whether it is good to eat, nor whether it keeps in warm weather, I'm going to take that fish to Albany and show it to the boys. Say, can I get it there alive?"

"Yes, if I don't have to cut the hook out of it. You see, you weren't paying attention to your line, and most likely the fish has the hook down in its stomach. Let me see it."

The fish had gorged the bait, as I suspected, and I prepared to cut out the hook, when George said: "Look here, I don't care anything about that hook. What I want is to get that fish to Albany alive, so that people will believe that I caught it. If I cut the snell and leave the hook in the fish, will it live long enough to get to Albany?"

"It may live long enough for that. I heard old John Chase, who sets fyke nets in the river 'most all the year, say that he has caught lots of fish that had hooks in 'em, and John Atwood and I brought up a lot of perch alive from the Popskinny by packing them in wet eel grass in a basket. Cut off your hook and string the fish, and before we go we'll get some water weeds and pack the fish in your lunch basket." We did this, and a week later George told me that the fish lived and that he showed to every man, woman and boy that he knew from the South Ferry to his home in upper Broadway, and he never tired of talking about that fish. It grew with his growth, and although we took pickerel of 4lbs. and over in Kinderhook Lake half a dozen years later, he still enthused over that 2lb. sucker. This shows what memories an angler will retain of his first fish, which is a great event in his hitherto uneventful life, and the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket" has reminded us that the scenes of our childhood are dear to our hearts.

I have spoken of "snoods" and "snells" as though they were two different things. The Standard Dictionary defines the former as short lines by which hooks are attached to the main line, but has no mention of snell. The market fisherman uses a snood and the angler a snell. My distinction is that the latter is made of silk-worm gut, while the snood is of linen or hemp, a distinction without much difference, but the terms are used by men who fish in different ways and for different purposes.

We fished the Popskinny, two or three creeks between Troy and Greenbush, and the Normanskill on the Albany side. With shining morning face I crept unwillingly to school in Fort Cralo, the oldest building now standing in the United States, on the river bank below what was then the village limit, and several times George and I ransacked its great garret for flints and other relics, and watched the wrens nesting in the stones, which were pierced for musketry, but were then plastered up on the inside. A copper plate on the front of the now crumbling building says: "Supposed to have been erected in 1642 as a manor house and place of defense, known as Fort Cralo. Gen. Abercrombie's headquarters while marching to attack Fort Ticonderoga in 1757, when, it is said, at the cantonment east of the house, near the old well, the army surgeon, R. Shuckbury, composed the popular song of 'Yankee Doodle.'" The building was of Holland brick, but the port holes were in several brown stones, each over 1ft. square. When we were going to fish down the river George always wanted to dig the worms in the old Cralo garden, in hope of turning up some relic, and we did find several arrow-heads and a portion of a bayonet. He would dig long after we had more than enough bait. I didn't share his enthusiasm, for I got plenty of the old place six days in the week.

Once while fishing in the pond by the red mill, George had seen me bring in a small painted tortoise, one of the little pond turtles which love to sit on logs when the sun shines, and plunk in the pond when danger threatens or the first drop of rain falls; and he noticed that I put a knife handle in its mouth while I took the hook from its lower jaw. It would have been easier to cut the snell and let the hook go, but I never did like to lose a hook, and so spent time to save one. An hour or so after this I went into the woods to get dry fuel to roast our lamb chops, and to make coffee for our nooning, when I heard George yell, and I ran to him while he kept up the yelling. He had caught a little snapping turtle, not larger than the little "skillypot" I had caught, which was about 5in. long; and the snapper had caught George by the side of his thumb-nail, and seemed perfectly satisfied to hold on to what he had if it didn't tear loose; and it was a question of which was the catcher and which the catchee, and I hardly knew what to do. I stuck a case knife down the reptile's throat, and in trying to pry its jaws open the blade broke, leaving about 1in. of it on the handle. I turned this edgewise and forced the mouth open, and George danced around and sucked his bleeding thumb. As soon as he cooled down, I asked him how it happened that the snapper got hold of his thumb.

Said he: "I was trying to take the hook out of its mouth the same as you did when you caught a turtle, and as I tried to put the knife handle in its mouth it grabbed me, and I couldn't shake it off."

"No, George, that kind of turtle never shakes off; but you are in luck that it was a small one. If it had been 8 or 10in. long it would have taken your thumb off. The one I caught is a harmless thing, although it can bite hard if provoked; but a snapper is always provoked, and will fight at the drop of a hat. This is your first lesson in turtles. No Greenbush-whacker would risk a thumb near a snapper's jaws. Even that little fellow would have crushed your thumb-nail, and made an ugly looking thing of it for life. You got off cheap."

I had turned the turtle on its back and was holding my foot on it to keep it there. George said: "Let's see you take the hook out."

"No, my boy, I don't want a hook at that price," and I cut the snell and picked the turtle up by the tail.

"Can't I have the satisfaction of cutting the hook or the heart out of that beast without getting hurt?"

"No trouble about it if you want to spend the time. All turtles can make a snap straight ahead or over their backs as far as they can reach, but they can't bend the neck on the lower shell. This fellow has swallowed the hook, and I'll put him on his back and stand one foot on its head while I pull on the tail to keep its neck stretched, and you may carve away at him until you get the hook, his heart, satisfaction, or all three." And so George got his hook and also a view of the interior arrangements of a turtle. George carried a small scar on his thumb, but the turtle had no scar, its wounds never healed.

On that same day George caught his first eel, and allowed it to wriggle among the coils of his line in its efforts to get back to the water while George was trying to catch it in his hands and hold it. I was only a few feet away, but was enjoying the fun too much to tell him what to do, until, in a final effort to grab the eel, both went into the pond. He scrambled out, while I grabbed his line and pulled in the eel, stunned it with a stick and unhooked it. Any uneducated eel that has never seen the outside of a mill pond since it came there as an "elver," can tie more knots in a line in a minute than a fisherman can pick out in an hour, and Tweddle's line had evidently been operated on by an expert. We took off the hooks, and sinker and each began at one end to untie the knots which I had tightened by hauling in the line, and it delayed our luncheon about an hour. When we had finished and washed the slime from the line, George remarked: "Oh, I'm learning how to fish, and the next turtle I catch will not get a bite at my thumb and the next eel will never get among the coils of my line. I s'pose there's lots o' things to learn about fishing yet, and I wonder what the next thing that will help my education will be, and how long before I'll graduate."

"You're doing all right," I answered; "for a boy who has been brought up in the city and has seen neither turtles nor eels caught on fish lines, you are doing well. You need to catch a bullhead, yet, and take it off the hook without getting its horns into your hands, for you know I've unhooked all you've caught. But let's go and get something to eat before we starve."

"But is a bullhead hard to unhook? Tell me about it."

"Not now; that's another lesson. See that the tin pail is put over the fire on the pole in the crotches, while I go get some birch twigs." I had to attend to all the details, for George did not know birch from hemlock, and would have been as likely to hang a chop on a pine stick full of turpentine as on birch or beech. He was quick to learn, however, but it seemed queer that he shouldn't know some things about fishing and camping that had been such every-day things in my boyhood life that I didn't realize that I'd ever learned them—they seemed to be things that everybody knew without telling, just as a young honey-bee knows how to gather honey the first day it leaves the hive.

On our previous trip to the millpond we had eaten a cold bite, and George was curious to see coffee made and chops roasted over an open fire. I had cleaned some perch and stuck them on slanting sticks so that they hung before the fire, and had run the birch twigs through the chops and they were roasting, while the coffee was being made. Then, with bread and butter, George declared that he had never eaten such a meal in his life. The fact was that with the exercise, excitement and outdoor air, he had never been so hungry in his life. That sauce of hunger! How many an ordinary, half-cooked dinner it has converted into a feast! This and our fishing for pickerel in Kinderhook Lake must have been before we were fifteen years old, because at that age I left Fort Cralo and went to school in Albany, where my people emigrated two years later. But, like that first big sucker he caught, George loved to talk about his first camp dinner, the eel and the snapping-turtle, up to the last time I met him.

After our nooning we pulled in our lines which had been fishing, boy fashion, while we were feeding, and found bare hooks. In the afternoon we took a few perch and a number of rock bass, but George's bullhead did not come until near evening. "Now, hold on, let me take him off," said he, and then he dropped the fish and remarked on the sharpness of its fins, while a drop of blood showed where he had been pricked.

"Just as I expected. Now, as the fish lies there, put your left hand over its head, straddle its back with your first two fingers and bend them around the thorns on the side fins; they can't hurt, and the other thorn on the back can't reach you and you can take out the hook in safety." He did so, and remarked: "Easy enough when you know how, what else have I got to learn?"

"Oh, there are lots of things, but no one can tell you till you come to 'em; there's much that I don't know, such as catching trout and striped bass, but I'll get out with some of the bass fishers some day and see how they do it."

Since those boyish days I have learned that the catfishes, of which the New York bullhead is one, have the single spines in the pectoral or throat fins arranged with a curious snap joint, and when attacked or caught they set these thorns at right angles to the body, and they may be broken but not pressed down to the side of the fish; but behind the fins are bony triggers, just under the skin, which, if pressed on, will allow the spines to be put down. I once took a small catfish from the stomach of a loon and the pectoral spines were rigidly set, yet their sharp points had not pierced the bird's stomach.

After my people moved to Albany, George left the city, but I found him back again when I returned from the West in the fall of '59, and we then fished for striped bass in the river during the season when young bass follow up the spawning shad and sturgeon, so that he was an expert at this kind of fishing when we initiated Ned Buntline to it in 1865, as related last week. The elder Mr. Tweddle had died before this, and George inherited a portion of his father's wealth, which portion was a fortune in itself. George and his sisters gave to St. Peter's church in Albany a chime of bells which cost $10,000 as a memorial to their father. We fished for a few years, until I left the city, and then George met with business troubles and he went away, and since 1873 I have never heard of his whereabouts, although I've often asked Albanians who knew him. Nothing is left in Albany of the once well-known name of Tweddle except the handsome building which stands on the corner of State and Pearl streets. George was an only son, and had one or more sisters, who, if living, bear other names.

George Tweddle was one of those cheerful companions who, like Mark Tapley, are bound to be jolly under all circumstances, and no amount of discomfort could make him grumble. Once, while we were fishing in the Popekinny in early spring, we were caught in a sudden shower. The banks were too muddy to lie upon with the boat turned over us, and across the meadow, in a ravine which came down to it, I knew of an overhanging rock which would shelter us. This was only a 200yds. dash through the rain, while Rivenburg's barn was a good two mile row, and we gathered our grub, pulled the boat up on shore, made the dash and found shelter.

We were soaked, and might as well have rowed the two miles to the barn; but there's satisfaction in a shelter even if one can't get wetter, and so we shook our coats and hats and George remarked: "This is grand, isn't it?"

"What's grand, this rain? Looks like it was going to make a day of it, and perhaps a night also."

"No, I meant this rock shelter with dry rock for a floor; it's almost a cave, and if we had a fire we'd be comfortable. Can we make a fire here?"

"Certainly," said I, "you sort out the provisions in the basket and find the bottle of matches, while I go and pick up some dry limbs, and hunt for a bit of wood to shave into kindlings"; and I started to seek for fuel.

When I returned with a load, George said: "The little bottle of matches is not here, we must have left it in the boat after it was taken out to light our cigars; but never mind, we can get along without a fire; I'm beginning to dry now; see how my clothes steam? The bread is a little wet, and the salt which was on top of the coffee has soaked down into it; but the corned beef and boiled eggs are all right. I don't care much for coffee, anyhow."

I saw that we would have to camp there for an indefinite time or go back to our boat and the barn, so I said: 'George, wait until I come back," and made a start for a farm house nearly a mile away. I was as wet as a man could be and soon settled down into a walk to the tune of the sposh sposh of the water in my shoes. When I returned with matches, bread and coffee, all dry, the first thing which greeted me was the top of a cardboard box neatly framed with pine cones and suspended by a string wedged in the crevice of the rock, on which was inscribed: "God Bless our Home," while a similar card from the bottom of the box declared that "Home is where the heart is."

Such a fellow would endear himself to any one who camped with him because he never made his troubles a burden to others. He was not the only one who was wet through and chilled to the bone. And therein lies the secret, if there be one, of a perfect camp companion whose constant company is all you have and must endure. A day or two in camp with a man will reveal his character more than ten years ordinary acquaintance. If he is a hog the bristles will be in evidence, either in always getting on the best side of the fire or in carefully selecting the choicest bits in the lunch basket. The grumbler is even worse than the hog, for he can torment you day and night.

If George Tweddle is alive I hope that some kind friend will put me in communication with him, if he has passed to the beyond, *Requiescat in pace* I will say with uncovered head.

FRED MATHER.

## BOSTON ANGLERS.

BOSTON, July 29.—Mr. Rodney P. Woodman, than whom no man in the world is a greater lover of the rod and reel, the woods and waters, has recently returned from one of his usually successful fishing trips. This trip was combined with business, Mr. Woodman's customers being taken into account as well as the fishing. The start was made early in July, and about the 5th found Mr. Woodman at Long Pond, Me., one of the tributaries, or in the region of the head waters of Lake Onawa and the Sebec waters. This pond is nine miles from the Katahdin Iron Works, and in the neighborhood of Chairback Pond, also a celebrated trout pond, under Chairback Mountain. The pond is reached by a good buckboard road till within about a mile and a half of Brown's camps at the head of the pond. This road was bad, but Mr. Brown promises to put it in good shape early this season. Mr. Woodman found the trout fishing excellent, early in the morning, and on the event of a northwest wind, which sprung up one afternoon, though the weather was generally tremendously hot. All the trout he desired were obtained on the fly, running from 1lb. to 1½lbs. He was also much interested in the fact that Long Pond is full of little landlocked salmon, of from 1lb. weight, up to 2lbs. These fish take the fly eagerly, and all great fighters. Mr. Woodman believes that the salmon there do not grow for want of a plenty of food. Minnows are very scarce, and he suggested to the keeper of the camps that the pond be immediately stocked with smelt, under which condition the salmon should grow larger, and afford better fishing

At Sebatis Pond he took twenty black bass of good size; and at Thompson's Pond, a sheet of water some twelve miles long, above Oxford Village, he got a string of bass that would please even the most enthusiastic lover of catching bass with a fly. Thompson's pond has been stocked with landlocked salmon, and as smelts are abundant, good results are looked for. As for Mr. Woodman, he is pleased with his trip, as what lover of rod and reel would not be. He asks why more men who travel on business do not combine business with pleasure?

BOSTON, July 24.—Fishing in the Rangeley waters with trolling bait has held out the present season most remarkably. But it seems that the freshet and rise of water July 14–15 put on a close time that the State never thought of doing. Since that date the fishing has been poor in all the Rangeley lakes; as it usually is poor by the middle or last of June. One of the biggest blow-hards, who writes in the Maine papers concerning the fishing in those waters, is known to have trolled Rangeley Lake all one day last week without a strike. Wonder if we shall hear of this? It is all right to mention successes—sportsmen love to hear of them; but they love the honesty that can mention the failures as well or better. Not so the hotel men and the railroads. Nothing that comes like the truth about the non-productiveness of certain locations is ever to be mentioned. Thanks to the courage of FOREST AND STREAM, if a fishing trip is a failure, it has the honesty to say so. The trout supply of the Rangeley waters has been tremendously drawn upon.

Still the late trolling in the Rangeley waters has brought surprising results. Mr. G. S. Wright has just returned from a three week's stay at the birches, Mooselucmaguntic Lake. He fished in several of the lakes, taking no big trout, but a plenty of fair size. He says that the fishing was wonderful up to about the middle of July, when it stopped all at once. A few good trout, and occasionally a salmon, are being taken on the fly at the Upper Dam. Mr. Hill, of Lewiston, Me., took a beautiful 8½lb. trout in Richardson Lake a few days before the trolling gave out. Mr. A. N. Thompson, of New York, is reported to have taken 190 trout in one day, on the fly, at Kennebago the other day. It is to be hoped that he threw 180 of them back into the water. Mr. L. O. Crane, of Boston, has gone to Round Mountain Lake for his summer fishing trip. His wife accompanies him.

Black bass fishing is reported to have been poor in the Maine lakes and ponds since the great rain and freshet, mentioned above. The impression prevails that it will be good again as soon as the water subsides. Still a great abundance of rain has followed the freshet.

SPECIAL.

## FAITH IN FISHING.

THERE are times when, however plenty the trout, it is almost impossible to get them to rise to the fly. Change as often as you like, they will not be tempted. I have fished for hours over places where I knew hundreds of big fellows were lying, but not one would show up, although presented with the most charming flies in the most tempting manner. Did I reel up and leave? No, sir. I would get a suitable spot, sit or recline, fill the pipe, and while smoking, would think the problem over, puzzling my brain, whereby some scheme might evolve to seduce these sullen chaps to a better acquaintance. In most cases, with time, patience, skill and faith their diffidence would be overcome, and they would be as sportive and full of life and vim as any other trout. Oftimes I have used a 2ft. leader with one fly, leader close to the tip of the rod, and I myself lying down in the boat, concealed from the water. My fly would move just above and over the water, touching it once in a while, acting exactly like the live insects, then flying around. Many the fine beauty I have captured in this manner.

I have before now been fishing with men who would say after a few casts, "Oh, this is no good; there are no fish here, or if there are they will not look at my flies." I recollect being with a gentleman who had whipped several good spots without success; when we came to a pool in which I knew there were plenty of large trout. He cast around and all over it without a rise. He was discouraged, and said, "I don't believe there is a fish here." "Oh, I am sure there is," was my reply. "Do you suppose that you can catch one?" "No trouble to do it," I remarked. "Here, take the rod and try;" handing me his rod. Grasping it lovingly, and not moving from the place we were, with firm faith in the result I sent out the flies. They barely touched the water, when splash, splash, and two good ones were hooked. I instantly passed the rod over to him, and in a few minutes we had saved one of 2½ and one of 3½lbs. Then his faith rose, or if not, the fish did, and he had splendid sport from that to the end of his stay.

The most remarkable instance of faith in fishing I ever heard of was told by a Mr. Toothacher, of Richmond, Me. His son George would go down to the pond where all the city fellows had been fishing all day with their silver-mounted rods and dandy flies, catching nothing. The boy would have a bit of twine in his pocket with a hook on it. Going through the swamp on his way to the pond he would cut an alder, trim off the branches, tie one end of his twine to it, go right alongside of these men who had fished all day and caught nothing, put on a worm, spit on it, throw in and hoist out fish every time. Why, do you know, that boy could catch fish whether they were there or not; it makes no difference to him. And how the old man would laugh when he told this story.

But I prefer to go where I know the fish are plenty, and there, with good tackle and very little skill, lots of good sport will be had.

S. J. RAYMOND.

EDMUNDSTON, N. B.

### The Wallkill Trout and Bass.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In issue of July 17 Fred Mather says, in "Men I Have Fished With": "The Wallkill rises in Ulster county, N. Y., and flows off N.E. to join the Hudson at Rondout." He's wrong. The Wallkill rises in the township of Wantage, Sussex county, in the State of New Jersey, and flows thence in a northerly direction through Orange county and empties into the Hudson, or rather Rondout Creek, at Rondout, Ulster county, N. Y.

Perhaps he has another Wallkill in view; a small brook possibly. Can it be possible that our Wallkill is a trout stream, or, rather, was as late as 1890? when he was to meet Mr. Zigenfuss at Zach Du Bois's hotel at New Paltz, and does he not mean Hank instead of Zach?

There might have been two Dubois's who kept tavern there. I never knew of but one, and he was Hank, and was a character who, once known, would never be forgotten. He's dead now.

The Wallkill is a bass stream second only to the Delaware, and contains no trout, except now and then a straggler from some of its small tributaries.

We enjoy "Men I Have Fished With" very much, although they are nearly all dead or "has beens," but we do object to having our Wallkill confined within Ulster county. We're willing to whack up with our neighbors, however.

We have this year planted over 600,000 pike-perch in the Wallkill and several thousand bass as well.

Why can't some of our Ulster county neighbors go and do likewise next year, thereby helping along the good work that in years to come will afford many a day's outing and fish for our angling friends who cannot get away to other parts? There's many a meal taken from old Wallkill these days that the family would do without were it not for just this kind of work.

It must be done by someone. Pitch in, neighbor, don't wait for 'tother fellow.

JOHN WILKIN.

### Iowa Bass and Pike.

CHARLES CITY, Ia.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Black bass are biting in fine shape in the Cedar, below the city. On the 19th four parties secured fifty-nine bass that would average 1lb. apiece, and one pike weighing 3½lbs. A lad of eleven years landed the two largest black bass—weights, 2 and 3½lbs.—using soft crayfish as bait. The smaller run of bass are beginning to respond to the white-miller and bucktail fly, the writer having landed three 1lb. fellows a few mornings ago with the latter named fly.

VANE SIMMONDS.

### Bass in Stockbridge Bowl.

MESSRS. CHAS. M. DONNELLY and Hugh K. Toler, who are visiting Mr. Chas. Astor Bristol, of Lenox, have had splendid fishing during the past week for large-mouthed bass in Stockbridge Bowl. The fish have all been caught on light tackle and by casting with frogs. Some of their catches are given below:

July 15: Eight fish, weighing 2lbs., 3½lbs., 3lbs., 3½lbs., 3½lbs., 4lbs. 2oz. and 4½lbs., all large-mouthed bass, and two small-mouths, each weighing about 1lb.

July 16: Three fish, 2lbs., 2½lbs and 4lbs. respectively.

July 17: Two fish, 4½lbs. and 7lbs. 1oz., the latter being the record fish for the lake, caught by H. K. Toler.

July 18: About 100 red finned perch weighing nearly a ½lb. average.

July 19: One fish, 1½lbs.

July 20: Five fish, 2lbs., 2½lbs., 3½lbs. and 4½lbs.

July 21: Two fish, 3½lbs. and 4½lbs.

On July 20 the anglers forgot their landing net and Mr. Donnelly hooked a great fish, which, after about ten minutes' work, he brought to the side of the boat. In trying to lift him in, however, the hook tore loose and the fish escaped. The boatman said that it was the largest bass he had ever seen.

On account of the very wet season it has been a difficult matter to secure bait.

These gentlemen caught some perch and rock bass on a red ibis fly.

### Rod and Yank and Trout.

ALBANY, N. Y., July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Albany *Argus* of to-day relates that Mr. Henry Juncks started out last Saturday to a stream in Saratoga county for trout, and was "well prepared—not with a light rod, but a solid fellow of 10oz.; not a little hook, but a good big No. 3 trusty sproat, and not with a dainty fly, but a good, big fat night-crawler; and the very first cast Mr. Juncks made brought Mr. Trout to the surface. Then he grabbed the hook, Juncks gave a great and terrific yank, and the air was filled with flying trout, the big fellow landing back in the lot some 25ft. He not only proved a monster, but the largest caught in Saratoga county this year. He was weighed in Albany twenty-four hours after capture, and tipped at exactly 3½lbs."

I think that it may be of interest to you, at least to read, as bringing to public notice for the first time, I think, a new species, flying trout. Mr. Juncks is evidently doing his share toward the advancement of science, but where do you suppose he got that rod?

C. P. W.

# The Kennel.

## FIXTURES.

### FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 1.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials, Morris, Man.
Sept. 6. Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Sept. —.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's Champion Stake, Morris, Man.
Oct. 25.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual trials.
Nov. 1.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Nov. 1.—New England Beagle Club's trials, Oxford, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Central Beagle Club's trials, Shippensburg, Pa.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T. Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

## TWO VARIETIES OF DOG.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Just one-half hour will settle the merits of one dog, and we will climb the mountains to view a spot where the other made a record so different.

A chapter in the life of the first mentioned will be sketched first. A wayside station of a branch of prairie railroad, not a year ago found me the sole passenger. All the town was there on my arrival, which meant the section boss and hands. I had stopped there before, and tried the section house fare, which was in plenty and sustaining, and the boss had a brogue that was good, and better after a sample or two from a flask of mine; many a bird had I knocked over thereabouts, where patches of red willows grew and sage brush at times caught the eye. The wild cherry also grew and ripened on the trees where the banks shelved down to the creek, a volume of water not clear, and that harbored no trout in its depths. Here, without aid of dog, had the chicken, startled by bold approach at such long intervals of time, grown less wary and had oft fallen to my gun.

Yet on this day of which I write was the sport—so thought I—to be invested with a delight more thrilling by the stanch aid of Sport, the dog, the borrowed dog of a friend. I mentioned him not at as a passenger with me at wayside station, alighting this I know, yet we are coming to him. The friend (?) who lent him merely summed up his merits as being a dog "good for chicken," one he had "picked up cheap, sir, dirt cheap"; one of his "few lucky strokes in the dog line"—this he got off as the train was starting.

He had met me at my house with the dog, and drove to the depot to see me on my journey to hunting grounds. During the half-hour's drive but little knowledge could I gain as to why Sport should be a good dog for chickens. His ancestry was the theme thus: So and so was dam, out of —— by ——. There was a dog, and sire ——, just think of it; bench show winners every one. Field trials! training! nonsense! Blood, sir! blood it is that counts. "Why, here we are, sure enough; take care of him; a treasure; you remember that dog ——? Why, he is the exact image of him. Don't forget a few brace for me; but there, all aboard! Just look well after Sport. Yes, sir, imported —" all over again, and the train moves.

Well, not long did it take to make a start after arrival at way station, to follow winding of river a short distance, and the country showed more broken and hilly. Sport following fairly well, yet I fancied with a covert glance at the gun off and on. "Come, brace up, Sport!" I urged, "look a bit sanguine; show some quiver in those limbs so like imported. Range a bit, lad, and get wind of them. Here is the ground. Steady now! work ahead!"

At this uprose a brace from the left. I let them travel, for his actions I wanted to study, and he gave me the chance; for after the birds with a joyous bark, at a pace that was hot, sped the dog. That started the ranging; to right to left they were up with a whirr, long out of gunshot. Yes, he was good for chicken; good to them. Their every in-

terest he seemed to have at heart, and to herald my approach to each single bird and covey, as long as his wind would last, was a plot he must have been thinking over from the start. Come back! oh, no. My! what sport it might have been, and such a day for it; and birds! why, every clump of brush had given one or more shelter, until Sport urged them to wing to a place of safety. This was hardly fun for me, when I noticed Sport pause and look my way, and, sure enough, he was coming back. When about in hearing of the words of praise he looked for, some thought must have come (surely he could think, being out of imp. by imp.) to him that he had left his work unfinished, and again he paused and evidently contemplated looking up some stragglers, to notify them that a change of location would be desirable for their health.

I wondered which ancestor he resembled most at this supreme moment. To be brief, I anchored him there and then in a secluded spot to a stout sapling, and picked up a few birds, unaided by his inherited valued instincts, on the outskirts of the country he had traversed, and not bad sport it was, yet supreme it might have been with a good, trained worker to share in the fun, and give evidence of his delight and appreciation of it as a good dog will.

The first train back took Sport, and I went with him and promptly interviewed his owner as to the working capabilities of imp. —, and as to a few of the practical excellencies of others of the strain.

And now for a climb to where the game fellow once lived, whose owner never knew his sire or dam, nor had he ever heard of them. A jump it will be, from the plains to mountains, and a journey along pack train to where it ends at a miner's cabin. 'Tis the Rockies, and the trip will repay if just for a glance at the wild country. Lash the pack to me, just taut enough; there'll be a stiffish lean upward to the trail now and again, and the feet need grip well at the heel on the down turn when we make for the valley below. You want to look at the rock now and again. Well, you can do that when we get through some of this timber country, and steady along we go, my friend and I, he to hunt a bit after quartz leads, and I to join my partner in the mine we had drifted in, in a search for bed rock of the creek covered many a year ago by landslides. Dark through the timber it is, and but seldom a slant of sunlight; on the level now, and the Douglas fir rears up aloft, chary of spreading a branch till a dizzy height is reached. The cedar shows his bulk much nearer ground, and with spruce and hemlock and white pine, a perfume greets one of the forest, sweet indeed. Up now leads the trail, and steep the climb, with a turn or two, and to an opening on the left where shows the river—the Columbia—rolling along. Steady now, there where the bank shelves down sheer to 500ft. below. Halt for a breathing space and a look opposite, where the mountains strive, by a climb heavenward, to contrast with the blue their snow-covered tops. But a mile across, yet this bounds not the view; to the right stretch the range of peaks till they merge into bluish haze. Rough masses of rock some have to the tops, while others show timber on the sides close growing to where the snow covers the peak. What shades of color greet the eye! Bright where the sun touches a patch, and dark to black where the sunlight has no play; now a turn to the right and into the wood again; ups and downs for some few miles, then straight runs the trail and level the wood on either side. Silent all, but for the mountain streams lending a voice; and so deceiving in tone some are, from distance and changing currents of air, as to call for many a look backward to see if some cunning old leader of a pack train is not jogging along with his bell ringing.

Not far off an opening in the timber and fair-sized clearing, and a little cabin comes in view. Here now at last; so sit a while on this fallen fir and hear of the dog, and a game one you'll call him, when all is told. Jim's dog we called him, for that was my partner's name, who owned him, and in the mining town a record the dog had made, and had thrashed every dog but a bull terrier there living, and with the latter he had a fight whenever they met, until some friend of theirs (and they had many) thought fit to interfere. An Irish terrier was Jim's; no pedigree came along with him, and no particular strain; a rough, wiry coat, reddish; good head and long, punishing jaw.

Well, Jim and I had made a start from the mining town, and were coming along the trail—this same one—a year ago. A stray grizzly wandered about at odd times there. Don't start, they never come this way now, and the dog was following, gaily enough at first. He had looked back as if sad to leave the town where the bull terrier lived, but soon cheered up as the thick timber gave a prospect of bigger game, and he found it, alas! too big for him, and that's why he is not here. Dead! Yes, but we're coming to that.

The three had tramped but half the day, and were coming along where the timber crowded close to the path, when a sharp turn to the right showed a clearing, and a narrow mountain stream rushed foaming along. Just before starting to ford the stream, we had lost track of doggie, who was on a hunt of his own. We both at once got a startler and no mistake, for on the far side, where some bushes lined a stream, loomed up the long yellowish brown back of a grizzly, and with her a cub, a bit of a one only. The old one caught sight of us and gave a growl or two, but swayed her head back and forward once or twice. A sniff of the air told her some strange enemy was hovering near in a direction opposite to us, and her ear caught a sound which the stream in its rush could not deaden—a keen savage bark—and I—well, I thought of several things in a short space of time, sundry happenings of long years ago. As for Jim, no such reasoning for him. A pace or two and he was in the middle of the stream, and, rifle unslung, and a steady hand, once so familiar with such sport, near the trigger.

One shot rang out and bruin got it, just back of the shoulder, as he had moved his long body for his eye to range in search of the cub, that had started to hunt up the Irish fellow lost to view, so thick was the growth. The shot had told. Savage growls made the fact known, and a lurch forward and then more like a rush our way, but not quite straight for us, and down went Jim in midstream, for his foot had slipped on a pebble.

Now each second counted; a few lost and it would have been all up with us, or one of us. As Jim gained his footing, the bear caught sight of our exact location, and as the keen old hunter brought his rifle again to sight—he had never lost grip of it—Bruin was almost on top of us, or rather of Jim. I had helped him in midstream, but was not armed, so useless. One more peal rang out to greet the echoes of the cliffs around. The rifle almost touched the beast in his last rush forward, and rearing on its hind feet one paw was making a sweep for Jim, a killing blow, when a long keen jaw met in the shaggy neck behind. The good old dog had sprung from a fallen timber near and the swaying body met the blow. T'was Bruin's last effort, and he lay where he fell. And Jim's dog! one look from the eyes so keen in fight, and faithful, but blurred, Jim said as he bent over him, and soft-like and sad his own eyes were, I know, as I helped him to bury his comrade from puppyhood up, till he died, where he tackled to such big odds.

Here comes Jim. We will not talk of it now. He never does; in fact, he's not much of a talker, and thinks silence is gold, and that is what he is after. F. E. JAMES.

## A. K. C.—C. K. C.

THE following is now in force:

Articles of agreement entered into this 17th day of July, 1897, between the American Kennel Club and the Canadian Kennel Club.

ARTICLE I.

The Executive Committee of the Canadian Kennel Club shall be the Canadian Advisory Board of the American Kennel Club, and shall conduct all business in the territory under its jurisdiction, as hereinafter provided for in Article VII.

ARTICLE II.

The Canadian Advisory Board, which will represent the Dominion of Canada, to be entitled to three duly accredited delegates as its representatives in the American Kennel Club, the chairman of said board to be one of such delegates, and by virtue of his office as said chairman to be a member of the American Kennel Club Executive Board.

ARTICLE III.

All cases of discipline and other matters relating to the Dominion of Canada shall be dealt with by the said Canadian Advisory Board, subject to confirmation or otherwise by the American Kennel Club. In all cases acted upon by said board an appeal may be taken to said American Kennel Club.

ARTICLE IV.

Dog shows held in the Dominion of Canada can only be held under American Kennel Club rules upon the recommendation of the said Canadian Advisory Board, and for every show recommended the Canadian Advisory Board shall, on behalf of said show, pay to the American Kennel Club the sum of $10. The secretary of the Canadian Advisory Board shall file with the American Kennel Club a certified marked catalogue of each show so held, and awards made at such shows shall become recognized awards of record. The Canadian Kennel Club to be held responsible for the fulfillment of all requirements of the American Kennel Club by clubs holding shows under its recommendations.

ARTICLE V.

A complete roll of membership of the Canadian Kennel Club must be kept on file with the American Kennel Club.

ARTICLE VI.

The Canadian Kennel Club agrees to transfer all its right, title and interest in what is now known as the Canadian Kennel Club Stud Book to the American Kennel Club during the continuance of this agreement, and in return for said transfer the American Kennel Club agrees to register in its Stud Book, each year, without cost, two dogs, the *bona fide* property of any member of the said Canadian Kennel Club, in good standing, at its annual meeting, or who may have been subsequently elected and duly qualified as such member, upon the filing of an application for same, with his standing as a member duly certified thereon by the secretary of said Canadian Kennel Club. Also to register all dogs, now registered with the Canadian Kennel Club, at one-half the regular fee charged by said American Kennel Club, upon application for such registration. To register all kennel names, prefixes and affixes now registered with the Canadian Kennel Club, provided same do not conflict with names already registered with the American Kennel Club, upon receipt of application, and two-thirds of the regular fee charged by said American Kennel Club. To supply the Canadian Advisory Board with a copy each year of its Annual Stud Book, and a copy each month of its *Kennel Gazette*. Also, to allow it a special discount of 33⅓ per cent. on the regular price for all Stud Books it may purchase. As a further consideration, the American Kennel Club agrees not to accept any kennel club in Canada as an active member unless recommended by the Canadian Advisory Board.

ARTICLE VII.

The following shall be the By-Laws of the Canadian Advisory Board, until the same shall have been amended by the American Kennel Club:

SECTION 1. This organization shall be known as the Canadian Advisory Board of the American Kennel Club, from which it derives its powers.

SEC. 2. It shall consist of the Executive Committee of the Canadian Kennel Club.

SEC. 3. The officers of the board shall consist of a Chairman, a Vice-Chairman and a Secretary. They shall be elected at the annual meeting of each year, and hold office until their successors are duly elected.

SEC. 4. It shall be the duty of the Chairman to preside at all the meetings, enforce a compliance with the rules, and perform such other duties as usually devolve upon a presiding officer.

SEC. 5. It shall be the duty of the Vice-Chairman to preside in the absence of the Chairman, and to perform in such case all the duties of the chairman.

SEC. 6. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a true and correct record of all proceedings of the meetings of the board; to transmit by registered letter within three days a full and complete copy of the same to the American Kennel Club; to conduct all its correspondence; to take charge of all books, papers, moneys or other property of the board; to pay out such money only by the order of the board, and to turn over all books, papers, moneys or other property belonging to the Canadian Advisory Board, and in his custody as secretary, to his successor in office.

SEC. 7. Five (5) members of the board shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business. The yeas and nays of all votes shall be recorded on the minutes.

SEC. 8. This board shall be advisory to the American Kennel Club, and shall have jurisdiction in all questions arising in the Dominion of Canada between clubs, and between show committees and exhibitors, and in all such matters as would otherwise be proper subjects for consideration by the American Kennel Club, and its decisions shall be binding upon all parties concerned until reversed by the said American Kennel Club or its Executive Board.

SEC. 9. It shall hear all appeals from the decisions of the clubs or their committees in the Dominion of Canada, under the same rules as govern in an appeal to the American Kennel Club, and report its decisions to the said club, and its decisions shall be binding on all parties concerned until reversed by the said American Kennel Club or its Executive Board.

SEC. 10. It shall receive and consider all suggestions from the several clubs under its jurisdiction regarding American Kennel Club legislation affecting the Dominion of Canada, and recommend such action as it may deem proper and for the best interests of breeders, owners and exhibitors of said Dominion to the American Kennel Club for its final action in the premises.

SEC. 11. It shall exert a general advisory supervision over the kennel interests of the Dominion; encourage the organization of new clubs, and the holding of bench shows wherever expedient; counsel harmony of action, good will, and promote a friendly feeling and unity of action between all sections.

SEC. 12. It shall adopt from time to time such rules and regulations not in conflict with the law of the American Kennel Club, and which shall be approved by said club as may appear from the condition of the section under its jurisdiction to be necessary to promote and develop the best interests of the owners, breeders and exhibitors of the Dominion, and perform such other acts as it may be directed to perform by the American Kennel Club.

SEC. 13. The regular meetings of the board shall be held in the City of Toronto, Canada, and special meetings may be called at any time by the chairman, provided ten full days' notice thereof shall have been given to each delegate, either in person or by notice mailed to his last known address.

ARTICLE VIII.

This agreement if ratified by both clubs, to be duly attested by the secretary of each club, and true copies thereof must be filed with each club, and at any time upon six months' notice in writing given by either club to the other, this agreement may be canceled and become null and void.

### Chesapeake Bay Dogs and Others.

STOCKTON, Md.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Away back in the early 70s I first introduced through the medium of the old *Rod and Gun*, the Chesapeake Bay ducking dog. Afterward at the Centennial Exposition the first exhibit of them was made from my stock, and while speaking of these dogs, the specimens I see now are very little like the old stock I remember. They are much smaller, and in many ways differ from the first types. If I were breeding them now, I would secure a good red Labrador Newfoundland and cross him with the smoothest-haired bitches of the old stock I could find. This, I think, would bring back the old type, for in my opinion they are nothing more than cross-bred red Newfoundlands.

Again I propose to benefit (?) my brother sportsmen, and shall introduce to your notice a strain of dogs not down in the Standard. I am not breeding these dogs, neither have I any to sell; in fact, I do not even own one, but I have a friend, a captain at our life-saving station, who has one of these fine, retroactive animals, and with all its make-up so plain that, like the noble coon dog, its fine breeding can be told at a glance. This dog does not range the fields and point his game like a setter, neither does he fuss around and bark it up like a spaniel, nor does he follow it up like a keen-nosed hound. No, he does not even have to retrieve, and what is more, he does not even find the birds. What is he called? He is the soon-to be-famous Willet dog.

Imagine daylight is just breaking, and you are nicely fixed beside an old piece of wreck just at the edge of the surf, the roar of the waves in your ears, and the cool breeze from old ocean wafting back the clouds of gnats, mosquitoes and green flies. You have a friend, he is nicely fixed, say half a mile below you, and close at your side sits your wonderful willet dog. Suddenly a shrill whistle sounds. Your dog looks up at you, and then far away down the beach to a dark figure silhouetted against the morning sky. You speak to him: "Go on"—he looks. "Get out," and up goes your hand to him in a moving way. He is off now for your friend and his whistle. A hundred yards is passed, now two hundred, when far out over the surf you see a bunch of willets. Now they are down close to the waves; now they rise high again. Ah! they see your dog, and with wide open bills and piercing squalls they head straight for him. Your dog sees them; he glances at your distant friend, then back to you. You are his nearest friend, so with tail well tucked under he starts for the shelter of your legs. Nearer they come shrieking and darting; wilder leaps the dog as he glances first over one shoulder then the other, and straight as an arrow heads for your protecting limbs. If you are alone there is no trouble in making a beautiful double, but if a friend is with you the chances are you both will miss from laughing, and afterward glance at each other in an unpleasant way.

If the dog reaches the other party without being attacked by these fierce birds, a whistle from you and a hand or foot movement from your friend sends him back. This is kept up while the birds are flying. If the birds see the dog, there is no danger but what you will get a shot. It is a sure thing, a regular cinch, as a Western man would say. The whole attention and also voice of these birds is taken up by the dog; and such a voice, why, an old blue crane's note is a warble compared to the shrill squak that comes from the wide open throat of a willet in pursuit of a receding dog.

We are now having some splendid rains, this will put plenty of fresh water on the marshes and make better shooting. A few birds are now coming in, mostly curlew.

O. D. FOULKS.

As the time draws near for the field trial competitors to cross the Canadian boundary, Mr. W. S. Bell, secretary of the Continental Field Trial Club, desires to call attention to the fact that all dogs that have been duly entered in any of the Manitoba Field Trials Club's events for 1897 are allowed to enter Manitoba and remain for ninety days free of all duty, and that those who contemplate entering their dogs in the Continental Field Trials Club's events—the Blue Ribbon or Excelsior stake—must enter said dogs in the Manitoba Club's events in order to benefit by the above arrangement and pass the ports of entry without delay or annoyance. The Manitoba Club have reduced their entry fee in both events to $5. Dogs entered only in the Continental Club's events will be subject to customs regulations and duty.

*THE FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

## AN EDITORIAL MARE'S NEST.

HEMPSTEAD, L. I., July 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During many years, I have refrained from public discussions with such exhibitors as were disappointed and controversial concerning the awarding of prizes, for the simple reason that no information will change a belief founded on self-interest blended with a deep affection for the dog which failed to win. The average kicker in the cause of his dog feels that he is wounded in his pride, his affection and his pocket. The one who kicks for commercial advantages and for the advertising to be gained thereby cannot be convinced, for that would be diametrically opposed to his prearranged calculations. Moreover, I feel that my judgments are fit topics for true criticism, and to such I have no objection: in fact, I invite it. But wholesale vilification is not criticism. However, the virulent attack upon my honesty in connection with the judging of the late Oakland show, made in the columns of a journal which barely exceeds the dignity of a circular, has by some of my friends been thought of sufficient importance to warrant an answer, although it is difficult to answer a charge which has no specification—one which is made up of mere assertion, as is this one. But as the Pacific Coast is in a way, so far as its canine interests are concerned, an unknown country to Eastern fanciers, and as new complications have been brought into the case through factional action, I have decided to throw some light on it and on other matters.

First, as to the man, Mr. H. T. Payne, who publishes the attack through the columns of the literary bantling aforementioned—he dawned upon the journalistic sporting world but a few short years ago, and with no substantial or adequate experience in the dog world, or knowledge of dogs, he assumed a critic's knowledge and maintained it with an audacity which was marvelous. His stay in the dog world is not from any public belief in his pretensions, or that his estimate of himself is correct, or that he is a genuine power. It is from his affiliation with factions, which identifies him with certain contending interests, such as they may be for the time being; and from the multiplicity of factions which have made up the formative period of the dog world in California, and from the many mutations of it, combined with the absence of any serious journalistic competition, he has managed to keep his head uncertainly afloat. All his writings are marked by coarseness of thought, insolent assumption and acrimonious invective; opinionated, intolerant, narrow, and much given to belauding his own importance, doings and purposes. With a rival paper on the coast, his only competitor, he has been bitterly quarreling for years. The two kennel editors do not hesitate to call each other liars, self-seekers and mischief-makers, and to belittle each other's knowledge and worth with all the wealth of epithets which can be compiled by diligent application; and yet, whatever others may think or write of him, Mr. Payne never fails to publish himself the censor of judges, the preserver of honesty, the champion of right; this man who recently came into the kennel world a fancier ready made.

Yet this is not all his true greatness. The American Kennel Club, a few months ago, was the subject of his intemperate virulence in a paper which circulates among his acquaintances; that is, his own paper. Reforms affecting the Pacific Coast, which the club had for a long while contemplated making for the betterment of kennel interests there, and which it eventually made, he had the effrontery to claim as being the direct result of his editorial diatribes, though the latter were mostly irrelevant, yet irritating coincidents. When the Pacific Advisory Board was formed he became its secretary, although denounced by some as unworthy of the office. Nevertheless the new office gave a new prestige to the editor of the journalistic bantling; his knowledge of dogs was confirmed more certainly, for he wrote more as one in authority, and a new impetus was given to his editorial insolence. Nor did all these comprise his activities in the cause of dog interests. Be it known, he was and is a dog breeder, a dog exhibitor, and a dog broker when a good opportunity presents itself. Such diversity of talent cannot belong to a man of little capacity. Editor, secretary, dog-breeder, dealer, exhibitor and broker, all in one person! Is not that comprehensive?

For an ordinary man it might be difficult to disassociate the editor from the dog exhibitor, or to disassociate the exhibitor's interests from those of the secretary's office, or any one from all the rest; and with his factional affiliations and interminable editorial brawlings, it is difficult to determine which office he would hold aloof from personal matters, if he did not hold them all, or how he could benefit the canine world.

These editorial criminations and recriminations, relentless factional strife, malignings, detraction and promotion of constant trouble are unknown in the East. The attack referred to, if made by one of the responsible Eastern journals, would be treated by the public as being serious and worthy of respect, for the public would know that it was the result of the deep conviction of the editors, who were free from any of the resentments of the disappointed exhibitor, and also that there was a material responsibility behind the journal.

Habituated to concede much confidence to the writings of Eastern kennel journals, the dog fanciers of the East might take it for granted that the same conditions governed the publication of all sporting journals on the Pacific Coast. Such is not the case.

It has been said that for the libelous article which Mr. Payne published against me, I have a remedy in the courts either in a civil or criminal action against him. At first thought this has a plausible force, but as a matter of fact, it would afford no remedy at all. An action for damages if won could result in no material gain, and if prosecuted criminally, there would be but a remote possibility of conviction, for it is a notorious fact that in libel cases it is extremely difficult to secure a conviction, be the case ever so well established, for the jury will confound the liberty of speech with the license of speech, and will be reluctant to decide against the press. The prosecution of a libel suit, moreover, is a long, expensive matter. There are many ways of securing delays, and generally it is years after one is instituted before it is decided. There is in this case the formidable obstacle of a distance of some 3,000 miles to be overcome, and besides, it might be extremely difficult to convince a jury that anything printed in Mr. Payne's paper was really published, since the few copies circulated among his acquaintances could hardly do so much injury as to impress them with its criminality.

In what was presented to his band of readers as a report of the Oakland show, but which was a combination of abuse of the judge and ill-tempered vilification of him and others for no apparent reason other than that Mr. Payne thought differently from him, the following appeared. It is not all, but it gives the substance of the charges, and a fair presentation of that gentleman's style. The factional spirit appears even in this. He said that "even the intelligent winners, realising the brazen-faced trickery of the judge (?), blushed with shame that they had been the recipients of his favors." Again, "the fiasco of placing the awards was done by Mr. James Mortimer, and done in the most shameful and brazen-faced manner possible, far eclipsing his dirty work at San Francisco a year ago." He states that it was quite generally understood how the awards would be given "from the character of the men who forced his engagement." Of the home fanciers with whom he disagrees he says, "it was the plan of those who forced him upon the Oakland Club to ruin dog shows on the coast if possible, by disgusting the people; but the zeal in this direction of their confederate so over-reached itself, that the intended tragedy became a farce." It should be kept in mind that Mr. Payne was an exhibitor at this show. He then alleges that some of the bystanders could name the winners from the circumstance of what men were showing the dogs. Here is a sample of a criticism: "Almost from beginning to end the St. Bernard awards were a farce, while the handling of the specials were actually damnable." Again: "Mr. Chas. H. Harker, of San Jose, had been visited by three of these officers at as many times, each importuning him not to show in this city. But Mr. Harker is a gentleman far above being a party to their low, spiteful work, and refused to comply with their demands; *therefore* (italics mine), in the specials his Alta Berna, a bitch that is far more than a good specimen, was turned down for a long-nosed, hound-headed, flat-sided bitch that should not have won in her class. Dr. Taylor's fine young dog, Roxie Savage, was also turned down for a long-headed smooth-coat of inferior quality, belonging to an officer of the club." This is the style of ranting about officers, dogs and judges, which is served up by Editor Payne when he takes the public into his editorial confidence.

Mr. Payne adverts to the "dirty work" I did a year ago—that is to say, my awards did not all meet with his approval; but the mild reference to it gives the reader no idea of the abuse which was bestowed upon me at the time. If Mr. Payne believed what he wrote last year, he should have opposed me in every way this year. However, under date of Feb. 15, Mr. John E. de Ruyter wrote me that the San Francisco Kennel Club had made application for membership in the American Kennel Club, with the intention of holding a show in May, and asked for my terms for superintending the show and judging some classes. In a postscript he added: "If the A. K. C. should grant us our charter, would you be willing to accept the appointment as our delegate? Mr. Payne, of ——, has suggested your name to me."

Under date of March 12, Mr. H. H. Carlton, secretary of

THE NORTHWEST FIELD TRIALS CLUB CHAMPION CUP.

the San Francisco Kennel Club, wrote me as follows: "I have the honor to inform you that at a meeting of the San Francisco Kennel Club, held last evening, you were unanimously elected our delegate to the American Kennel Club. * * * We shall feel grateful if you will represent us, as there is no one to whom we would intrust our interests who we feel such confidence in and who would represent us more faithfully."

March 10 Mr. Payne published in his paper the following: "The well-known judge, Mr. James Mortimer, who officiated at the San Francisco show last year, has been engaged."

On April 24 he said: "Mr. James Mortimer will judge all classes. Mr. Mortimer is a well-known judge all over the coast, having judged once at Los Angeles, twice at San Francisco, and once at Seattle. While —— —— has criticised some of his awards, the same as it feels at liberty to do, and does do, with any and all judges when it thinks errors have been made, it recognizes in Mr. Mortimer a gentleman of ability, and one whom it can unhesitatingly recommend to the fanciers of the coast."

May 1 he said. "That it (the show) will be a success is already assured. Mr. Mortimer, who has twice officiated on the coast, will do the judging, and this fact alone should lead to a large entry."

On May 15 he said: "Mr. Mortimer judged all classes. The majority of his awards was based upon good judgment and no reasonable fault can be found with them."

All this was published before the special prizes, in which Mr. Payne was interested as a competitor, were awarded. Mr. Payne's dogs did not win. This will explain the "damnable" character of the judging of the specials. Thus it will be seen that the sudden turn against me by Mr. Payne, as editor, was co-incidental with his defeat as an exhibitor; Mr. Payne, the exhibitor, palpably having a great deal of influence with Mr. Payne, the editor, who again might have some influence with Mr. Payne, Secretary of the Pacific Advisory Board.

As showing the harmless nature of Mr. Payne's displeasure and how little it is heeded by the world at large—or even by that portion of it over which he assumes a dictatorship—the following is interesting. Under date of June 8, 1897, the St. Bernard Club of California wired me as follows: "Annual election 9th. Will you act as delegate? Answer." On June 12 Mr. Fred Johns, secretary of the Oakland Kennel Club, wrote me: "The Oakland Kennel Club requests that you will represent it at the American Kennel Club. I indorse credentials herewith. Hoping that you will pardon our taking this action without first consulting you, and that you will be able to accept, I am very truly yours, Fred Johns, Sec'y." Under date of June 17 Mr. A. P. Vredenburgh, secretary A. K. C., sent me the following: "I beg to advise you that I have this day received credentials from the Milwaukee K. and P. S. Ass'n appointing you as its delegate to the A. K. C."

The *Breeder and Sportsman* (San Francisco) of May 15, in its report of the Oakland show, said, "Mr. Mortimer judged all classes and gave excellent satisfaction to the critics. He reversed several of 'Uncle Dick's' decisions, and withheld prizes where he thought the exhibits were not worthy of mention, a practice that cannot be too highly commended; but, on the whole, he pleased both exhibitors and visitors." On May 22 the same journal said: "Mr. Mortimer judged all classes. * * * His method of hewing to the line cannot be too highly commended. Mongrels and third-raters have won prizes enough, and it is time the public were taught what representative specimens of the different breeds look like."

Had the matter stood as above, I probably never should have taken any notice of Mr. Payne's "criticism"; for while to the Eastern fancier it seems very earnest, in Mr. Payne's paper it is merely a weekly commonplace incident, a trifling detail of endless quarreling. Malicious wrangling is the life of his paper; by it he gains his notoriety, his advertising. By an assault on me he seeks to gain a wider fame, and that is why I have studiously refrained from mentioning the name of his paper in this.

At the recent meeting of the A. K. C. executive board, charges were made formally against Mr. Payne by the St. Bernard Club, of California for his malicious attack upon me. I appeared before the Board, and requested that the matter be given the fullest investigation. The Pacific Coast Advisory Board has been instructed to ask Mr. Payne for his evidence. As an officer of the A. K. C., he could have preferred charges against me at once and immediately. If he believed his own statements, it was his duty to bring forth his charge and proof at once. That, however, would not have advertised his paper as he desired it done.

When he published his denunciation he should have produced his proof—if he had it. He did not have it, but that is a trifling matter in his style of journalism.

Now that the matter is to be investigated officially, I ask him to bring forth every particle of proof that he has, and do his worst.

In the meantime the following may be an interesting comparison as showing the opinion of Mr. Payne, the editor, as he published it before the show, and the opinion of Mr. Payne, editor-exhibitor, as he published it after the show:

"It (his paper) recognizes in Mr. Mortimer a gentleman of ability, and one whom it can unhesitatingly recommend to the fanciers on the coast."—April 24

"The majority of his awards was based upon good judgment and no reasonable fault can be found with them."—May 15.

"Mr. Mortimer may, undoubtedly has, won the friendship of those who brought him here and who have been condemned and kicked forever out of San Francisco dogdom. At the same time he has won the condemnation, aye, even loathing, of every intelligent fancier who had no axes to grind by the disgraceful awards."—May 22.

Alas! that the calm, judicial editor could so cheaply be turned into the frenzied exhibitor. JAMES MORTIMER.

### International Field Trials Club's Derby.

CHATHAM, July 21.—Our Derby entry list is not large, but most of the old-timers are out, and it is a good sign to see new blood coming in, if even in small quantities. Messrs. John Davidson and E. Warner, late with Mr. George Gould, will judge. Quail promises to be as plentiful, if not more so, than last year, and everything points to a good meeting. Ducks have bred well at Big Point, and I shall pay strict attention to them and the other birds, to make up for not going to Manitoba. We are now in the midst of the wild excitement of cricket.

PEG OF LIMAVADY—J. B. McKay's red Irish setter bitch (Finglas—River Roe).

HEATH GLADSTONE—W. W. Cain's b. b. English setter dog (Dan Belton—Forest Gladstone).

SELKIRK DOVER—W. B. Wells's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Luke—Luna).

MAID MARRIAN—H. M. Graydon's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Dash Antonio—Lady Mingo).

BELLE OF LONDON—J. W. Humpidge's b. and w. English setter bitch (Brighton Dick—Nancy).

ESSIE D.—J. W. Humpidge's b. and w. English setter bitch (Brighton Dick—Nancy).

HIGH NOON—S. Holmes's b. and w. English setter bitch.

MID DAY—S. Holmes's b. and w. English setter bitch.

JIM BANG—Thos. Wear's l. and w. English setter dog (Dash Antonio—Lady Mingo).

LADY THORNE—E. Glasco's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Dash Antonio—Maggie G.).

DIOGENESE—F. Hurd's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Dash Antonio—Patti).

NORA—Jake Cline's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Washtinaw Grouse—Gladstone's Nora).

NOBLE CHIEFTAIN—Geo. Kime's b. and w. English setter dog (Dash Antonio—Rose Rapid II.).

LADY BIRD—Geo. Kime's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Dash Antonio—Rose Rapid II.).

BARNEY—R. Brodie's l. and w. pointer dog (Paddy—Dot). W. B. WELLS.

### Nursing vs. Dosing.

MANY volumes of matter have been written on all the subjects pertaining to the dogin domestication—his training, breeding, spirituality, uses, kenneling, feeding, race characteristics and treatment in health and disease—but none have touched on the subject of nursing excepting as a mere incident of the medical treatment, and many times it received but scant consideration at that. It remained for that veteran canine authority and writer, Mr. S. T. Hammond, to appreciate the universal importance of good nursing in the care of the dog in disease, and to supply a work on it teeming with useful information. For a title he has chosen the suggestive terms: "Nursing versus Dosing."

In the hands of the layman, the most carefully prepared medical work, even though it be written with minute elaboration and free from technicality, rarely results in producing the correct treatment. The layman can read of symptoms, but he cannot recognize other than the commonest ones, and these are often present in many distinct diseases. The variations of the pulse, respiration and temperature, their significance, and the multitude of minor symptoms so palpable to the trained eye of the skilled practitioner and so hidden from the layman, are all without meaning to the average dog owner. Still, as there are so many different diseases whose main symptoms are alike, the layman who is studying symptoms and then searching a book for their significance, finds that the dog may have one of several diseases, or a number at once; so he is moved to give him the medicines prescribed for each disease. As he reads more deeply and his knowledge is becoming dangerous, he changes his diagnosis and begins a new treatment. Medicines are given with a generosity and variety and assurance denoting simple faith—the outcome of ignorance. Instead of a diagnosis and treatment such as the medical author intended, the layman, from his ignorance of the effects of medicine, is continually dosing, and from the uncertainty which alternates with every re-reading of his reference book, he is quite as continually changing his dosing. The harmfulness of all this Mr. Hammond points out in his gentle way, and he treats of the beneficent effects of good nursing, with instructive elaboration.

He also treats of the simple remedies for many of the commonest diseases, but he never loses the theme of nursing, good nursing. As an adjunct to the skill of the physician, good nursing has been long recognized by him as indispensable in successfully treating the human subject. The train-

ing of skilled nurses is regular and careful. As concerns the dog, few laymen are qualified to treat him for disease; but all can look after his comfort, prepare the proper food, administer medicine, and avoid doing what they should not do when the correct methods are all plainly pointed out, as they are in "Nursing vs. Dosing."

Mr. Hammond's former work on the dog, "Training vs. Breaking," was one of the most successful in canine literature; and the grasp of his subject, and the skillful arrangement of detail so conspicuous in it, are quite as noticeable in his last work.

Any one who owns a sick dog would not spare any effort to insure his comfort and recovery; but if one does not know how to nurse the dog properly, pain may be inflicted instead of a benefit conferred.

"Nursing vs. Dosing" treats of cleanliness, care of dam and puppies, diet, kennel, exercise, common diseases and their treatment, nursing, and many-related subjects. For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co. Price $1.

### American Spaniel Club.

A MEETING of the American Spaniel Club's executive committee was held on July 16, at No. 13 West Eighteenth street, New York; Messrs. R. P. Keasbey, S. J. Bradbury, M. D., H. K. Bloodgood and Marcel A. Viti being present. The minutes of the prior meeting were read and approved.

The votes for club judges were opened and counted. The following gentlemen were duly elected judges: (1) James Mortimer; (2) E. M. Oldham; (3) A. C. Wilmerding; (4) Chas. H. Mason; (5) S. J. Bradbury, M. D.; (6) George Douglas; (7) James Watson; (8) J. F. Kirk; (9) Andrew Laidlaw; (10) J. P. Willey.

Owing to the absence from this country of Mr. E. M. Oldham, it was decided to elect a president pro tem, and also a new delegate to the American Kennel Club. Upon motion, Mr. Rowland P. Keasbey was elected President pro tem, and Mr. Marcel A. Viti was elected delegate to the American Kennel Club.

It was decided to offer the following challenge specials, in addition to the four cash specials, at the Toronto show: Sunning Hill challenge cup, for best Irish water spaniel; Field Spaniel trophy, for best field spaniel; Cocker Spaniel trophy, for best cocker spaniel; Bell Paintings, for best brace of cockers under one year old.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The following sentence contains an ambiguity, and was in our report of the A. K. C. executive board meeting last week. "In the matter of charges made by Mr. H. T. Payne against Mr. Mortimer for misconduct as judge at the Oakland show, and the charges made by the St. Bernard Club, of California, against Mr. Payne for his action in making the charges against Mr. Mortimer, it was resolved," etc. Mr. Payne's charges were published in his paper and have no official standing, while the St. Bernard Club's charges were lodged with the A. K. C. Mr Mortimer appeared in person before the A. K. C and asked that the matter have the fullest investigation.

The Bull Terrier Club of America have issued a book of majestic proportions, artistic in its detail and its effect, containing a list of officers and members, and constitution and by-laws, points of the bull terrier, produce stakes, trophies, champions of record and some cuts of the cups. The second edition of the book will be issued about next December. R. S. Huidecoper, secretary-treasurer, 154 East Fifty-seventh street, New York.

A nomination and executive meeting of the Canadian Kennel Club will be held at the Queen's Hotel, on Friday, Aug 6, at 8 P. M.

# Wheeling.

### Connecticut Guide Boards.

THE last Connecticut Legislature passed a bill requiring the selectmen of towns to maintain signboards at all highway crossings, for the guidance of travelers. While highly commendable as far as it goes, the law unfortunately does not apply to cities and boroughs, where the need of guide boards is fully as great as in the country districts.

Partly to remedy this difficulty, and also with a view of assisting the selectmen in the performance of their duties, the Connecticut division of the L. A. W. has decided to furnish a large number of signboards free, for use on the principal highways connecting cities and towns. The roads most commonly traveled will, of course, be given the preference

These boards will be 2ft. long and 1ft. high, and will bear at the top the L. A. W. wheel emblem in red. Underneath will be directions and distances marked in plain letters, and also symbols intended to designate the character and condition of the roads. The characters used in the division road book will be utilized. Here the capital letters A, B and C are used to designate the condition of the road as first-class, fair or poor; while the figures 1, 2 and 3 will serve to indicate its character, whether level, slightly hilly or rolling, or very hilly. An A1 road will be first-class and level, A No. 1 in every respect, while a C 3 will belong to the worst of the roads dignified with guide boards. The idea is a good one, and can be copied with profit in other quarters.

### Government Maps for Wheelmen.

BY Congressional enactment approved Feb. 18, 1897, the topographic and geologic maps of the United States must be disposed of through sale. This is an important announcement and one of great interest to wheelmen.

The topographic maps, which are prepared from actual surveys to serve as a basis for the geologic maps, show surface elevations, roads, and all necessary physical and cultural details. The character of the country can be taken in at a glance from these maps, for brown contour lines, generally laid down for every 25ft. of elevation (though in very mountainous countries this is exceeded, while in flat countries contours of only 5ft. are sometimes given), show all grades, and marshes, lakes, rivers and other natural features are clearly indicated. In sparsely settled districts houses are shown, and in cities, street blocks. Like all Government publications these maps are beautifully drawn and engraved.

Aside from the single fact of their not indicating which roads are best, no such desirable road maps for wheelmen have ever been published. Not only is the character of any country apparent, but the actual grade and height of all hills is shown, and it can be told at a glance whether they are rideable or not.

The topographical maps are the ones wanted. They may be purchased at a cost of 5 cents apiece, or $2 per hundred, whether the same or different maps are ordered. They are published in sheets 16½×20in., and each sheet is designated by the name of a principal town or some natural feature in the district, and covers one sixteenth, one quarter, or the whole of a geographical degree, according as the scale is one, two, or four miles to the inch, the scale varying with the character of the country.

About 900 such maps have been printed, covering parts of nearly all the States in the Union. Massachusetts and Connecticut are complete, while maps may be had of the following cities and surroundings: New York, Albany, Rochester, Niagara Falls, Washington, St. Louis, Norfolk and Denver.

A complete list may be obtained by addressing the U. S. Geological Survey, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

## WHEELING NOTES.

The new chainless wheel, which one of the great bicycle companies will put upon the market next year, resembles the French and other bevel gear wheels in most respects. It has, however, two sets of teeth on each of the gear wheels, and means are provided for throwing one set out and the other in, and so changing from high gear to low, or *vice versa*. It is also possible to throw the gear entirely out of action, if desired, for coasting.

Invisible brakes of various types, and brakes that become operative through the action of back pedaling are daily coming into prominence. In Washington there is a city ordinance against coasting, and more than usual temptation to break it, and here a type of brake that permits the rider to coast with both feet on the pedals has had a large sale. With the bewildering array of brakes now upon the market it is strange if every one who wants a brake cannot find something to exactly suit his requirements.

Advance sheets of the August number of consular reports from the Department of State deal with our bicycles in foreign countries. Germany receives the most attention, being honored with three separate reports, but space is also given to Russia, New South Wales and Nicaragua. In all these countries with the exception of Nicaragua, where it seems that Germany has command of the market, American bicycles have made an enviable record.

In Germany wheels of our manufacture lead all other countries in the matter of imports, and also in the price received, while in New South Wales one-third of the total imports are bicycles of American manufacture. In Russia our bicycles seem to lead in respect to quality, though cheap wheels of domestic and German manufacture are in greatest demand.

# Yachting.

THE various reports current during the season as to the fitting out of Defender for the New York cruise, have amounted to nothing more than that the yacht has been repainted at her moorings. Mr. Iselin has chartered Intrepid, schooner, for the cruise.

### The America's Cup.

THERE is no promise whatever of a new challenge for the America's Cup in the fact that a comparatively small racing cutter has just been launched in England for the home races; but at the same time the discussion has been renewed on both sides of the Atlantic; and a good deal of nonsense has been printed about the alleged intentions of Mr. Charles Day Rose to challenge with his new Aurora. The *Yachting World* of July 23 discusses the question of international racing seriously, as follows:

It is undoubtedly true that a much more cordial feeling exists in relation to sport generally than existed some time ago, but this fact scarcely justifies the hope of another yacht race in the immediate future. Every impartial critic must admit that both parties to the unsavory dispute resulting from the last series of matches went further than was compatible with sportsmanlike behavior.

An imputation, subsequently declared to be unfounded, was made against the honor of those connected with the Defender, while their retaliation was shielded by the New York Y. C. and the anything but magnanimous American press, very prone to condemn the entire British community on the strength of the certainly premature charges brought by the owner of the Valkyrie.

Considerable time will have to elapse before another challenge is issued, and for the purpose of a satisfactory competition the present deed of gift must be thoroughly overhauled.

We have little doubt that the latter end of the Dunraven episode, that relating to the collision, the withdrawal of Valkyrie III. and the accusations of the noble lord against Defender, may be considered closed, and that the majority of yachtsmen on both sides of the ocean are willing to forget it.

The real obstacle to a resumption of cup racing lies further back, in the various deals and dickerings between the New York Y. C. and Lord Dunraven, by which was patched up a compromise over the original question, the fairness and legality of the new deed of gift.

This compromise, equally discreditable to both parties, has, as we predicted as long ago as 1889, when Lord Dunraven first bloomed forth as a yachtsman, proved an utter failure in every way. So far from clearing up the legal obscurities of the new deed, it has increased them, until now no man living can say on what terms the America's Cup is held by the New York Y. C. As a mere temporary expedient to promote international racing by means of special provisions and strained interpretations, it has resulted in a series of unseemly squabbles.

The only hope of a challenge to-day rests on two classes of British yachtsmen, novices, as were Lord Dunraven in 1889 and Mr. Rose in 1893, unfamiliar with the usages of yacht racing and the history of the various deeds of gift; and wealthy business men who see in international racing a profitable method of advertising their wares, whether pills, lotions or liquors. As a mere advertising scheme in these progressive days, the winning of the America's Cup would make the fortune of a speculator in some patent medicine or similar article, and there have been several indications on both sides of the Atlantic that this fact is not unappreciated by some of this class.

We believe that there are still in Great Britain yachtsmen of the true stamp—men such as Sir Richard Sutton, Lieut. Henn and Sir James Bell, good sportsmen and skillful yachtsmen, who are fully competent to carry out properly such a serious enterprise as the challenging for the America's Cup has at last become. At the same time, a look at the list of racing owners will show that the number of such men is limited, and that very few of them are interested in other than comparatively small yachts.

The way to a renewal of Cup racing is through two steps: first, a positive settlement of the terms upon which the Cup is now held, whether under the literal and *quasi-legal* reading of the new deed of gift, as insisted on by the New York Y. C. up to 1892; or by some forced construction of the document to meet the demands of a new challenger, as was done in 1893 and 1895 with Lord Dunraven. No one can say at the present time how much of the new deed has been repudiated and how much retained by the New York Y. C. in the course of the long deal with Lord Dunraven, and until there is a positive understanding on this subject there is little hope of a settlement of the original dispute of 1887, as to the legality and fairness of the new deed.

Until it is understood by the entire yachting world that the America's Cup is once more offered on fair and definite terms to all challengers, there can be no inducement to the better class of yachtsmen to challenge for it. Even when this desirable end is attained it is doubtful whether any one will be found to build a 90 footer; of course a syndicate may be formed, but syndicates, for challenge or defense, are most undesirable as compared with individual ownership. To secure a challenge from an individual, if not from a syndicate, it is desirable that the competition should be transferred to a smaller class, certainly not over 75ft. racing length.

The initiative in both of these movements, for the remodeling of the conditions and the change of class, must of necessity come from the New York Y. C. The entire responsibility for the abrogation of the original trust conditions in two cases rests with the club; and it is also on record as having repeatedly refused a challenge from any but the largest possible yacht. If the club wants another international race it can have it, but only by a decided change of policy on its part unless it is willing to risk another experience like the last.

### The Real Work of Designing.

THE following, from the canoeing columns of the *Field*, deals with a subject that is of interest to every yachtsman as well as canoeist at this time, when all craft, from the cruising canoe and the smaller knockabouts, are supposed to be built from designs fully completed and perfected in advance. Only those who have had practical experience in superintendence as well as designing can realize the amount of detail that is absolutely essential if the ideas of the designer are to be fully carried out in a new boat. In our experience we quite frequently encounter men who look upon a sail plan as something that can be sketched in off-hand, without any special knowledge of the hull over which it is intended to go, or who expect that a complete design can be turned out in a single evening.

To produce a satisfactory result, even in a cruising craft of moderate cost, it is most essential that every detail of construction and fitting shall be planned with the same care and skill bestowed upon the lines. However perfect the lines themselves may be, the success of the craft depends upon whether the construction and fittings are properly planned, or whether they are left, as is too often the case, to take care of themselves. If they are to be planned in advance, then the designer who creates the lines is the proper one to do the planning of the remaining details, and in order to communicate his ideas clearly to the builder he must go to great care in drawing every part. The writer of the following is Mr. W. Baden-Powell, an amateur designer of long experience.

A correspondent a few weeks back asked the question: "If you want a canoe for cruising and for racing, will a half model be enough for the builder, or must he be supplied with a design drawing." The answer, of course, is that a model is practically useless, and that one design drawing is equally useless if real novelty of design and of fitment is to be incorporated in the new craft. Those who grumble at the fees charged by a naval architect for a complete design, a specification for building, and plans for sails and rigging, can have very little knowledge of the amount of actual drawing work, let alone time and thought over calculations and compromise-making, which the designer has to put in to make a design fairly entitled to claim novelty and success.

We may at once state that size of craft to be built has nothing to do with the number of drawings or the calculations, except as to internal arrangements, so that, be it a yacht of 200 tons or a canoe of 15ft., practically the same drawings have to be made, and the calculations required for the former may be equally necessary for the latter. For instance, the canoe is now rated for racing purposes on the late Y. R. A. rule of L.W.L. × sail area, and if you do not know that the new ship will float at a nominated waterline you cannot even order the sails and spars without risk of finding them all wrong, and therefore some careful calculations of displacement and estimates of weight of construction, fitment, rigging and ballasting are absolutely necessary. Of course, when the higher principles and even the theories of "utter" naval architecture are to be embodied in the coming craft, many sheets of calculations and of curve drawings will have to be made; but these are not, perhaps, necessary for the production of a satisfactory cruiser or a simple cup-winning racer. None the less, canoe design will improve, and failures will be less visible, in proportion as science enters into the designing, and also a happy medium meeting of the present antagonistic requirements of cruising and racing will be more nearly reached.

As an instance of fact, as to the labor of fully designing a sailing canoe, here is the actual number of drawings made for the construction of the 1897 Nautilus canoe, now being built in conformity with the requirements of the Royal Canoe Club "cruising class," and for racing under such class. Omitting explanatory sketch drawings, and, indeed, all mere plans of detail, there are twenty-nine actual scale drawings, and every one of them is necessary, because they represent that of which there is no previous drawing or sample even sufficiently near for the experienced Mr. Turk to build from without a scale drawing.

The separate sheets of drawings—twenty-nine, actual (though there are ten more of an explanatory nature)—are as follows: One of lines, sheer, body, horizontal, and diagonal; one of curve of displacement and curve of areas at two useful angles of inclination; one sheet of building plans as to detail of construction; two sheets of same at full size for builder to work from; next come fifteen full size sectional plans, each giving detail of planks, stringers, knees, drains, and a dozen other things in its locality. Then come the plans of keel, rabbet and stem and stern posts, and centerplate case. The full-size drawings, with all details of the construction of the drop-plate rudder, and ditto of the center-plate and its fittings; one sail plan with all detail for making; and one rigging and spar plan; and finally one sheet of about seventeen drawings of metal deck fittings and spar fittings, usable as pattern templates; and the metal work of the sliding seat.

Not any one of these drawings could be left out if a complete whole is wished for in the new canoe, and if one or more of the above drawings is not furnished, either the item so neglected will be left to the chance brilliancy of the builder, or will be supplied by a crib from some existing canoe.

## Larchmont Race Week.

AFTER some good races on Saturday and Monday, as reported last week, the Larchmont tars spent Tuesday in milder recreations about the club house and the harbor. At anchor off the club house was a large fleet: Colonia, Com. Clarence A. Postley; Oneonta, G. K. Clark; Marietta III., Harrison B. Moore; Emerald, J. Rogers Maxwell; Sachem, Com. Frederick T. Adams; Viator, Albert J. Morgan; Amorita, W. Gould Brokaw; Viola, A. Bodine; Jessie, William Murray; Duquesne, Theodore Hostetter; Giralda, E. S. Renwick; Syce, Fred. M. Hoyt; Emeline, Stephen Roach; Her Royal Highness, Alfred W. Withers; Uvira, Clifford Brokaw; Trochilus, Mayhew W. Bronson; Sayonara, Bernard Thayer; Pawnee, Frank Alexandre; Sultan, Thomas W. Cromwell; Sakana, Oliver Adams; Levanter, William Marshal; Wachusett, Francis T. Holder; Surprise, James Baird; Corinthia, John D. Robins; Half Moon, Charles McLoughlin; Goosoon, Philip T. Dodge; Musme, J. M. Macdonough, and Huron, Vice-Com. E. S. Hatch.

At noon the fleet dressed ship, a very pretty spectacle, and at 1 o'clock the colors were mast-headed on the big flagpole.

Following these ceremonies came the launch and rowing races, which resulted as follows:

OPEN NAPHTHA LAUNCHES—21FT. AND UNDER—COURSE THREE MILES.

| | Length. | Horse Power. | Allowances. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Colonia | 21 | 5 | Allows. | 0 28 10 | 0 28 19 |
| Emerald | 21 | 2 | 0 45 | 0 29 40 | 0 28 55 |
| Sachem | 21 | 2 | 0 45 | 0 29 49 | 0 29 04 |
| Pawnee | 21 | 2 | 0 45 | 0 33 39 | 0 32 54 |
| Trochilus | 21 | 2 | 0 45 | 0 34 16 | 0 33 31 |
| Marietta | 21 | 2 | 0 45 | 0 30 09 | 0 29 24 |
| Viola | 18 | 2 | 1 12 | 0 32 58 | 0 31 41 |
| Amorita | 21 | 2 | 0 45 | 0 32 06 | 0 31 21 |

Colonia wins by 36s., Emerald second and Sachem third.

FOUR-OARED GIG RACE—FOR HER AND CHICKENS COLORS.

| | Start. | Finish | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Colonia | 2 56 58 | 3 57 50 | 0 10 54 |
| Sachem | 2 56 58 | 3 57 58 | 0 60 45 |
| Amorita | 2 56 56 | 3 57 14 | 0 60 16 |

Amorita wins by 34s.

PAIR-OARED GIGS—FOR DAUNTLESS COLORS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Duquesne | 3 02 15 | 3 15 06 | 0 12 51 |
| Syce | 3 02 15 | 3 13 43 | 0 11 28 |
| Viola | 3 02 15 | 3 15 19 | 0 13 04 |
| Emerald | 3 02 15 | 3 13 50 | 0 11 35 |
| Sachem | 3 02 15 | 3 15 15 | 0 13 00 |
| Viator | 3 02 15 | 3 14 09 | 0 11 54 |
| Hurog | 3 02 15 | 3 14 17 | 0 12 02 |

Syce won. Emerald second, and Viator third.

DINGHY RACE—FOR EXECUTION COLORS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Trochilus | 3 19 30 | 3 27 04 | 0 07 34 |
| Emerald | 3 19 30 | 3 26 43 | 0 07 13 |
| Oneonta | 3 19 30 | 3 26 36 | 0 07 06 |
| Lydia | 3 19 30 | 3 26 39 | 0 07 09 |
| Marietta | 3 19 30 | 3 26 13 | 0 06 43 |
| Viator | 3 19 30 | 3 27 09 | 0 07 39 |
| Liris | 3 19 30 | 3 27 05 | 0 07 35 |
| Duquesne | 3 19 30 | 3 26 38 | 0 07 08 |
| Amorita | 3 19 30 | 3 26 19 | 0 06 41 |

Marietta won, Amorita second, and Oneonta third.

The afternoon was devoted to the annual base ball game, and in the evening the grand ball took place at the club house, the house being decorated and the grounds illuminated for the occasion.

### Fourth Day.

*Wednesday, July 21.*

OPEN REGATTA—ALL CLASSES.

Wednesday brought a strong S.W. wind, with rain and sea, making stirring work for all hands. Colonia and Emerald were again at the line, with Syce and Vencedor. Just before the start Vencedor sprung her starboard spreader, so the start of this class was postponed until she could make repairs, the others meanwhile being sent away. Colonia came for the line too soon and was obliged to recross, while Capt. Haff put Emerald over on time and in a good berth, right at gunfire. They reached across for Matinnicock, where they were timed:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Emerald | 12 05 23 | Colonia | 12 06 34 |

On the beat up to Hempstead mark Colonia passed Emerald, carrying sail better, and they were timed:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Colonia | 12 50 30 | Emerald | 12 50 21 |

The finish of the first round was timed:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Houri | 1 05 14 | Raccoon | 1 33 35 |
| Colonia | 1 05 48 | Acushla | 1 35 50 |
| Kit | 1 08 10 | Musme | 1 34 30 |
| Quantuck | 1 09 00 | Carolina | 1 35 55 |
| Volsung | 1 10 18 | Pawnee | 1 37 48 |
| Emerald | 1 11 15 | Goblin | 1 46 08 |
| Norota | 1 20 43 | Colleen | 1 46 57 |
| Surprise | 1 24 49 | Fidelio | 1 49 50 |
| Win or Lose | 1 27 30 | Kite | 2 16 45 |
| Shark | 1 28 00 | Penelope | 2 20 00 |
| Grace | 1 30 10 | | |

The second round was timed:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Kit | 2 07 30 | Colleen | 2 59 00 |
| Houri | 2 11 25 | Surprise | 3 04 45 |
| Shark | 2 26 00 | Acushla | 3 14 55 |
| Colonia | 2 26 30 | Raccoon | 3 15 09 |
| Win or Lose | 2 29 49 | Musme | 3 16 18 |
| Volsung | 2 47 35 | Carolina | 3 17 58 |
| Emerald | 2 50 25 | Pawnee | 3 24 15 |
| Grace | 2 53 03 | Goblin | 3 37 29 |
| Norota | 2 58 20 | | |

The official times were:

SCHOONERS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Colonia, C. A. Postley | 98.18 | 3 01 30 | 3 01 30 |
| Emerald, J. R. Maxwell | 91.07 | 3 15 15 | 3 14 00 |

CUTTERS—CLASS L.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Norota, D. B. Burnham | 41.64 | 3 14 30 | 3 14 30 |

SLOOPS—CLASS M.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Acushla, H. W. Hanan | 34.04 | 3 24 55 | 3 23 40 |
| Surprise, James Baird | 34.08 | 3 16 45 | 3 16 45 |

YAWLS—CLASS M.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pawnee, F. Alexandre | 42.50 | 3 34 15 | 3 34 15 |
| Fidelio, Robert E. Tod | 33.46 | Withdrew. | |

SLOOPS—CLASS N—SPECIAL.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Carolina, P. Jones | 30.00 | 3 23 53 | 3 23 53 |
| Musme, J. M. Macdonough | 30.00 | 3 21 28 | 3 21 28 |
| Raccoon, N. D. Lawton | 30.00 | 3 10 00 | 3 10 00 |

SLOOPS—CLASS N.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Goblin, C. Whitman | 38.11 | 3 42 29 | 3 41 26 |
| Penelope, T. V. Ketchum | 37.00 | 4 18 48 | 4 24 24 |
| Kite, Adee Bros. | 38.45 | 4 25 18 | 4 25 18 |

SLOOPS—CLASS P.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Quantuck, J. L. Delafield | 34.63 | Withdrew. | |
| Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr. | 34.99 | 3 11 25 | 3 08 22 |

SLOOPS—CLASS Q.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Keneu, H. M. Clark | 30.00 | Withdrew. | |
| Shark, Rouse & Hoyt | 30.00 | 3 31 00 | 3 31 00 |

CATS—CLASS S.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dosoris II, G. P. Vail | 19.24 | Not timed. | |
| Kit, J. T. Dunne | 28.85 | 3 02 10 | 3 01 51 |
| Onaway, S. C. Pirie | 25.88 | Not timed. | |
| Volsung, De Forrest Bros. | 28.50 | 3 48 25 | 3 41 28 |

CATS—CLASS T.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Colleen, J. N. Jackson | 32.18 | 3 49 00 | 3 45 05 |
| Grace, J. F. Lambden | 32.55 | 3 45 08 | 3 39 50 |
| Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby | 33.75 | 3 29 49 | 3 25 45 |
| Sequel, C. Meyer | 34.40 | Did not finish. | |
| Presto, H. R. Hatfield | 33.50 | Did not finish. | |

CATS—CLASS V.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Minnetonka, A. B. Alley | 19.75 | Withdrew. | |

Vencedor and Syce were to start at 12:35, but the former's spreader gave way again and she did not start.

### Fifth Day.

*Thursday, July 22.*

51FT. AND SMALLER CLASSES.

Thursday was rainy, and very unpleasant on account of the excessive heat and humidity, but there was a moderate breeze, varying about S.W.

In the 51ft. class, cabin trunk cutter class, Awa and Choctaw started; in the 30ft. class were Musme and Raccoon; in the cabin cat class were Kit, Dosoris II., Win or Lose and Grace; and in the 20ft. class were Shark and Asthore. The yachts were started to the eastward, the 51-footers at 12:35, 30-footers at 12:40, 20-footers at 12:45 and the cats at 12:50. The rounds were timed:

FIRST ROUND.

| | 1st Mark. | 2d Mark. | Home Mark. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Awa | 1 17 28 | 2 22 18 | 2 15 28 |
| Musme | 1 24 40 | 2 26 14 | 2 57 28 |
| Raccoon | 1 23 44 | 2 32 23 | 3 00 56 |
| Choctaw | 1 25 56 | 1 57 12 | 2 56 44 |
| Kit | 1 16 28 | 2 06 10 | 2 22 54 |
| Dosoris II | 1 20 16 | 2 13 26 | 2 32 57 |
| Win or Lose | 1 25 44 | 2 27 21 | 2 55 46 |
| Grace | 1 27 26 | 2 29 21 | 2 59 10 |

SECOND ROUND.

| | 1st Mark. | 2d Mark. | Finish. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Awa | 3 39 52 | 4 40 00 | 5 04 41 |
| Musme | 3 42 25 | 4 34 20 | 4 19 30 |
| Choctaw | 3 43 50 | 4 36 54 | 5 09 30 |
| Raccoon | 3 43 53 | 4 38 50 | 5 04 21 |
| Shark | . . . | . . . | 3 35 30 |
| Dosoris II | . . . | . . . | 3 51 55 |
| Kit | . . . | . . . | 3 41 55 |

CUTTERS—51FT. CLASS—CABIN TRUNKS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Awa, A. DeW. Cochrane | 49.78 | 4 29 41 | 4 29 41 |
| Choctaw, J. M. Strong | 46.13 | 4 27 30 | 4 26 45 |

SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS—SPECIAL.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Musme, J. M. Macdonough | 30.00 | 4 19 30 | 4 19 30 |
| Raccoon, N. D. Lawton | 30.00 | 4 24 21 | 4 24 21 |

CABIN CATBOATS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dosoris II., G. P. Vail | 19.24 | 3 01 55 | 3 01 55 |
| Kit, J. T. Dunne | 28.85 | 2 51 55 | 2 51 36 |
| Grace, J. F. Lambden | 32.55 | Did not finish. | |
| Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby | 34.40 | Did not finish. | |

SLOOPS—CLASS Q.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Shark, Hoyt and Rouse | 30.00 | 2 50 20 | 2 50 20 |
| Asthore, P. T. Dodge | 30.00 | Disqualified. | |

Asthore was disqualified for fouling Shark.

### Sixth Day.

*Friday, July 23.*

SCHOONERS AND OTHER CLASSES.

Neither Emerald nor Colonia started on Friday, though there was a fair breeze from S.W. and clear weather. Vencedor was ready, with Mr. Hazen Morse at the stick, and Syce was on hand to meet her. Norota had no competitor, the three thirties were ready again, and Shark was on hand in the 20ft. class. To meet her was the Sibbick 1-rater Wave, a very smart and handsome little fin-keel imported a couple of years since. She has lately been refitted by Capt. J. C. Summers, but with 19ft. l.w.l. and a small sail plan, she is no match for the powerful twenties of this year. The start was made at 11:40, over the 11-mile triangle, sailing to the eastward first and then to the Hempstead mark. Vencedor crossed ahead of Syce, and the two reached very evenly to the East mark. They broke tacks when on the wind for Hempstead, and Vencedor held the lead for a time, but Syce managed to beat her by 1:22 at the weather mark, increasing her lead on the three-mile reach to the line, where they were timed:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Syce | 1 37 21 | Musme | 1 46 38 |
| Vencedor | 1 39 26 | Carolina | Withdrew. |
| Raccoon | 1 46 28 | | |

Syce continued to gain on the second round, and in the windward work made some 4m. on Vencedor; the final times were:

CUTTERS—51FT. CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Syce, F. M Hoyt | 50.86 | 2 50 18 | 2 50 18 |
| Vencedor, H. M. Gillig | 48.38 | 3 06 14 | 3 06 26 |

CUTTERS—43FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Norota, D. B. Burnham | 41.64 | 3 17 28 | 3 17 58 |

SLOOPS—31FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Raccoon, N. D. Lawton | 30.00 | 3 27 35 | 3 27 35 |
| Carolina, Pembroke Jones | 30.00 | Withdrew. | |
| Musme, J. M. Macdonough | 30.00 | 3 27 39 | 3 27 39 |

SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Shark, Rouse & Hoyt | 20.00 | 2 12 21 | 2 12 21 |
| Wave, Le Droit Barber | 20.00 | 5 35 00 | 2 35 00 |

### Seventh Day.

*Saturday, July 24.*

OPEN REGATTA, ALL CLASSES.

IN spite of a good westerly breeze, there was a rather disappointing fleet of starters on the final day; although thirty-two yachts went over the line, there was practically no competition in the larger classes. Emerald did not start, leaving Colonia to sail over; Vencedor broke down again, and neither Norota nor Acushla had competitors. The start was made at 11:40, Colonia going over alone. Mr. Lovejoy, of the regatta committee, was at the stick on Vencedor, for the first time, and he took her over the line just ahead of Syce. The start was made to the Hempstead mark first a reach across the Sound, with a second reach down the Long Island shore after a jibe, then a beat home. Vencedor led by a few seconds at the first mark, and, though Syce caught her, the Chicago boat had regained her advantage when they luffed round Matinnicock Buoy for the beat home. The fight was a fine one for a short time, but at 12:37 Vencedor's spreader again gave way and she was practically disabled, though she sailed the race out.

The exciting incident of the day occurred at about 1:10, when the yachts were nearing the line. It was blowing quite fresh, and the crew of the catboat Dorothy, her owner, John E. Sanborne, at the stick, and Messrs. C. C. Wright, of New Rochelle, and Henry E. Jane, vice-commodore of the Huguenot Y. C., were all hiking out on the port side, the yacht being on the wind on port tack. The 43ft. cutter Norota was coming down on starboard tack, also at an angle, and neither boat perceived the other until Dorothy was under Norota's lee bow. The catboat struck the cutter and stove in her own stem, carrying away the cutter's rail. Vice-Com. Jane leaped to Norota's deck, but the other two were thrown into the water. The judges' tug, Luckenbach, came to the rescue as speedily as possible, and picked them up just in time, passing a line to the catboat and towing her to the markboat at the finish, but she finally sank. The two rounds were timed:

First round:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Houri | 1 09 00 | Vencedor | 1 41 30 |
| Quantuck | 1 12 08 | Zahra | 1 46 55 |
| Shark | 1 17 10 | Carolina | 1 48 24 |
| Kit | 1 18 55 | Alice | 1 49 28 |
| Syce | 1 19 30 | Pawnee | 1 49 51 |
| Doboris II | 1 26 10 | Acushla | 1 54 32 |
| Colonia | 1 34 30 | Musme | 1 58 09 |
| Wave | 1 29 10 | Fidelio | 2 00 32 |
| Win or Lose | 1 30 45 | Goblin | 2 08 35 |
| Jester | 1 31 47 | Minnetonka | 2 08 10 |
| Grace | 1 34 10 | Willie D | 2 15 12 |
| Norota | 1 41 21 | Kite | 2 27 21 |

Second round:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Houri | 2 20 56 | Vencedor | 3 20 13 |
| Quantuck | 2 24 48 | Alice | 3 23 02 |
| Shark | 2 25 14 | Zahra | 3 23 53 |
| Dosoris II | 2 26 43 | Norota | 3 24 11 |
| Kit | 2 26 43 | Minnetonka | 3 26 27 |
| Win or Lose | 2 45 55 | Carolina | 3 29 25 |
| Grace | 2 54 18 | Musme | 3 29 28 |
| Jester | 2 56 41 | Acushla | 3 48 53 |
| Syce | 2 57 49 | Goblin | 4 10 36 |
| Colonia | 3 18 09 | | |

The final times were:

SCHOONERS—90FT. CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Colonia, C. A. Postley | 98.18 | 3 43 09 | 3 43 09 |

CUTTERS—51FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Syce, F. M. Hoyt | 50.86 | 3 17 49 | 3 17 49 |
| Vencedor, F. M. Gillig | 48.37 | 3 40 13 | 3 37 25 |

CUTTERS—43FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Norota, D. B. Burnham | 41.64 | 3 29 11 | 3 19 11 |

SLOOPS—36FT CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Acushla, H. W. Haran | 34.04 | 3 58 53 | 3 58 53 |

YAWLS—36FT CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pawnee, F. Alexandre | 42.52 | 1 29 58 | 1 59 58 |
| Fidelio, J. K. Tod | 33.40 | 2 10 29 | 2 08 46 |

SLOOPS—31FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Goblin, C. Whitman | 38.11 | 4 15 36 | 4 15 36 |
| Kit, Adee Brothers | 38.45 | Did not finish. | |

SLOOPS—30FT CLASS SPECIAL.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Musme, J. M. Macdonough | 30.00 | 3 44 28 | 3 44 28 |
| Carolina, Pembroke Jones | 30 00 | 3 37 25 | 3 37 25 |

SLOOPS—27FT. CLASS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Celia, C. A. Gould | 26.52 | Not timed. | |
| Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr | 22.99 | 2 20 56 | 2 18 03 |
| Quantuck, J. L. Delafield | 24.63 | 2 24 48 | 2 24 48 |

SLOOPS—27FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Shark, Rouse & Hoyt | 20.00 | 2 23 14 | 2 23 14 |
| Wave, L. L. Barber | 20.00 | Did not finish. | |

YAWLS—20FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Zahra, W. H. Browning | 20.00 | 3 18 53 | 3 07 01 |
| Alice. G. G. Fry | 9.26 | 3 18 02 | 3 05 24 |
| Jester, E. N. Robinson | 16.67 | 2 51 41 | 2 51 41 |

CATBOATS—30FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dosoris II. G. P. Vail | 19.24 | 2 16 40 | 2 16 42 |
| Kit, J. T Dunne | 28.85 | 2 16 43 | 2 16 43 |
| Sequel, C. Meyer | 24.40 | Not timed. | |

CATBOATS—27FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Grace, J. F Lambden | 26 55 | 2 39 18 | 2 37 56 |
| Presto, H R. Hatfield | 28.48 | 2 45 32 | 2 44 44 |
| Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby | 28.55 | 2 30 56 | 2 30 56 |
| Rob Roy, ——— | 21.43 | Not timed. | |
| Colleen, J. H Jackson | 27 18 | Not timed. | |

CATBOATS—20FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dorothy, J. E. Sanborn | 19.57 | Disabled. | |
| Willie B., F. S. Ray | .... | Not timed. | |
| Minnetonka, A. B Alley | 19.85 | 3 06 27 | 3 06 27 |

## Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.—Ross Cup.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS.

*Saturday, July 17.*

THE ninth race of the Ross series in the 20ft. class was sailed on July 17, and was a particularly interesting one, from the fact that Glencairn II., the sixth boat which has been built from Mr. Duggan's design by the Yacht Company of Canada this season, made her first appearance. She is very much like her predecessor in appearance, the principal difference to the eye being that the deck has slightly less crown, and she has a broad, flat transom which is by no means beautiful; but the boat, like all Mr. Duggan's craft, looks remarkably well and fit under sail.

There was a very light N.E. breeze when the starting gun was fired at 3:30; the water was perfectly smooth, and the boats went across with the gun in a bunch, an ideal start. Glencairn II. shoved out of the fleet, and on the first 100yds. had a clear lead of nearly half that distance, but she set a spinaker and could not carry it; in muzzling it she lost way, and Rogue went rapidly to the front. The wind kept falling lighter and lighter, and the reach up was a long one. Rogue kept her lead and increased it somewhat, and the others kept along pretty much together, Glencairn II. and Millie in the lead. It was a reach from the Valois Buoy to the Channel Buoy, and Glencairn II. began to pick up on Rogue at once, and seemed to go very fast. After hauling the wind on rounding the Channel Buoy, Rogue made one long tack in to shore, and Glencairn II., when about halfway down, tacked out into the current and was the first to pick out a change of wind from the southward, which brought her in with a long lead over the whole fleet. The time of the first round was as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Glencairn II. | 4 24 00 | Glenowen | 4 27 52 |
| Millie | 4 25 23 | Islander | 4 29 29 |
| Rogue | 4 26 32 | | |

On the second round Millie came up on Glencairn II. and blanketed her, and these two boats jockeyed and blanketed each other well out in the current one whole leg of the course, and let pretty much all of the fleet pass them before they reached the Valois Buoy. At this buoy Rogue led, followed by Glenowen, Islander, Glencairn II. and Millie, in the order named. On the reach, Glencairn II. ran well up on Rogue, taking second place, and continued to make her gain on the close reach to the finish line; but the distance was not long enough to establish an overlap before the buoy was reached, and Rogue finished first by 58.

The time of the last round was as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Rogue | 5 31 20 | Millie | 5 34 00 |
| Glencairn II. | 5 31 35 | Islander | 5 35 00 |
| Glenowen | 5 32 39 | | |

The points won in the race were as follows:

| | Points. | | Points. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Glencairn II | 15 | Glenowen | 11 |
| Rogue | 14 | Islander | 6 |
| Millie | 13 | | |

## Westhampton Country Club Regatta.

WESTHAMPTON, L. I.

*Saturday, July 17.*

THE Westhampton Country Club held its first regatta of the season on July 17, in a light S.W. wind, the times being:

CLASS B.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Thetis | 3 05 00 | 4 35 54 | 1 30 54 | 1 30 14 |
| Tychie | 3 05 00 | 4 40 58 | 1 35 58 | 1 35 23 |

CLASS C.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wyverne | 3 08 00 | 4 41 53 | Disqualified. | |
| Oolah | 3 08 00 | 4 43 53 | 1 35 53 | 1 33 27 |
| Defender | 3 08 00 | 4 47 26 | 1 39 26 | 1 33 56 |
| Hersunda | 3 08 00 | 4 41 54 | 1 33 54 | 1 33 54 |
| Pauline | 3 08 00 | 4 42 41 | 1 34 41 | 1 34 23 |

Oolah protested Wyverne for fouling a mark, the protest being sustained. Defender takes second prize in this class.

## Gilbert's Bar Y. C.

INDIAN RIVER, FLA.

*Saturday, July 3.*

THE monthly field day and regatta of the G. B. Y. C. was held on July 3. The times were:

SECOND CLASS.

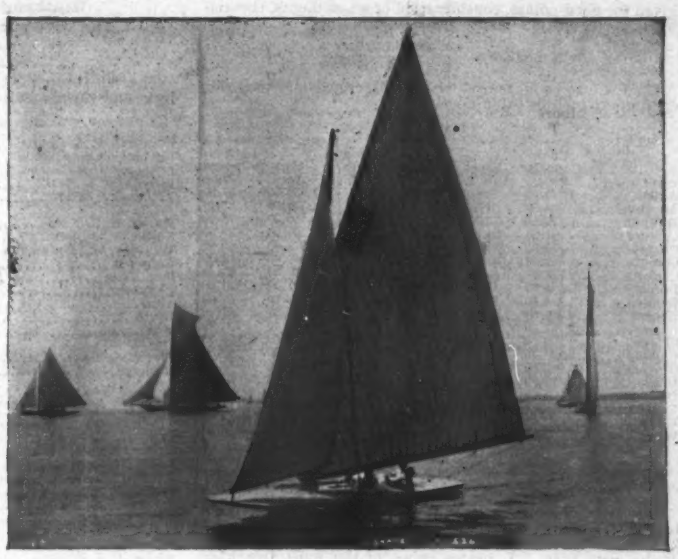
| | Actual. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Gull | 0 53 57 | 0 53 57 |
| Gypsy | 0 54 48 | 0 53 36 |
| Wanda | 0 50 58 | 0 49 37 |
| Iderim | 0 44 39 | 0 42 45 |
| Beatrice | 0 49 06 | 0 47 36 |

LADIES' RACE.

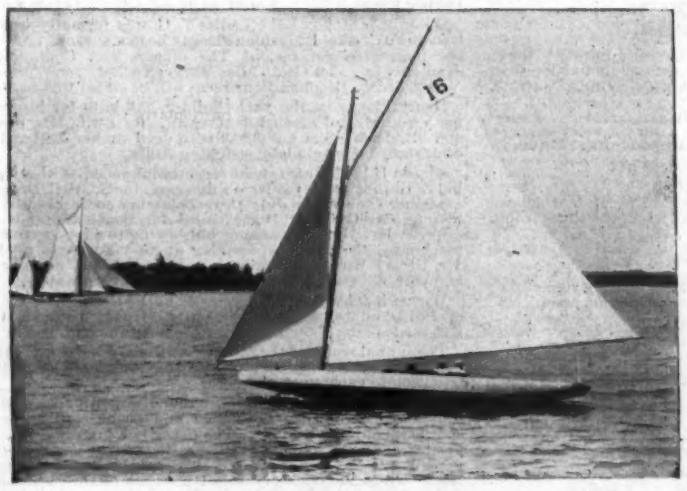
| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Swallow | 0 41 59 | . . . . |
| Iderim | 0 43 25 | . . . . |
| Beatrice | 0 44 10 | . . . . |
| Orphan | 0 46 31 | . . . . |

THE racing in the knockabout class this season has resulted in a decided victory for Gosling over the five Herreshoff boats, her average per cent. for thirteen starts being 53. Cockatoo and Cock Robin, the leaders of the Herreshoff quintette, stand at 45 per cent., having started six and five times, respectively. Gosling was designed by George F. Lawley, and built by the Lawley Co. for Messrs. F. A. North and L. M. Clark.

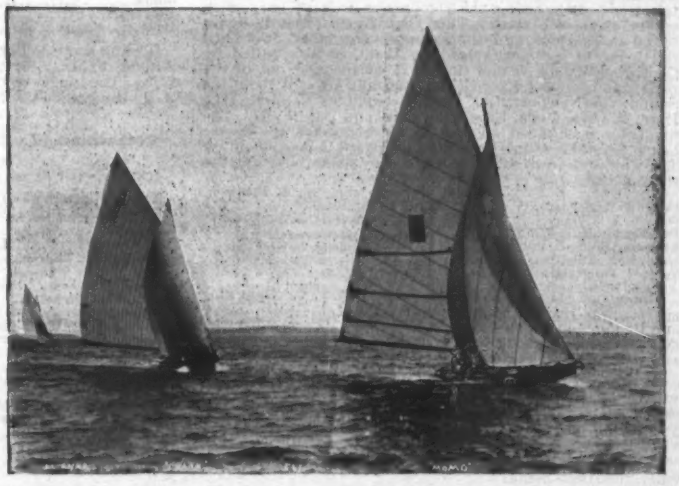
AL ANKA.



SKATE.




MONTAUK.



SHARK.

MOMO.

THE NEW TWENTY FOOTERS.

From photos by J. S. Johnson, New York.

### The Measurement Rule.

IN the hurry of actual racing and cruising, but little attention is now given by yachtsmen to the very important question of a new measurement rule. At the same time it is generally accepted that some change is essential at the end of the present season. If anything essential is to be accomplished, the actual work must be commenced by the end of September, and that discussion which is both inevitable and essential should begin at once. We are always glad to publish anything on this subject, but particularly in the present case, for the double reason that the writer has stated his ideas plainly and concisely in a series of definite propositions; and that these propositions are such that most yachtsmen will agree with him. Without attempting to discuss at present the specific formula presented by him, we are heartily in accord with the general tenor of our correspondent's remarks, and we shall be glad to carry them out by affording every opportunity for a discussion on the lines suggested by him.

The matter is one that concerns every yachtsman, he should have ideas on the subject, and probably most yachtsmen have if they take the time to think about it. The great trouble is that the majority give no attention whatever to the question until some definite proposition is advanced, when they immediately discover that their own toes are trodden upon to the extent of a sixty-fourth of an inch, and proceed to denounce the treader as a theorist and piazza yachtsman.

There never was such a need of improved rules or such an opportunity for their adoption, it only remains for every yachtsman to help the work as best he may, at least by giving careful consideration to all proposals advanced, as is the present one, in good faith and for the love of the sport.

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No apology is needed for anything written on the subject of a rule for the comparison of yachts, so that they can be raced together. It may be well, however, to make a few introductory remarks, so that if the present paper serves its purpose, all may meet on a common and well-defined basis.

The writer hopes to provoke a discussion of the suggestions hereafter made, which shall finally result in a concensus of opinion, and suggests:

First.—That all contributions be given simply a designating letter. The reason for following such a course is that under such conditions, a statement or opinion has weight only in so far as it is backed up by reasons stated. This in no way handicaps the man of great experience, since his experience is simply an aggregation of observed facts. If his intellect is not of a sufficiently analytical order to enable him to state facts and generalize from them, it is not competent to advise in such a matter as is now being considered. Further reasons are that personal antipathies are in a measure removed, and an opportunity given to the man who is convinced to retract without necessarily admitting it.

Second.—All discussions should follow the regular order of acquiescing in, or disputing each point raised, in regular order, referring to them in a distinctive way, so that an explicit summing up may be possible.

Third.—The subject of classification is entirely distinct from the subject of measuring.

These three conditions should be imposed and enforced by the editor.

A measurement rule should be considered under the following heads:

First—What is intended to be accomplished?

Second—What elements of the yacht shall be considered or employed?

Third—From what source shall the necessary elements be derived or measured?

Fourth—In what manner shall these elements be combined?

First—A measurement rule is intended to

(*a*) Encourage the development of a safe, roomy, speedy and easily handled boat.

(*b*) To equalize the chances of winning prizes between boats of different types and characteristics.

(*c*) To discourage attempts to "beat" it

(*d*) To leave owner and designer absolutely free to produce anything they please.

(*a*) It is assumed that this clause will be admitted, but the writer wants to insist on every word of it as being of vital importance. Of equal importance is the weight we must attach to each of these characteristics, since on this depend many other things. Thus it is evident that a boat may be only roomy, or only speedy, and unless some ratio is established between them, or some credit given for other qualities than speed, yachtsmen will revert to the present practice of building mainly for speed.

It would at first appear as though it were necessary to consider too many elements to take into account these features, but it is thought it will be admitted, that if it can be done it is ideal.

(*b*) It seems to be generally admitted that this is true, if one may judge from the efforts made to get races under this very rule.

The only way in which racing interests can be stimulated is by offering good prizes, to be raced for under conditions which recognize the good points of all boats.

(*c*) Yachtsmen, generally, are a fair minded body of men, and it is believed that if they feel that a rule is fair they will not attempt to "beat" it, but will strive to produce the best boat possible.

(*d*) Yachting is expensive to a certain extent, and so is experimenting, but there are few men that do one that won't do the other, if they feel that it will not cost them too much, either in chances to win races or in money.

In no way can so much positive knowledge be obtained as by experimenting, and so in no way can yachting be so benefited. If this is granted, it must also be granted that a good rule will not limit a designer in any direction, but will rather aid him by offering to credit his boat with any feature which is meritorious.

Second—What elements of the yacht shall be considered:

For safety we must have stability, assurance against sinking, strength of form, and sufficient freeboard.

For room we need a cube—both above and below the waterline—that shall together give proper accommodations.

For speed, small displacement, small wetted surface, large sail area, and deep ballast, and a long and narrow form.

For ease of handling, small sail area, long keel, moderate draft.

Stability is a question of form, amount and position of ballast, and ballast itself is influenced by displacement.

Assurance against sinking can be secured by letting either the hull or air tanks float the ballast.

Strength of form is dependent on the designer and will follow from a good design.

Sufficient freeboard will come with good accommodation.

Speed is influenced by displacement in an unknown ratio; no satisfactory data exists for determining it approximately; The same may be said to be true of surface friction, but this will be admitted by all, that the aim of recent designing has been to get as small an amount of each as possible by using a round full form and a fin keel.

In addition, the force required to move 100lbs. of water along certain lines must be greater than the force required to move 50lbs. along the same lines.

The large sail area gives additional force, and so of course aids, while depth increases the efficiency of the ballast and makes it possible to decrease displacement by making each pound doubly effective, because working with a larger lever arm.

The long, narrow form has always been considered as speedy, and since it causes the smallest possible movement of the water, it is defensible on theoretical grounds.

It follows then that the elements we should consider are: sail area, length, breadth, depth, position of ballast, displacement and total cube of hull.

These elements may be simplified by considering the total cube of hull, the actual L.W.L., when inclined or heeled to the gunwale, and the sail area.

Third—Whence shall these elements be derived? The writer thinks they should be taken from the designs of the yacht, certified to by the designer and builder, and filed with the measurer of the club as club property.

The advantages are:

(*a*) Definite knowledge of the yacht and her elements.

(*b*) Invaluable data of the progress of yacht design.

(*c*) Accuracy of measurement, as close as desired.

(*d*) Absolute fairness of measurement, since every element is taken into account and measured for what it is, from what it is.

The only objection known to the writer is that some designers might object to having their designs known; but to meet this is the rule of many clubs requiring the filing of models or plans before prizes are awarded. There would also be a certain amount of objection from the man who whittles out his models, but he should be discouraged any way.

Much could be said in favor of such a plan, but it is all summed up in the one thought: that you measure that which exists; the actual form with all of its features.

If long overhangs are good *per se* then they are not killed off; if the plumb stem is better, it has a chance; for in each case you measure just what exists and what is used to sail on.

In the sails, you measure those that are used, and the designer can adopt any proportion or form he pleases; there is no way of beating it, and no hindrance to experiment through fear that the rule will produce an undue tax.

Fourth: How shall these elements be combined? Divide the actual sail area in square feet by the actual cube of the hull and cabin house in cubic feet, multiply by 10 and call the result the per cent. of L.W.L. to be added to the L.W.L. measured on the incline for the racing length. The actual L.W.L. used would be obtained in the usual way from the plotted waterline when heeled and the areas measured by the planimeter.

It has been assumed for purposes of comparison and tabulation that the tonnage represents the cube. It does quite closely, and from it and from the published measurements of yachts, assisted by judgment in ascertaining the actual L.W.L., the following table has been prepared.

It is, of course, not exact, but it will give an idea of the working, which seems to be fair. Thus, Akista has a very long body, but a small sail plan and a large cube. In consequence her length is not greatly increased. Acusbla has large sail, small cube, and consequently a larger increase. Canopus follows this example also. Comparing Choctaw, Eidolon, Gossoon, Penguin and Uvira, also Carmita and Wasp, it will be seen that the boat which has the small cube and large sail area pays for it by measuring up, and under the measures of the suggested rule the yachts are more nearly equalized than under the old. The great advantages are: ease of measuring, equalization of good yachts, credit

given for good points, consideration of all elements, theoretically correct form. Expressed as a formula:

$$\text{R. L.} = \text{L.W.L} + \frac{\text{L.W L.} \times \text{S.A.}}{19 \times \text{Cubic Contents.}}$$

The l.w.l. to be measured with hull inclined, and the cubic contents to include cabin house.

TABLE I.

| | Cubic Capacity, Feet. | Erect L W L. | Inclined L W.L. | Racing Length, 1897. | Sail Area. | Racing Length, Proposed Rule. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Akista | 1,245.00 | 30.00 | 36.00 | 34.75 | 1,950.00 | 39.60 |
| Acushla | 900.00 | 29.00 | 32 00 | 34.18 | 1,530.00 | 37.40 |
| Bedoun | 5,688.00 | 70.80 | 70.80 | 73.11 | 5,650.00 | 78.20 |
| Canopus | 681.00 | 26.97 | 30.00 | 31.48 | 1,296 68 | 35.60 |
| Chootaw | 1,976.00 | 39.70 | 40.00 | 40.18 | 2,771.80 | 45.60 |
| Colonia | 15 622.00 | 86 00 | 14.00 | 93.18 | 10,000.00 | 102.90 |
| Carmita | 2,784.00 | 45.10 | 48.00 | 54.36 | 4,650.00 | 55.10 |
| Dorothy | 845.00 | 15.90 | 31.00 | 28.17 | 9 7.00 | 34.60 |
| Edolon | 1,4 8.00 | 33.74 | 38.00 | 42.81 | 2,449.00 | 45.65 |
| Eclipse | 9,506.00 | 81.34 | 84.00 | 75 34 | 7,518.00 | 89.30 |
| Emerald | 9 967.00 | 15.80 | 84.00 | 91.47 | 9,400.00 | 101.20 |
| Fidelio | 1,229.00 | 31.60 | 33.00 | 25.68 | 2,0 8.00 | 38.50 |
| Gaviota | 2,647.00 | 51.11 | 51.11 | 56.11 | 3 735.00 | 58.80 |
| Gossoon | 1,483.00 | 29.10 | 48.00 | 47.03 | 3,200.00 | 50.50 |
| Iola | 1,670.00 | 42.49 | 45.00 | 47.17 | 2,856.43 | 51.02 |
| Iroquois | 98.79 | 80.60 | 81.00 | 83.29 | 7.0 6.00 | 87.50 |
| Penguin | 2,167.00 | 43.43 | 44 00 | 48.89 | 2,966.00 | 50.00 |
| Uvira | 1,625.00 | 42.20 | 45.00 | 47.60 | 3 250.00 | 54.00 |
| Wasp | 2,0 3.00 | 45.60 | 49.00 | 54.97 | 4,139.00 | 56.80 |

## Racing at Newport.

THE reputation of Newport as a yachting center has heretofore been based mainly on its advantages as a convenient harbor adjacent to good sailing waters, the racing, save that of the New York Y. C. cruise, being of the most irregular and desultory description. Last year, however, a new order of affairs was inaugurated by some of the many yachtsmen who make their home at this beautiful resort, and from July to the end of the season the 30-footers were kept busy, with several races each week. This year the 30ft. fleet is again found at Newport, and the racing is now on, to last until fall. One of last year's leaders, Asahi, so ably sailed by Capt. Nat Watson, is now east of the Cape and out of the racing, and Musme, Raccoon and Carolina are still about the Sound; the Newport fleet, however, includes Vaquero III., Hera, Wa Wa, Veda, Esperanze, Puck and Dorothy II. The first race was sailed on July 15, a sweepstakes, the course being from Brenton's Cove around Dyer's Island, 18 miles. The wind was fresh S.W. Puck won by a small margin, the times being:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Puck, E. D. Morgan | 3 21 47 |
| Wa Wa, J. Stillman | 2 22 35 |
| Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney | 2 23 07 |
| Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea | 2 23 52 |
| Hera, R. N. Ellis | 2 24 12 |
| Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr. | 2 24 37 |

The second race was sailed on July 16, over the triangular course from Brenton's Cove around the Jamestown mark and Bishop's Rock, two rounds, 15 miles. Vaquero led the fleet and won; Dorothy picked up a lobster pot with her fin and withdrew. The times were:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Vaquero III. | 1 55 50 |
| Wa Wa | 1 57 00 |
| Hera | 1 58 40 |
| Veda | 1 59 20 |
| Dorothy II. | Did not finish. |

On July 19 another race was sailed in a moderate S.E. wind, the times being:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Puck | 2 49 56 |
| Vaquero III. | 2 50 54 |
| Wa Wa | 2 52 14 |
| Hera | 2 56 40 |
| Veda | 2 58 15 |
| Dorothy II. | 2 54 20 |

July 20 Mr. Duryea offered a cup for the class, his Vaquero III. not starting. The Dyer's Island course was sailed in a light S.W. wind, which freshened during the race. The times were:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Puck | 2 16 20 |
| Hera | 2 27 10 |
| Wa Wa | 2 27 18 |
| Dorothy II. | 2 29 50 |
| Esperanza | 2 30 25 |
| Veda | 2 32 55 |

On July 21 a sweepstake race was sailed, with but four starters, over the Dyer's Island course, in a light S.W. wind. The times were:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Vaquero III. | 2 35 51 |
| Puck | 2 37 05 |
| Hera | 2 38 40 |
| Wa Wa | 2 39 15 |

On July 22 a race was started over the Dyer's Island course before a heavy southerly gale, the prize being a cup offered by H. P. Whitney. On the run up the bay spinnakers were set, but soon blew away. On the beat home the yachts suffered considerably, though reefed down. Veda sprung her mast and ran for shelter, fetching up at Bristol. The others met with minor mishaps. Vaquero III. won by 9m. The times were:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Vaquero III. | 3 02 50 |
| Puck | 3 12 00 |
| Dorothy II. | 3 18 10 |
| Hera | Did not finish |
| Esperanza | Did not finish. |
| Wa Wa | Did not finish. |
| Veda | Did not finish. |

On Saturday, July 24, a race was sailed in a S.W. wind with thunder squalls, the times being:

| | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|
| Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea | 5 09 00 | 2 08 00 |
| Puck, E. D. Morgan | 5 09 25 | 2 08 25 |
| Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney | 5 10 40 | 2 04 40 |
| Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman | 5 11 05 | 2 05 05 |
| Hera, R. N. Ellis | Did not finish. | |

## Shelter Island Y. C.—Ladies' Day Race.

*Saturday, July 24.*

THE Ladies' Day race of the Shelter Island Y. C., on July 24, was sailed in a reefing breeze, the times being:

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| SLOOPS—CLASS D | | | |
| Dilemma, L. Fish | 26.04 | 1 40 04 | 1 37 13 |
| Lyra, R. B. Lynch | 28.04 | 1 44 01 | 1 41 11 |
| Constellation, J. W. Stearns | 29.18 | 1 43 28 | 1 43 28 |
| Pyxie, Marshall | 24.53 | 1 56 30 | 1 50 46 |
| CATBOATS—CLASS 2. | | | |
| Culdoo, O. B. Webber | 29.38 | Withdrew. | |
| Oceonda, Tangeman | 27.36 | 2 09 25 | 2 16 19 |
| Vinata, T. M. Towle | 27.21 | Not timed. | |
| SLOOPS—CLASS F. | | | |
| Nueva, T. W. Brigham | 17.69 | 1 12 01 | 1 12 14 |

The open regatta of the club will be sailed on Aug. 7, and the second club race on Aug. 31.

Yampa, schr., R. S. Palmer, sailed on July 21 from St Peterburgh for Kiel.

## Winthrop Y. C. Open Regatta.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR.

*Saturday, July 17.*

MASS. Y. R. A. RULES.

The Winthrop Y. C. sailed an open race on July 17 in a light and variable wind, the times being:

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| FIRST CLASS. | | | |
| Emma C., P. A. Coupal | 27.06 | 2 49 27 | 1 23 51 |
| Harbinger, W. F. Bache | 28.01 | 2 50 45 | 2 27 25 |
| Little Peter, H. Moebs | 31.05 | 3 34 46 | 2 58 36 |
| Elfreda, B. T Hall | 28 11 | Ran aground. | |
| Freda, S. J. Wilde | 24.00 | Withdrew. | |
| SECOND CLASS. | | | |
| Muriel, H. N. Nute | 24.11 | 3 10 35 | 2 43 57 |
| Nettie, W. Burgess | 28.11 | 3 12 54 | 2 46 16 |
| Whisper, W. H. Simpson | 30 02 | 3 50 00 | 3 19 28 |
| Fanny D. | Withdrew. | | |
| Rex | Withdrew. | | |
| Privateer | Withdrew. | | |
| Alma | Withdrew. | | |
| Myrtle | Withdrew. | | |
| Mist | Withdrew. | | |
| KNOCKABOUTS. | | | |
| Fly, W. O. Gay | 21.00 | 3 39 58 | ..... |
| Gosling, North & Clark | 21.00 | Withdrew. | |
| THIRD CLASS. | | | |
| Wrinkle, S. N. Small | 19.11 | 3 32 27 | 3 05 37 |
| Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon | 19.11 | 3 39 50 | 3 09 00 |
| Alison, Fowle & Hutchins | 19.08 | 3 54 20 | 3 22 52 |
| Skate | Withdrew. | | |
| Harriet | Withdrew. | | |
| Sue | Withdrew. | | |
| Arab | Withdrew. | | |
| Perhaps | Withdrew. | | |
| Omene | Withdrew. | | |
| Vamoose | Withdrew. | | |
| FOURTH CLASS | | | |
| Vitesse, C. D Mower | 15.06 | 3 34 40 | 2 57 39 |
| Alpine, C. J. Blethen | 16.10 | 3 34 20 | 2 59 36 |
| Fantasy, W Allerton | 16.09 | 3 34 55 | 2 57 58 |
| Hector, F. M Crosby | 16.08 | 3 41 43 | 3 06 18 |
| Glide | Withdrew. | | |
| Spinx | Withdrew. | | |
| Ripple | Withdrew. | | |
| Delia | Withdrew. | | |

Gosling protests Fly for fouling; Hector protests Vitesse, Alpine, Fantasy for using other means of propulsion than sails. The judges were: Geo. E. Leighton, Wm. A. Garratt, A. T. Bliss and Jas. R. Hodder.

## Corinthian Y. C.—First Championship Race.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY

*Saturday, July 17.*

THE 109th regatta of the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead was sailed on July 17 in a light S.W. wind, the times being:

| | Length. | Start | Elapsed | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| FIRST CLASS | | | | |
| Asahi, S. N. S. Thayer | 28.00 | 3 05 00 | Withdrew. | |
| SECOND CLASS | | | | |
| Susie, J. F. Cole | 28.06 | 3 05 00 | Did not finish. | |
| Clara, W. D. Turner | 28.09 | 3 05 00 | Did not finish. | |
| THIRD CLASS | | | | |
| Hoodlum, A. H. Higginson | 24.09 | 3 10 00 | 3 04 21 | 3 04 21 |
| Snipe II., E. A. Boardman | 22.04 | 3 10 00 | Withdrew. | |
| Satanic, D. H. Follett, Jr. | 23.11 | 3 10 00 | Withdrew. | |
| FOURTH CLASS | | | | |
| Koorali, R. C. Robbins | | 3 10 00 | 2 13 55 | 2 13 55 |
| KNOCKABOUTS. | | | | |
| Mongoose, B. B. Crowninshield | | 3 15 00 | 3 24 55 | . . . |
| Cock Robin, C. H. W. Foster | | | 3 25 14 | . . . |
| Sally III., D. C. Percival | | Withdrew. | | |
| Hazard, H. M. Sears | | Withdrew. | | |
| CLASS A. | | | | |
| Mistral, Currier Bros | | 3 20 00 | 3 27 00 | 3 20 00 |
| Lillian, H. E. Whitney | | 3 20 00 | Withdrew. | |
| Eugenia, J. S. Palmer | | 3 20 00 | Withdrew. | |
| Metric, J. L. Paine | | 3 20 00 | Withdrew. | |
| CLASS C | | | | |
| Mayona, C. O. Stearns | | 3 25 00 | 2 29 35 | 2 17 35 |
| Dorothy, F. Brewster | | 3 15 00 | 2 23 15 | 2 21 25 |
| Comet, A. A. Lawrence | | 3 25 10 | 2 26 45 | 2 24 15 |
| Aspent, H. A. Moss | | 3 25 00 | 2 27 06 | 2 25 06 |
| Mala, E. Paine | | 3 25 00 | 2 29 58 | 2 31 25 |
| Verona, C. B. Tucker | | Did not finish. | | |

The prize winners were Hoodlum, $10; Mongoose, $10; Cock Robin, $7; Mistral, $10; Mayona, $10; Dorothy, $7; Comet, $5. Hoodlum, Koorali and Mongoose each win a leg in the championship.

The judges were G. W. Mansfield, W. B. Stearns, A. G. Simpson.

## Pewaukee Y. C.

PEWAUKEE, Wis., July 24.—The result of the weekly regatta of the Pewaukee Y. C. that was sailed to-day over the four-mile triangular course, with a light wind, was as follows:

Eleven yachts entered, but the Gutchon, owned by William Gulach, dropped out on the second leg.

| | Time. |
|---|---|
| CLASS A. | |
| Lorraine, Schiller & Bauch | 0 59 28 |
| Sirrocco, Wallber Bros | 1 02 00 |
| Idle Hour, R. E. Gilyohann | 1 06 02 |
| Tempest, C. Hasse | 1 04 27 |
| Mistral, A. S. Hathaway | 1 07 25 |
| Carmela, S. P. Faclintar | 1 11 15 |
| CLASS B. | |
| Kite, Poppert & Rom | 1 09 27 |
| Aida, A. C. Zinn | 1 11 39 |
| Martha, A. H. Steinman | 1 12 39 |
| Sophia, W. H. Meyers | 1 00 18 |

Winners: Class A, Lorraine first, Sirrocco second; class B, Kite first, Aida second.

Judges: George M. Conway, Emil Wallber. Timekeepers: George M. Conway, Em.l Wallber.

The race was very pretty, and at times on the second and third leg was exciting. The wind was steady from the east. Start west. ERNEST E. WHITE.

## YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Indian Harbor Y. C. will sail its ninth annual regatta on Saturday next, under the rules of the Sound Y. R. U., the start being made at noon. The race will be open to yachts enrolled in any recognized yacht club, in the following classes: cruising trim schooners, in one class, 51ft. and 43ft. classes; racing trim, 51ft., 43ft., 36ft., 30 and 25ft. classes, open sloops of the 25, 20 and 15ft. classes; open cats of the 25, 20 and 15ft. classes, and 43ft. yawl class. Entries may be made to F. S. Doremus, chairman of the race committee, up to July 29.

On the night of July 21 the steam yacht Helen, C. F. Burhaus, of Warrensburgh, N. Y., was intentionally scuttled by unknown parties and sunk in 70ft. of water. She has been located, and will be raised by a diver from the Merritt Wrecking Co., of New York.

Varuna, steam yacht, Eugene Higgins, arrived at New York on July 23, with her owner and friends aboard.

Vigilant, cutter, Percy Chubb, is at City Island this week, where her long boom and cross-cut mainsail, used in her races with Defender, will be shipped and bent in preparation for the cruise races.

Owing to the continued bad weather, the new 51-footer Kestrel was still on the ways at Wood's yard, City Island, up to the time of going to press, Tuesday afternoon. She will be launched as soon as the weather permits, but it will be some time before she is in condition to race against Syce.

On July 21 the naphtha launch Firefly was picked up in Long Island Sound, near Oldfield Point, by the working schooner Observer, Capt. W. Jewell. The launch was running alone under full headway with no one on board.

The firm of Crane Bros., of Westfield, Mass., manufacturers of linen papers and owners of the patents on "Linenoid," is now prepared to make model yacht hulls, duplicating any model of this excellent material. It has already been fully tested in actual use in canoes and boats. From its strength and lightness, it is well adapted to model yacht construction.

Jean, steam yacht, was launched at Bristol on July 19. The yacht was built under the superintendence of Tams & Lemoine for T. A. Gillespie, of Pittsburgh, Pa. On her trial trip she made a speed of twenty miles.

On July 16 the cutter Dysilio, 36 tons Thames measurement, and owned by Joseph Mosely, of Beaumaris, Wales, was in collision with the U. S. ship San Francisco off Godnor Point, on the English coast. The yacht sank in a few minutes, her crew being saved by the warship, which was uninjured.

Velox, schr., H. A. Sieber, of Havre, arrived at New York last week, with her owner and friends on board. The party stopped *en route* at Madeira and Bermuda. Velox was designed by A. Normand, and built at Havre in 1875 She is 123ft. l.w.l., 23ft. 6in. beam, and 13ft. draft. She will return to France after Mr. Sieber and his friends have spent a short time in this country.

On July 19 the steam yacht Margarita II., A. J. Drexel, arrived at New York from Queenstown, with owner and friends on board. She made the run from Queenstown in ten days.

Quissetta, schr., H. W. Harris, is now cruising in Maine waters, and will not race this year.

The race of the Green Lake Y. C., on July 19, was won by Hypatia, whose lines recently appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM. The times were:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hypatia | 1 52 04 | Tzin | 2 06 07 |
| Pleasant Point | 1 54 24 | St. Louis | Did not finish. |

On July 5 the Fox Lake Ladies Y. C. was formally organized at Fox Lake, Ill., which already boasts a yacht club of the masculine persuasion. The officers are: Com., Miss Jean Brophy; Vice-Com., Miss Marion Tooker; Sec'y-Treas., Miss Florence Brophy. Four races will be sailed this season.

Henry Piepgrass, the yacht builder, has built for his own use a centerboard sloop, 35ft. over all, 24ft. l.w.l., 11ft. beam and 2ft. draft. She has 3,000lbs. of lead on her keel and a centerboard of steel plate, weighing 700lbs.

Alcedo II., the steam yacht recently launched at the Harlan & Hollinsworth yards, Wilmington, for G. W. C. Drexel, made her trial trip on July 11, reaching her contract speed of 18½ knots. On July 17 she sailed for Southampton with Capt. F. E. Dyer in command; but, owing to a mishap to her machinery, she put back, arriving at New York on July 26. Mr. Drexel, with his family, sailed for England on July 21 and will join the yacht for a cruise in Northern waters.

We are indebted to the secretaries of the Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, the Rochester Y. C., Rhode Island Y. C., and the Indiana Y. and B. C. for copies of the club books.

The annual report of the race committee of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. for 1896 has been printed in pamphlet form for distribution to yachtsmen and clubs.

We have received the first number of a new paper, *Land and Water*, published in Boston and devoted to outdoor sports, including yachting. The paper is a monthly, neatly printed and with some good illustrations. The yachting department is in charge of A. G. McVey, "the Boston *Herald* Man," whose introductory is but a rehash of the platitudes and set phrases about "handcuffs on designers," "piazza yachtsmen," "fastest 90ft. single-sticker," etc., that have done so much to impair the standing of the latter paper.

"The Yachtaman's Guide and Nautical Calendar" for the present year has recently been issued by the publisher, M. J. Kiley, of Boston. The book has been very thoroughly revised, and new matter has been added, greatly increasing its value. Among the large number of illustrations are portraits of many of the leading yachts and also of a great many men associated with yachting, club officers, prominent owners, designers, yacht captains and engineers, pilots and furnishers of yachting supplies, etc. The new rules of the road at sea are included, with tide tables, pilotage directions, and much useful matter of a general nature. The low price, 50 cents, affords no idea of the practical value of the book for everyday reference about the water.

# Canoeing.

## AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Macnee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

## WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

## Red Dragon C. C.

THE annual regatta of the Red Dragon C. C. of Philadelphia, was held on the Delaware over the triangular course in front of the club house at Wissanoming, Pa. The distance was about four miles, a good stiff breeze was blowing and the race was finely sailed. First prize was taken by E-Cho, A. S. Fenimore and Joseph Edward Murray; second by Feather, F. W. Noyes. Imp was disabled and withdrew from the race.

On the same day over the same course the race for yawls was held. First being taken by Nixie, H. C. Bachman; second by Dragon, W. J. Scott.

The first of a series of three record races for points was sailed on June 26 over the regular club course from buoy off club house to Wheat Sheaf Buoy and return, six miles in all. There was a moderate breeze. First prize, E-Cho, Fenimore & Murray; second, Feather, F. W. Noyes; third, Imp, J. W. Hamilton. Jaekala, R. S. Fleischman, was disabled, owing to a shroud parting just after crossing the starting line, and withdrew.

Jaekala is a new ½-rater just built by her owner, R. G. Fleischman, from a design by the well known amateur designer, H. C. McCormick. She was expected to sail to the front, and the unfortunate mishap was a deep regret to all. In the races later on the owner fully expects to redeem himself.

The second record race was sailed on Saturday, July 10, over the regular club course. At the start a light breeze was blowing which freshened into a stiff blow after rounding Wheat Sheaf Buoy. First prize was awarded to Imp, J.

W. Hamilton; second to Jackala, R. G. Fleischman; third, E-Cho, Fenimore & Murray. The elapsed time in this race was: Imp, 1:21; Jackala, 1:23; E-Cho, 1:24.

On July 17 a very exciting paddling race for a special prize was held in front of the club house. There were three entries. First prize was won by M. D. Wilt; second, E. W. Crittenden; third, H. M. Rogers. The race between Wilt and Crittenden was the closest ever paddled over this course, Wilt only winning by about 6in. After the race Mr. Wilt sang "The Yellow Dog" to Crittenden's and Rogers' accompaniment. Morry has completely shaken his hoodoo, and now will stick to his mascot, the left hindfoot of a white rabbit.

Vice-Com. Joseph Edward Murray and M. D. Wilt will attend the annual meet at Grindstone Island. Mr. Wilt is paddling in splendid form, and is in fit condition to win any of the races in which he competes, and sustain the reputation of the Red Dragon Canoe Club as active canoeists.

No more races will be held until September, owing to many of the men going on their annual summer cruise. H. W. Fleischman, with launch Teapot; Nixie, H. E. Bachman, and Dragon, W. C. Scott, will cruise to the Chesapeake Bay, which is the favorite cruising water of the R. D. C. C.

C. Barton Keen and Mate Ben Barney, in the yawl Keren, made the club a visit on July 18. Mr. Keen is an old and popular member of the Red Dragons, but is now more actively connected with the Philadelphia Corinthian Y. C. He was preparing for a cruise down the bay.

The A. C. A. year book for 1897, which is now being sent out, is one of the handsomest we have seen. The cover is printed in red and black, the top being surmounted by the association's burgee. In the center is a half-tone picture of a sailing canoe, the scene being surrounded by a bit of rope. In this case our fellow clubman M. D. Wilt is honored, the picture being one of this popular canoeist. W. K. P.

### Transportation to the A. C. A. Meet.

As advised by the camp circular, the Trunk Line Association has granted a round trip rate to Clayton of one and one-third fare. Members will purchase tickets (one way) at full fare, obtaining at the same time certificates, which, when endorsed at camp, will entitle holders to return tickets at one-third the regular rate. Tickets may be purchased three days prior to and during the continuance of camp, and certificates are good for return tickets by continuous trip for three days (Sunday excepted) after camp closes on Aug. 20.

Transportation for canoes and duffle for members from in and around New York city, and going to camp from other points via New York will be the same as heretofore. A baggage car, provided with racks and burlaps, will be at the Thirtieth street station of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. on Monday, Aug. 2; canoes and duffle sent there ahead will be cared for and stored in the car (mark care of J. K. Hand). The car will stop at the Knickerbocker Canoe Club, 152d street and Hudson River, on Aug. 3, at Yonkers (Glenwood) the same night, Sing Sing on Aug. 4, thence direct to Clayton. The return trip will be made as soon as possible after the close of camp, stopping at same points. Members are requested to check trunks and all baggage possible in the regular way, so as to leave room for the canoes, sails, etc., which cannot be carried otherwise.

Trains leave New York (Grand Central Depot) for Clayton: Week days, 7:50 A. M.; arrive at Clayton 4:55 P. M. Every day, 6:25 P. M.; arrive at Clayton 5:15 A. M. Trains leave Clayton: Week days, 8:05 A. M.; arrive at New York 8:45 P. M. Every day, 9 P. M.; arrive at New York 7:45 A. M.

A special sleeper will be attached to the Thousand Islands express leaving Grand Central Depot at 6:25 P. M. on Aug. 6, provided sufficient notice is received by the undersigned.

The Pastime will ply between Clayton and the camp on the following schedule:

| LEAVE. | | ARRIVE. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Clayton | 6:30 A. M. | Camp | 7:15 A. M. |
| Camp | 7:30 A. M. | Clayton | 8:15 A. M. |
| Clayton | 10:30 A. M. | Camp | 11:15 A. M. |
| Camp | 11:30 A. M. | Clayton | 12:15 P. M. |
| Clayton | 2:00 P. M. | Camp | 2:45 P. M. |
| Camp | 3:15 P. M. | Clayton | 4:00 P. M. |
| Clayton | 5:15 P. M. | Camp | 6:00 P. M. |
| Camp | 7:30 P. M. | Clayton | 8 15 P. M. |

Further information gladly furnished, if possible. (Telephone 444—38th street.)

For the Transportation Committee.

JAMES K. HAND, Grand Central Depot.

### The Central Division Trophy.

A MEETING of the Central Division regatta committee of the A. C. A. was held at Rochester on Saturday, July 10, to make rules governing the new Central Division sailing trophy. J. C. Milsom, of Buffalo, chairman, and Al. T. Brown, of Rochester, were present; the third member of the committee, A. R. Porte, of Ogdensburg, being unable to attend. The following restrictions were adopted unanimously, Mr. Porte voting by letter: Sail limit, 100sq. ft. Seat limit, 30in. Cockpits, open or self-bailing. Course, 4½ miles. Time limit, two hours.

The Central Division sailing trophy is to be contested for annually at the meet of the A. C. A., or at the division meet, if held.

A. C. A. sailing rules and regulations, not otherwise provided for, will govern this contest.

No part of the sliding seat or base of seat shall be more than 30in. in length.

The winner of the trophy will hold the same for one year; also have his name and the year won engraved upon it; to be returned to the Association annually at its meeting place previous to the calling of the first event on the programme.

A bond of $500 will be required of the winner, to be signed by two A. C. A. members in good standing.

Respectfully submitted,

J. C. MILSOM, A. R. PORTE, AL. T. BROWN,
Central Division Regatta Committee.

### A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

| *Name.* | *Residence.* | *Club.* |
|---|---|---|
| Rupert B. Bramwell | Boston, Mass | — |

CENTRAL DIVISION.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Lawrence H. Woods | Canton, N. Y. | — |

## Rifle Range and Gallery.

### Revolver Shooting in England.

MR. W. L. WINANS, of Baltimore, Md., died in his seventy-fifth year in London, Eng., on June 21. In consequence, his eldest son, Walter Winans, was not able to compete for the revolver prizes and revolver championship of England at the Bisley meeting, which began on July 13. Walter Winans has also canceled his entries for the revolver championship shoots of the North and South London rifle clubs.

### Calumet Heights Rifle Scores.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 18.—The following scores were made to day by members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club on the club's ranges. Paterson won the medal in Class A, Mrs. Schmidt winning in Class B. Scores:

Class A, 200yds., off-hand, standard target:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Harlan | 4474455106—41 | Norcom | 1012111156—21 |
| Metcalf | 4401331227—28 | Greely | 5613480604—39 |
| Paterson | 8774853163—50 | Schmidt | 5 7461311—31 |
| Young | 2353131133—25 | Mumford | 0018120121—16 |
| Westcott | 0123118745—30 | | |

Ladies contest, 100yds., Creedmoor target:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mrs Chamberlain | 2433333210—24 | Mrs Greely | 1000000000—1 |
| Mrs Schmidt | 5443273333—32 | Mrs Westcott | 0000000000—0 |
| Mrs Young | 4233210000—15 | Mrs Mumford | 2220000000—14 |

PATTI.

## Trap-Shooting.

*Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.*

**If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:**

### FIXTURES.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 4-5.—INDIANA MINERAL SPRINGS, Ind.—Indiana Mineral Springs tournament. Ben O. Bush, Manager.

Aug. 7.—WISSINOMING, Pa.—All-day target tournament on the grounds of the Florists' Gun Club, under the management of J. K. Starr.

Aug. 11.—STERLING, N. Y.—Tournament of the Sterling Rod and Gun Club, for amateurs only. C. F. Wavte, Sec'y.

Aug. 11.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Fifth contest for the Recreation cup. E. A. Jackson, Sec'y.

Aug. 18-19.—WARSAW, Ind.—Tournament of the Lake City Gun Club. W. A. Wineberer, Sec'y.

Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 24-25.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament of the Bison Gun Club. Targets. C. H. Werlin, Sec'y, 1684 Broadway, Buffalo.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept. 6.—MERIDEN, Conn.—Third annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club.

Sept. 6.—MARION, N. J.—Annual Labor Day tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. A. R. Strader, Sec'y.

Sept. 7-10.—DETROIT, Mich.—Jack Parker's annual tournament.

Sept. 14-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Co. Merchandise and amateurs.

Sept. 14-16.—DES MOINES, Ia.—Tournament of the Capital Gun Club. F. C. Quimby, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Sept. 28-29.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Sept. 28-Oct. 1.— ———.—Annual tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. First two days, targets; last two days, live birds. W. H. Huck, Rutherford, N. J.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

Oct. 13-14.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

*Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.*

THE invitation target shoot of the Riverton Gun Club, on Wednesday last, was successful enough to encourage the promoters of that kind of sport in their efforts to popularize target shooting among the members of what has been hitherto purely a live-bird club. We understand that they are shooting targets up at Larchmont occasionally. If such is the case, it looks as if target shooting was going to get a share of the fun when the dead season for pigeon shooting comes upon us in future years. And why shouldn't it? Target shooting is not easy, although we must admit that it has always *looked* easy, especially when one has been sitting on a camp chair in rear of the score when Rolla Heikes or members of the Indian squad were cracking out straights. There is a curious feature about target shooting: A good target shot is certain to be a good live-bird shot; at least, we can't recall any good target shot who is not right in it when it comes to live birds. But a good live-bird shot is not necessarily a good target shot, although with practice he can undoubtedly make himself heard from when it comes to smashing bluerocks.

New Yorkers and New Jerseymen who think of attending the Interstate shoot at Montpelier, Vt., Aug. 25-26, can make a very pleasant trip of it by going nearly all the way by water. Take the Albany night boat on Monday, Aug. 23; train from Albany to Lake George, Tuesday morning; thence down Lake George and Lake Champlain to Burlington, Vt., by steamers of the Lake George and Lake Champlain Transportation Company; Burlington to Montpelier by rail. The steamer arrives at Burlington about 5 P. M. on Tuesday evening, Aug. 24, practically twenty-four hours after leaving New York city. Last year a party of three left New York for the Burlington Interstate by this route, and the same three will in all probability journey to Montpelier the same way, but accompanied by two or three others. The Montpelier shoot will also be attended by several Canadians. In fact the Vermont Interstate this year promises to be a very pleasant gathering indeed.

A direct result of the Pennsylvania State shoot at Oil City has been an awakening of interest in trap-shooting circles that could not have been brought about by any other means. The club is in very good circumstances, and the business matters in connection with the recent shoot were wound up at a meeting held on July 16. At the same meeting the club departed from its usual custom, and elected three honorary members, Messrs. John R. Campbell, William Fleming and John B. Smithman. The Oil City *Derrick* of July 20 says: "This is the first time in the history of the association that this distinction has been proffered to anyone, and was decided upon as a token of appreciation of the many acts of kindness and encouragement that have been extended to the club by these gentlemen." Mr. Smithman will be recalled by those who were present at the shoot as the owner of the street car line, Deep Hollow and Smithman's Park, where the boiling springs formed such an attraction.

Secretary George B. Walton, of the Montpelier, Vt., Gun Club, in sending us some scores made recently by members of his club, writes as follows: "While at this stage of the game it is early to say much about the success of our shoot, and whether it was pleasant or otherwise, we can guarantee as pleasant a shooting ground as can be found in this part of the country. Our house stands in the shade of fine large elms, and the shooting platform is nicely shaded except in the morning. In shooting we face the northeast and have the best of light on targets. The background, while not absolutely clear, is practically so, and is considered very good by friends who have shot with us. From indications, such as requests for programmes and the general interest which seems to be manifested, I should judge that we will have a nice lot of shooters, besides those from the States. I have assurances from several of our Canadian friends that they will be with us."

Mr. H. D. Swarts, box 566, Scranton, Pa., sends us the following announcement of a shoot he proposes to hold at Scranton, Aug. 4: "There will be a live-bird shoot at the baseball park, Scranton, Pa., on Wednesday, Aug. 4. Shoot to commence at 1:30 P. M. American Association rules to govern; 28yds. rise, use of both barrels; 10 birds, entrance $7.50. First prize, $40; second, $25; third, $15; fourth, $12; fifth, $8; total, $100. Other events will be shot after the big event. All entries will close July 31. Parties wishing to enter will please send check or money order through post-office for $5, balance to be paid day of shoot. No one will be allowed to shoot in big event unless their entry is received before July 31. Kindly send money on receipt of this if you care to enter, as pigeons are scarce and it is necessary to know about how many to arrange for."

In our report of the New Haven Interstate shoot, which appeared in last week's issue, we made one guess, and guessed wrong—rather a weak percentage! We said in the "Notes": "Sherman, whom we take to be A. W. Sherman, of Freehold, N. J." Mr. M. Herrington, of the W A Powder Company, kindly puts us right in the matter by saying in a letter to us: "Allow me to set you straight in the matter. The gentleman who did such good shooting is Mr Frank Sherman, of New Haven, Conn., and there isn't a particle of doubt but what his good work on that occasion, was due in a great measure to the fact that his shells were loaded with —" (what do you suppose?). It looks as if our apologies were due to Mr. Frank Sherman, of New Haven, Conn., and to Mr. A. W. Sherman, of Freehold, N. J.

Ferd. Van Dyke is pointing his gun very straight just now. He broke 49 out of 50 on Wednesday, July 21, and won the second heat for the tea service at the Boiling Springs grounds, the shoot being under the "147 handicap" we commented upon in our issue of July 10. Gus Greiff, captain of the club, has requested us to announce that all future contests for the tea service will be held under the old system of handicapping—allowance of extra targets—as the club is convinced that the "147 handicap" does not give a poor shooter the ghost of a show. It doesn't; he can tie, but he can never win. Its real title is the "lick-him-plenty handicap."

Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, Mich., writes under date of July 17 as follows: "Through reading that item in Drivers and Twisters of this week, any one might imagine that King's Smokeless won the high average at the recent Detroit shoot of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League. This was not the case, as Mr. F. H. Snow made the high average of the tournament; he is using Schultze powder in Winchester and U. M. C. shells. T. J. Graham had the second high average with Winchester and U. M. C. shells; he may have used King's Smokeless and he may not. George Spross made third high average, using Gold Dust powder in Winchester shells. William M. Thompson, with Winchester factory loaded shells, Leader and Du Pont powder, won the E. C. cup."

In a recent three-handed match at sparrows shot on the grounds of the Hazelwood Gun Club, John G. Messner, winner of the Grand American Handicap in '95, scored 40 out of 50 sparrows; J. N. Crossland scored 47 and F. Wilbert 42, a total of 138 out of 150; tough on the sparrows. On another occasion recently, Crossland, Messner, Stilley, A. H. King and W. S. King shot for the Sparrow Championship of Western Pennsylvania, 25 birds per man. Crossland won with 24; Messner scored 23, the King brothers 22 each and Stilley 21. The club championship was also won by Crossland in the next event, another 25-bird event; he again scored 24 birds.

Saturday, Aug. 7, there will be quite a shoot on the grounds of the Florist's Gun Club at Wissinoming, Pa., a few miles east of Philadelphia. As there will not be a meeting of the Trap-Shooter's League of Philadelphia for some weeks, J. K. Starr, secretary of the League, has made arrangements to hold an all day shoot as above. Entrance fees are not large and both systems of dividing purses will be used, "with an effort to find out which the shooters prefer." Targets are thrown at 1½ cents each. Wissinoming station is on the New York division of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Tom Keller is with us again for a brief breathing spell. Of course he talks King's Smokeless, Peters's shells, and makes matches all day long. We remember John D. Bethel (whom we refer to elsewhere in this column) once remarking that Tom made more matches and shot fewer than any other man of his acquaintance. It may be so, but we remember one he shot at Hackensack last spring! B. Waters was his side partner. The other teams were: Van Dyke and Hildreth, Edwards and J. H. Cameron.

The contest between Rolla Heikes and Fred Gilbert for the E. C. championship cup on July 31 will be a good one. Both men are in good form, and the conditions are such that it is hard to pick a sure winner. The conditions are: 50 singles, unknown angles; 50 singles, expert rules, one man up; and 25 pairs. When Rolla won the cup from Fred on Aug. 20 of last year he beat him just one target in each series of 50; thus: 48 to 47 at unknown angles; 45 to 44, expert rules; 40 to 39 on doubles.

The Bison Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., will hold a two days' target tournament, Aug. 24-25, on its grounds at Walden avenue, city line. All purses will be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Five per cent. deducted from all purses for average money for the four high guns in the tournament. Targets thrown from a magautrap at 1 cent each. Guns and shells shipped to C. H. Werlin, secretary, 1684 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y., will be delivered at the grounds free of charge.

Harvey McMurchy was in the city just when we most expected he was a couple of thousand miles or so westward. How could the Wolf shoot at Clear Lake progress satisfactorily without its great chief—High Ball? We did not see Harvey, neither did we get a chance to talk to him; otherwise we might have found out how it was that he had deserted his tribe at a critical moment.

John D. Bethel, well known in New York sporting goods circles as a salesman of the W. Fred. Quimby Co. for several years, accompanied by his son, who is a practical surveyor and civil engineer, left last week for the gold fields of Alaska. The many friends of John D. will wish him all the luck in the world when it comes to picking up gold and silver in the new Tom Tiddler's ground.

At the tournament of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League, July 17, the Eureka A team broke 138 out of 150 at unknown angles, a 6-men team average of 92 per cent. The Garfield A team broke 133, an average of 88.6 per cent.; and the Calumet Heights B team broke 129, an average of 86 per cent. The shoot was held on the grounds of the Garden City Gun Club.

N. E. Money, U. M. C. Thomas and H. P. Collins will be among the shooters who journey next week to Lewiston, Me., to take part in the Interstate shoot given under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club. The dates for the shoot are Aug. 4-5, and from what we hear, there is going to be a good attendance at this shoot.

Captain Money and Junius H. Davis shot a race at 50 pairs of targets on the Riverton grounds after the programme for the invitation shoot of July 21 had been disposed of. The targets were thrown from a magautrap. Captain Money won, after a close race, by 2 targets, breaking 70 to 68. In a sweep at 10 pairs, Billy Wolstencroft smashed 20 straight without turning a hair.

Mr. E. Detmold, junior member of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, now of 318 Broadway, who was recently operated upon for appendicitis, has stood the operation very well and is now on the road to recovery. Meanwhile the firm of which he is a member is settling down into its new quarters.

C. W. Tuttle, of Auburn, N. Y., was in New York on July 21, and took a whack at bluerocks over on the Boiling Springs Gun Club's grounds at Rutherford, N. J., and incidentally he gave Ferd. Van Dyke a hard chase for the silver tea service.

J. 147 L. Winston won the Irroy prize at Elkwood Park on Friday last, July 23. He tied with Fred Hoey on 10 straight each; on the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Hoey lost his 5th bird.

The R. A. McCready Co., Limited, of Toronto, Canada, write us that circumstances have arisen that make it impossible for the company to hold its tournament as advertised.

JULY 27. EDWARD BANKS.

### Team Race at Peekskill.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., July 24.—The second round in the contest going on between the gun clubs of the Hudson River Valley was fought out here to day and resulted as follows:

Peekskill Gun Club.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| H P Dain | 1111111110111101111111111—23 | |
| F Southard | 1110111101111111011111111—23 | |
| P H Mason | 1101111001110110111111111—20 | |
| B C Everinghim | 0101111111110101101101110—18 | —84 |

Glenwood Gun Club of Newburgh.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mould | 1010111111101100110111111—19 | |
| J Dickson | 1101111111110111011111111—23 | |
| Hendrickson | 1011101010110111100110111—17 | |
| W M Stanbrough | 1110111011011111111110110—20 | —78 |

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Travor | 1111101111110010001101110—17 | |
| Condit | 1111111011111010101101001—18 | |
| Briggs | 0111100011110101111111101—18 | |
| Van Wagenen | 1111111110111100111101110—20 | —73 |

Marlborough Gun Club.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Covert | 1110100111000011111101010 15 | |
| T Rhodes | 0101111000011111111111111—19 | |
| C Bingham | 1111111100111111111110000—19 | |
| Vail | 0011110011101110111100110—16 | 69 |

The next shoot will be at Poughkeepsie Thursday, Aug 5, when it is expected that at least six clubs will participate.

B. C. EVERINGHIM.

### Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., July 18.—We held no medal shoot this week on account of rainy weather, though a few shooters put in an appearance and had a small practice, the scores of which I enclose:

| | No. 1 | No. 2 |
|---|---|---|
| R A Eddy | 11111101110111101010—15 | 10010101011111101111—14 |
| T M McLeod | 11000100010100011010—8 | 00110010000000000100—5 |
| R E Hammond | 11010000111000110100—8 | 11110001101000010000—8 |

In a match at 5 pairs Eddy broke 5 to McLeod's 3.

W. E. GRAHAM, Sec'y.

## Fulford's to "Charley and Mac."

Utica, N. Y., July 24 —*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you permit me a few words in reply to the statements of C. E. Willard and also the recent utterances of Harvey McMurchy with respect to professional shooters?

Who will gainsay the fact that it was largely through the efforts of paid professional shooters and expert amateurs, together with the masterhand of McMurchy, that placed his gun where it is to-day? L. C. Smith was, without doubt or question, the most astute gun manufacturer of his day, and he early saw the advantage of a paid professional shooter to advertise his gun. I trust that Mr. McMurchy, after enjoying the field almost alone all these years, is not now getting afraid of competition.

Will Messrs. Willard and McMurchy kindly come forward and tell us when trap-shooting was ruined, and who did the deed? Again Mr. Willard says, after proposing the establishment of shooting parks, "We believe with this arrangement, and with targets and shells sold at a minimum price, that there would soon be as much shooting as there was a few years back." Why, bless your soul, Charley, don't you know that there was never as much trap-shooting done in the history of the world as is done now? Ask the target manufacturers; ask the shell trade; ask the powder men; and with one unanimous voice they will tell you that their business is increasing in a large ratio every year. The people who talk about the "good old times" are the ones who, in the "good old times," had the professional field to themselves, and reaped all the benefit. Now I contend that professionalism has not hurt trap-shooting at all; it has helped it in the way of introducing better guns, loads and methods in shooting; and if the big tournaments are not now the successes they once were, the cause can be looked for in the general depression and not as a result of professional shooters. The men who formerly went a hundred miles to a tournament now do the same amount of shooting on their own club's grounds. That professional shooters are not responsible is proven by the fact that strictly amateur shoots are not as well patronized as open shoots. Stripped of its mask, this wail is simply the cry of the old commercial drummer professional shooter, who sees his preserves invaded by men whose only business it is to advertise goods instead of both advertising and selling. Shooting is not going to the dogs, and if not a single big tournament were to be held next year in this country, there would notwithstanding be five times as many targets thrown as in the "good old days" when a half dozen men had things all their own way. "But," says Willard, "by this I mean that where there are now ten professional shooters employed there will be but one when the trap-shooting season opens in 1898. Mac and I have talked this over, and we are both of the same opinion that this is the only way in which the good old days can be brought back." But why the one professional shooter, Charley? Why not abolish them all? Or is it that you mean that only you and Mac are to be left to reap the harvest, as you did in "the good old days?" Of course, if you can bar out Heikes, Glover, Gilbert, Parmelee, Winston, Budd, Brewer, Elliott and many others, and only leave in the business those whose business it is to sell to the trade, then, no doubt, it would be "good old days" for Charley and Mac.

But the real fact about the matter is that the manufacturers, whose trade has been doubled many times over by the efforts of these men, will quite likely have something to say as to whom they will employ in 1898. E. D. Fulford.

## Elliott versus Grimm.

Kansas City, Mo., July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I readily note in several sporting papers, the desire of Mr. E. S. Rice to appear as the backer of Mr. C. M. Grimm, of Clear Lake, Ia., in a series of three matches, and I am willing to concede him the advantage of even naming all the grounds the matches are to take place on. Am glad to see Mr. Rice desires a test of skill on good pigeons, although I have noticed, when two men desire to shoot a pigeon match, the conditions of the pigeons were as equally fair for one man as another, at any season of the year. There has also been, for a number of years, a class of shooters—during the months of July and August—who were usually redhot for a match, but who can never be confined in one until the fall of the year, when birds are good; at which time a necessary postponement extends the time until spring, when the challenges become obliterated by the spring rains and have to be renewed again through the press columns. It is now my purpose to accommodate each one's particular fancy.

With a few modifications and conditions, I will accept Mr. Rice's challenge on behalf of Mr. Grimm, and I will first meet Mr. Grimm at St. Louis, Mo., Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2 P. M.; second, at Omaha, Neb., Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 2 P. M.; third, at Chicago, Ill., Saturday, Oct. 9, at 2 P. M. Each individual match to be at one hundred (100) pigeons each man, for one hundred dollars ($100) a side; American Association rules; thirty (30) yards rise. Matches to be shot to a finish the same day, daylight permitting, with a side bet of two hundred dollars ($200) a side on the man killing the highest number in the three matches. The fifty ($50) dollars forfeit to become a part of the stake of the last race, provided the former conditions have been complied with. The loser of each match to pay for the pigeons shot at by each contestant; also a gate receipt of fifty (50) cents to be collected from every visitor, including principals and their backers. The total amount collected to be turned over to the referee and become a part of the stake, going to the contestant winning that day's contest. Mr. Rice being the challenger, is at each point he has named, to furnish inclosed grounds free of charge, further providing A1, first-class pigeons of which he speaks, at a nominal price, not to exceed twenty-five (25) cents each. If surface or ground traps are used, the two hundred (200) selected pigeons which we are to shoot at are to be placed in coops and trapped therefrom, in plain view of both contestants. Not caring to lay out of the use of so much money as Mr. Rice has put up, and considering fifty dollars ($50) a sufficient guarantee of a man's good faith, I have forwarded to Mr. John Watson, Grand Crossing, Ill., that amount, naming him as the holder of final stake and forfeit. Next! J. A. R. Elliott.

## Boston Shooting Association.

Boston, Mass., July 21.—The team shoot for the *Shooting and Fishing* trophy took place to-day on the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association at Wellington. The race resulted in favor of the Worcester Sportsman's Club by 9 breaks. Scores:

| Worcester Sportsman's Club. | Singles. | Pairs. | Total. | Boston Shooting Association. | Singles. | Pairs. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Forehand | 25 | 16 | 41 | Dickey | 28 | 16 | 44 |
| Davis | 25 | 15 | 40 | Leroy | 25 | 13 | 38 |
| A W Walls | 24 | 14 | 38 | Herbert | 25 | 13 | 38 |
| Snell | 23 | 13 | 36 | Puck | 21 | 11 | 32 |
| Kenerson | 22 | 14 | 36—191 | Allison | 19 | 11 | 30—182 |

Other sweepstakes were shot as below:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | 10 | 10 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 20 | 20 | 15 | 15 | 10 | 10 | 10 |
| Howe | 7 | 7 | 13 | 12 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 18 | 17 | 13 | 12 | 8 | 7 | 9 |
| Davis | 10 | 9 | 14 | 14 | 14 | 13 | 15 | 16 | 18 | 15 | 15 | 6 | 7 | .. |
| Puck | 9 | 9 | 12 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 11 | 12 | 17 | 15 | 11 | 6 | 8 | 9 |
| Snell | 8 | 6 | 9 | 13 | 12 | 13 | 11 | 18 | .. | .. | 12 | .. | .. | .. |
| Kenerson | 8 | 9 | 11 | 12 | 14 | 12 | 13 | 16 | 12 | 14 | 12 | .. | .. | .. |
| Leroy | 9 | 8 | 15 | 13 | 15 | 13 | 13 | 19 | 18 | 13 | 13 | 9 | 9 | 9 |
| Jones | 8 | 6 | 14 | 14 | 14 | 11 | 11 | 20 | 18 | 12 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Herbert | 10 | 9 | 14 | 13 | 13 | 14 | 13 | 17 | 16 | .. | 14 | .. | .. | .. |
| Turpin | 8 | 10 | 5 | 12 | 10 | 6 | 7 | 17 | 15 | 12 | 11 | .. | .. | .. |
| A W Walls | 8 | .. | .. | .. | 14 | .. | .. | 18 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Roach | .. | 8 | .. | 8 | .. | .. | 11 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Thompson | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | 9 | 10 | 18 | 8 | 10 | 5 | 7 | 6 |
| Bond | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 12 | 12 | 16 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Snow | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. |
| Forehand | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 15 | 13 | 17 | 17 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Everett | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | 12 | 9 | 5 | 7 | 6 |
| S Wood | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | 9 | 7 | 6 | 4 |
| Allison | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | 13 | 10 | 10 | 10 |

B. S. A.

## Montpelier Gun Club.

Montpelier, Vt., July 22.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Montpelier Gun Club:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | 20 | 5 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 20 | 25 | 10 |
| C O Barrett | 18 | .. | 19 | 18 | 16 | 16 | 7 | 10 | .. | .. | .. |
| Fiske | 14 | 4 | .. | 15 | .. | 14 | .. | 6 | .. | .. | 8 |
| G B Walton | 11 | 4 | 18 | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | .. | .. | 8 |
| Ehle | 6 | 5 | .. | 8 | 12 | .. | .. | .. | 13 | 19 | .. |
| Brown | 17 | 4 | 16 | .. | 18 | 12 | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. |
| B A Eastman | .. | .. | 13 | 14 | 15 | 18 | 6 | 7 | .. | .. | .. |
| W H Eastman | .. | .. | 13 | 13 | 16 | 13 | 7 | 8 | .. | .. | .. |
| Houghton | .. | .. | 5 | 15 | 12 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Briggs | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 8 | 16 | 14 | .. |

Nos. 1 and 4 were at known angles; the rest were at unknown angles, with the exception of No. 2, which was at expert rules.

Geo. B. Walton, Sec'y.

## Limited Gun Club's Summer Meeting.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 8.—The summer meeting of the Limited Gun Club, which closed to day, was "the hottest ever was." At the coolest place on the wide veranda of the club house the mercury was crowding the 100 mark, while down town the intense heat was hourly claiming its victims. Under such conditions it was not expected that the attendance would be large. The secretary was at home sick, and his work devolved upon Mr John M. Lilly, who was assisted by Mr. A. E. Ballwag as referee, Mr. Ray Williams as cashier, and by Mr. George Miller as scorer.

The programme was alternate events of 15 targets, entrance $2, and 20 targets, entrance $2.50. Ten per cent of net purses was set aside and divided equally between the five high guns shooting in the first ten events.

The out of town shooters were: A. W. du Bray, of Parker Bros.; Ralph Trimble, of the Du Pont Powder Co.; H. E. Norton, of the Winchester Arms Co.; H. J. Lyons and J. S. Phelps, Jr., Louisville, Ky.; J. W. Penn, Cincinnati; Ed. Novis, Crawfordsville; J. B. Stipp, Bedford; Proctor and Glunt, Union City; Small and Gamble Aurora; Van Dolson and Cartright, Anderson; Thompson, Lafayette; Cumberland and Apperson, Kokomo; Schwartz, Columbus; F. Trimble, Covington, Ky., and F. D. Alkire, Woodlyn, O.

The trade representatives were barred from the sweeps, and shot for the targets only, as did several others, who thought the company too fast for them. In this way about 1,800 targets were sold. The club will encourage this sort of thing in the future. Mr. J. L. Head, of Peru, and Meyers and Webb, of Greensburg, were new men on the second day.

FIRST DAY.

The results of this day's shooting were as below:

| | Shot at. | Broke. | Av. | | Shot at. | Broke. | Av. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Gamble | 175 | 153 | 87.4 | Thompson | 175 | 132 | 75.4 |
| Parry | 175 | 151 | 86.3 | Lyons | 175 | 129 | 73.7 |
| Beck | 175 | 151 | 86.3 | E Trimble | 125 | 104 | 83.2 |
| Alkire | 175 | 150 | 85.7 | Schwartz | 105 | 84 | 80 |
| Partington | 175 | 147 | 84 | Wildhack | 90 | 77 | 85.5 |
| Tripp | 175 | 145 | 82.8 | Proctor | 85 | 71 | 83.5 |
| Cooper | 175 | 144 | 82.2 | Socwell | 70 | 55 | 78.5 |
| Griffiths | 175 | 142 | 81.1 | Marott | 50 | 30 | 60 |
| Penn | 175 | 140 | 80 | Stilwell | 45 | 30 | 66.6 |
| Voris | 175 | 140 | 80 | Grube | 35 | 26 | 74.2 |
| Stipp | 175 | 136 | 77.7 | Cumberland | 35 | 23 | 65.7 |
| Small | 175 | 135 | 77.1 | Apperson | 30 | 19 | 63.3 |
| Phelps | 175 | 134 | 76.5 | | | | |

Gamble, Parry, Beck, Alkire and Partington, the five high guns, each received $7.70 as average money.

SECOND DAY.

| | Shot at. | Broke. | Av. | | Shot at. | Broke. | Av. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Partington | 175 | 158 | 90.2 | Beck | 155 | 124 | 80 |
| Tripp | 175 | 155 | 88.5 | Griffiths | 125 | 102 | 81.6 |
| Alkire | 175 | 155 | 88.5 | E Trimble | 125 | 100 | 80 |
| Gamble | 175 | 155 | 88.5 | Webb | 100 | 75 | 75 |
| Head | 175 | 155 | 88.5 | Wildhack | 90 | 72 | 80 |
| Parry | 175 | 154 | 88 | Socwell | 50 | 41 | 82 |
| Cooper | 175 | 151 | 86.3 | Lockwood | 35 | 28 | 80 |
| Penn | 175 | 150 | 85.7 | Long | 15 | 14 | 93.3 |
| Meyers | 175 | 139 | 79.4 | Marott | 15 | 10 | 66.6 |

Partington, Tripp, Alkire, Gamble and Head each received $5 as average money for the five high guns. R. R.

## Boston Gun Club.

Wellington, Mass., July 21.—The final shoot of the Boston Gun Club series took place at Wellington to-day, and eleven assembled to do justice to the event. The afternoon was fine for shooting, and no fault could be found with it; the sun was hidden by many clouds, affording reduced temperature and also a relieved light. Not a few are sorry that the shooting on these grounds is concluded until snow flies, for each Wednesday, as they all too quickly sped away, meant a pleasant hour or two with gun and friends. The series consisted of eight shoots with the four best scores counting for prizes; and one score consisting of 25 targets each day, 15 known and 10 unknown. Winning scores are given below:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | 10 | 10 | 10 | 6 | 5 | 15 | 10 | 10 | 6 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 |
| Horace | 7 | 8 | 9 | 4 | 4 | 9 | 9 | 7 | .. | .. | .. | 2 | 5 | 5 | 6 |
| Benton | 4 | 5 | 6 | 1 | .. | 11 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Miskay | 7 | 8 | 7 | 6 | .. | 12 | 8 | 3 | .. | 10 | 6 | 5 | 8 | 7 | 7 |
| Milner | 6 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 7 | .. | .. | 4 | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. |
| Wheeler | 2 | 3 | .. | .. | 1 | 4 | 4 | .. | .. | 2 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Nickols | 5 | 6 | 6 | 3 | .. | 5 | 3 | 1 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Lyons | .. | 6 | 3 | .. | .. | 5 | 2 | .. | .. | 3 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Brown | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 14 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 7 | 4 | 5 | .. | .. | .. |
| Sewall | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | 12 | 7 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 4 | 5 | 4 | .. |
| Spencer | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | 13 | 7 | 8 | 3 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Blair | .. | .. | .. | .. | 3 | .. | .. | 6 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 8 |

Events 1, 2, 5, 6, 10, 11 and 15 were known angles; 3, 7 and 12, unknown; 4, 9, 13 and 14 pairs; 8, reverse pull.

Eighth contest in prize series, 25 targets, 15 known and 10 unknown, distance handicap:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Spencer (18) | 111110110111111—13 | 1110111100—7—20 |
| Miskay (17) | 101111111101110—12 | 1111011011—8—20 |
| Brown (15) | 011111111111111—14 | 1110001110—6—20 |
| Sewall (15) | 111001111110111—12 | 1111010110—7—19 |
| Horace (16) | 101011011100011—9 | 1111111011—9—18 |
| Benton (14) | 011011111101101—11 | 0010101111—6—17 |
| Milner (16) | 100010110111110—9 | 0010111111—7—16 |
| Wheeler (16) | 000110000100100—4 | 0001111000—4—8 |
| Nickols (15) | 101000010010100—5 | 1000110000—3—8 |
| Lyons (14) | 000001001100101—5 | 1100000000—2—7 |

| Winning scores in series. | | | | | Discarded scores. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First—Miskay | 23 | 21 | 21 | 20—85 | 20 | 20 | 18 | 17 |
| Second—Spencer | 21 | 21 | 21 | 20—83 | 19 | 19 | 18 | 16 |
| Third—Horace | 22 | 20 | 19 | 18—79 | 17 | 17 | | |
| Fourth—Brown | 21 | 20 | 18 | 18—77 | 17 | 14 | 12 | |
| Fifth—Sheffield | 20 | 19 | 18 | 18—75 | None. | | | |
| Sixth—Woodruff | 20 | 19 | 18 | 17—74 | None. | | | |
| Seventh—Benton | 17 | 17 | 16 | 14—64 | 11 | 10 | 10 | 9 |
| Eighth—Nickols | 14 | 13 | 11 | 11—51 | 11 | | | |

Boston.

## Trap at Lancaster, Pa.

Lancaster, Pa., July 16.—This afternoon one of the largest and most exciting live-bird shoots that has been held in this section for a long time took place on Clark's shooting grounds, on the Conestoga, just east of the city. The shoot, under the management of Frank Clark, one of our best known shots, was for a handsome gold trophy donated by the Sprenger Brewing Co., valued at $75. Any resident of this county can compete for it. The winner of the trophy is required to defend it against all comers, and to hold it permanently must win it three times in succession. As will be noticed by the score, Messrs. Taylor and Hoak tied for first honors. In the shoot-off at 10 birds Mr. Hoak won, scoring 8 straight, while Taylor lost his 1st, 5th and 8th birds.

| | Score. | L. | R. Q. I. | L. Q. I. | D. | R. Q. D. | L. Q. D. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Tell | 020001211222022311 22—15 | 2 | 5 | 0 | 2 | 6 | 7 |
| Weaver | 011100121110110000w—10 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 6 |
| G W Taylor | 0112222112110122112 2—18 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 0 | 7 | 6 |
| G S Franklin | 22201201012112211101—16 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 6 |
| G Gladfelter | 00021211010111022102—18 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 4 | 4 |
| Kern | 21120212120021212222—17 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 7 | 6 |
| W R Fieles | 22122122212022022022—17 | 3 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 5 | 7 |
| J S Whittaker | 2012●012●11001111001—12 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 2 | 6 | 5 |
| W P Cummings | 11110111101111111020—16 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 11 |
| A C Kreuger | 012●101111121012●020—13 | 1 | 6 | 3 | 2 | 5 | 3 |
| F S Hoak | 10012121122221111212—18 | 0 | 5 | 5 | 2 | 3 | 5 |
| H E Anderson | 02022112010001100012—11 | 0 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 4 | 7 |
| S Kersey | 20212212222●1●002222—16 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 1 | 3 | 7 |
| C Galbraith | 00221221101211220211—16 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 7 |
| E G Ryder | 12121112002202110111—16 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 4 |

After the above match E. C. Smith made the following score:

E C Smith 11122112111011221221—19

H. O. L.

## Lake Charles Rod and Gun Club.

Lake Charles, La., July 21.—The Lake Charles Rod and Gun Club of this city, will give its first annual shoot next month, Aug. 18-20. Its programme as yet has not been announced, but the same promises to be very interesting, from the mere fact that there will be a number of guaranteed prizes.

The club was organized May 1, 1896, and is to-day in a most flourishing condition. Its members are a jolly, good set of men, being of Lake Charles's best citizens, and all are typical sportsmen.

It is expected that Dallas, San Antonio and Houston, Tex.; Shreveport, Alexandria, New Iberia and New Orleans will be well represented at the shoot next month. I can promise all sportsmen who wish to attend that the Lake Charles people and members of the gun club will extend to them hospitalities that time will never erase from their memory. A. Cardona, Jr.

## The Indian Wolf Shoot.

Clear Lake, Iowa, July 23.—The first annual tournament of the Indian Squad closed to day. The attendance was not as large as was expected with $500 added; possibly the location had something to do with this, as many shooters thought it too far to go to attend a tournament. But those who did attend were amply repaid for the trip, as Clear Lake is one of the pleasantest places to spend a few days in the heat of the summer we know of. Mr. Grimm had every arrangement made for the convenience and comfort of all.

The target shooting was done across the lake from the city, on a place known as Grand View. The traps were set to throw the targets over the water, and the background was perfect. The shooting was very difficult, owing to a high wind, and straight scores were very scarce. About 20,000 targets were thrown in regular and extra events. The programme had ten 20-target events each day, entrance $1.50, with $15 added to each event. The shooting was done under the Sergeant system; coast pigeon targets were used. Mr. Stratton, of the Grand View Hotel, served a fine lunch, and looked after the comfort of his guests.

On Friday, 23d, the shooting was changed to grounds on the opposite side of the lake, near what is known as the camp grounds and Oaks' Hotel, and at 10 A. M. the 25 live-bird event commenced. The birds were a good lot and not a straight score was made. Mr. Gilbert scored 24 and won a nice cut-glass lemonade set, donated by Mr. E. S. Rice, of Chicago, and first money.

Mr. Parmelee won high average on targets, leading Gilbert and Heikes by 5 targets, and won a Marlin repeating rifle, donated by Mr. Robbins, of the *Sportsmen's Review*, of Chicago. Four Indians were absent—McMurchy, Parker, Merrill and Erhardt; we have since learned that Mr. Erhardt is very sick, and the Indian squad and his many friends are very sorry to learn of his being ill, and hope for his speedy recovery.

Chicago was well represented by E. S. Rice and family, Mr. Richards and wife, Mrs. Dr. Rowe, Mr. Robbins and wife, John Watson and Ed. Bingham and wife; Keithsburg: Tom Marshall wife, mother and daughter; Mr. Cobine, wife and daughter, and Mr. Eidlesdorf and wife; Omaha: Loomis, wife and family; Frank Parmelee, Goodly Brucker and J. C. Reed; Spirit Lake: Fred. Gilbert and wife; Kansas City: Hermann and wife, Miss Gilkinson and Mr. Gotleib; Marshalltown, Ia.: Dr. Kibby, wife and family; L. C. Abbott-Cook; Forest City: Mr. Howard, E. A. Leach; Tripps, Dak.: Baldwin; Jackson, Minn.: Palmer; Lake Park: G. Hughes; Fonda: Henshaw; Okoboji: F. A. Smith; Hartley: J. G. Smith; Algona: Mr. Corry; Dayton, Ia.: Clark Manson; Clark: Nora Springs; R. O. Heikes and wife, Dayton, O.; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Budd, Miss Kopp and W. R. Milner, Des Moines.

On Thursday night a party of about fifty attended Barnum & Bailey's circus at Mason City, and report having a great time.

The Indians have not decided on a location for their tournament next year, but as soon as the location is decided on will advise you. Hawkeye.

[Since the above was written we have learned from Hawkeye that the Indians will hold a Wolf shoot in '98 and will add $1,000].

Owing to our receiving the scores of the Indian Wolf shoot shortly before going to press, we are able to give only the general averages of those who shot through the programme of 600 targets. Parmelee leads, with Heikes and Gilbert tied for second and third places, Gottlieb, of Kansas City, being fourth:

| | 1st day. | 2d day. | 3d day. | Total. | Ave. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| F S Parmelee | 183 | 176 | 184 | 543 | 90.5 |
| R O Heikes | 181 | 173 | 184 | 538 | 89.6 |
| Fred Gilbert | 175 | 180 | 183 | 538 | 89.6 |
| Chris Gottlieb | 173 | 175 | 181 | 529 | 88.1 |
| C M Powers | 171 | 162 | 185 | 518 | 86.3 |
| C M Grimm | 169 | 164 | 169 | 502 | 83.6 |
| T A Marshall | 157 | 165 | 178 | 500 | 83.3 |
| C W Budd | 164 | 158 | 177 | 499 | 83.1 |
| J Loomis | 145 | 170 | 167 | 482 | 80.3 |
| Eddie Bingham | 157 | 153 | 160 | 470 | 78.3 |
| Kibby | 155 | 132 | 163 | 450 | 75 |

Entries did not rule high. On the first day there were 244 entries in the ten events, an average of 24.4 for each event; the average on the second day was 23.2, and on the third day only 18.2.

In the 25 live-bird race on Friday the scores were (eighteen entries):

Gilbert 24, E. A. Leach, Powers and Parmelee 23, Loomis, Marshall and Budd 22, Grimm 21; all the rest withdrew as follows: Hughes 17 out of 18, Herman and Watson 16 out of 21, Brucker 15 out of 20, Heikes 14 out of 19, Kibby 11 out of 16, Plummer 9 out of 14, Barringer 7 out of 12, Gottlieb 5 out of 10, Bingham 4 out of 9.

## Wawasett vs. West Chester.

West Chester, Pa., July 15.—Below find score of the first of a series of those matches at bluerock targets between the Wawasett Gun Club, of Wilmington, Del., and the West Chester Gun Club, of West Chester, Pa., shot at Wilmington to-day. It was a game of guessing who would be the victors, but resulted in favor of the Wilmington boys by 6 targets. Good feeling and the best of order prevailed. The return match will be shot at West Chester some time in August.

Wawasett.

| | |
|---|---|
| G Huber | 0111101111111011101111 11—21 |
| C Buck | 0100101111111101111110111—19 |
| J Huber | 1100111011111011001100—17 |
| H Donaldson | 1111111110111111111011111—23 |
| G Miller | 0100111101111011010101101—17 |
| W Buckmaster | 1011110110111101111111111—21 |
| R Miller | 1111111101111111111111111—24 |
| C Springer | 1111101111111111010101101101—20 |
| E Mason | 1100011110111111111111110—20 |
| L Maul | 1111111110110001111111111—21—203 |

West Chester.

| | |
|---|---|
| F Henry | 1111011010110111111100111—19 |
| H Lumis | 1111111101101111101111110—21 |
| T Sellers | 1101110100100111111011111—18 |
| G Foulke | 1111111111111001111111101—22 |
| Davis | 1111101110101111101011110—19 |
| M Jackson | 1111111111111001111001111—21 |
| F Gill | 1110011110111101112011111—19 |
| B Ford | 1111011011111111111111111—23 |
| J Hannams | 1101011001111101010110110—16 |
| T Ferguson | 0111111101010111111110110—19—197 |

H. F. Eachus.

## Portsmouth Gun Club.

Portsmouth, N. H., July 17.—Below will be found a brief summary of the results arrived at in the last four medal shoots held by this club:

*June 26.*—Class A: Newick 15, Weston 10, Frizzell 9, Noone 7.

Class B: Brown 11, W. J. Philbrick 10, H. E. Philbrick 8, Lewis 6, Manson 4.

Class C: Dow 11, Hussey 7, Dunk 7, Charlsen 6, H. Newick 5, Merwin 2.

*July 3.*—Class A: Noone 13, Frizzell 12, Newick 11, Weston 8.

Class B: W. J. Philbrick 10, Manson 9, Brown 7, R. Weston 7, H. E. Philbrick 7, Lewis 4.

Class C: Dow 7, Charlsen 5, Merwin 4, Dennett 3, Hussey 2.

*July 10.*—Class A: Noone 11, Newick 11, Weston 10, Frizzell 9.

Class B: Lewis 11, W. J. Philbrick 10, H. E. Philbrick 9, Manson 9, Brown 5, R. Weston 5.

Class C: Dow 10, Charlsen 5, Roper 5, Hoyt 5, Merwin 4, Hussey 4, Dennett 3.

In the shoot-off for the class A badge Newick was the winner.

*July 17.*—Class A: Noone 13, Newick 13, Frizzell 10, Weston 10. On the shoot-off of the tie Newick won, scoring 4 out of 5 to Noone's 3.

Class B: H. E. Philbrick 13, Manson 13, W. J. Philbrick 10, Brown 10, Lewis 7. In the shoot off in this class each man was still a tie with 3 out of 5. It was then miss-and-out; each man broke his first two and then each dropped his third target. Philbrick breaking his fourth target while Manson dropped his. Philbrick was the winner.

Class C: Roper 13, Merwin 9, Hussey 7, Charlsen 6, Hoyt 3.

W. J. Philbrick, Sec'y.

## Elliott Hears From Two.

GLOVER ACCEPTS AND NAMES A DATE.

Rochester, July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have this day deposited with the Kansas City *Star* $50 as the necessary forfeit, in answer to a challenge from Mr. J. A. R. Elliott to contest for the Kansas City *Star* cup, now held by me, and name the date as follows: Aug. 14, 2:30 P. M., in the city of Rochester, N. Y. Sim Glover.

BUDD ALSO NAMES AUG. 14.

Clear Lake, Ia., July 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hereby accept Mr. J. A. R. Elliott's challenge to shoot me a match for the Du Pont Championship trophy, and name the Eau Claire Gun Club's grounds, Eau Claire, Wis., and Saturday, Aug. 14, at 2 o'clock P. M. as the place and time for said match. Race to be at 100 live birds per man, Du Pont trophy rules as last amended to govern; loser of match to pay for birds. C. W. Budd.

## Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., July 28.—The seventh annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association was the most successful one in the history of this organization, and the members of the Pine Bluff Gun Club, under whose auspices the tournament was held, covered themselves with glory, and are entitled to all the credit for the success of the shoot. While all the members contributed more or less to the success of the tournament, yet the lion's share is due entirely to the efforts of Messrs. J. T. Lloyd, George Clements, John Speers and Ed. Howell. These four worked early and late to bring about the results that were so satisfactory to all the visiting shooters, and which must be no less gratifying to them. They can speak with pardonable pride of the success of this shoot.

In gauging the success of a tournament, the number of targets thrown is not the only criterion to base one's opinion on, but the after-results are also to be considered, and it is just this which makes us state that this tournament was the most successful ever given by the Association. The added money had been distributed in such a manner, and the purses divided by the Rose system, so as to enable all those who shot in for a place to receive at least as much as they put in, even though they only came in for fourth money, and yet those who shot well received fair return for their skill. Thus, there were no big losers at the shoot and of course no big winners. Yet, Thibault, who made the high average of the shoot, is about $50 ahead of the game, an ample remuneration for three days' work—or sport, as you like it.

The principal object the club had in view was to distribute the $500 added money among as many as possible, and in this respect it also accomplished its object. An illustration of how satisfactory the system was is borne out in Kirk's case. This shooter intended to participate in only a few events, but after he started shot through the entire programme, and though he made only 76 per cent. was only out about $5 on his entrance money. While under the old system he would have lasted about six events, as he failed to strike that lucky hole, they harp so much on. No matter what other people think, here in Arkansas the Rose system is voted a success, and will doubtless be used at all tournaments given in the future. In berating the system the conclusions are invariably drawn from tournaments where there is no added money, and the critic also appears to forget that someone has to pay for the targets. There was not one disgruntled shooter at this tournament and not a single objection raised against the system.

Nor was there a shooter present who is not willing and anxious to attend another tournament in the near future conducted on the same plan as this one. Associations and clubs who are really sincere in accomplishing the principal objects for which they are organized would do well to follow the example of this Association. One thing must, however, be borne in mind, that the added money at this tournament, with one or two exceptions, always exceeded the price of the targets.

JUDICIOUS ARRANGEMENTS.

The club had carefully planned to have all the arrangements for the shoot as complete as possible, and in this, too, it succeeded admirably. The customary shelter had been erected at the score, and there was also ample provision made for the shooter when not at the score, as well as for the spectators. There were plenty of chairs, and the only difficulty was to keep the omnipresent small boy from monopolizing them. This was a difficulty hard to overcome, from the fact that the shooting grounds are not fenced in. Aside from this everything was satisfactory. The shooting grounds are located right on the bank of the Arkansas River, and about ten blocks from the center of the city. The club made arrangements with one of the livery companies to take shooters to and from the ground for 25 cents.

There was only one set of traps in position, and these were arranged on the Sergeant system; they were found to be equal to all requirements, and something over 15,000 targets were thrown from them in the three days. The traps faced northeast, and the background was what most people would pronounce good, although some of the shooters complained of the trees that lined the river bank on the opposite side nearly a mile away. Mr. Lloyd was virtually the manager of the shoot, and decided all questions that came up, and saw that all the assistants attended to their duty properly. Mr. Clements assisted him in this capacity. Mr Ed Howell acted in the arduous position of cashier. In fact, all the club members interested themselves in the shoot, and saw that the visitors were well taken care of.

THOSE WHO WERE PRESENT.

Among those present were Drs. A. A. Forsythe, T. Y. Aby and Frank Dabney, Monroe, La.; A. H. Frank, Memphis, Tenn.; E. H. Lindsey, Robeline, La.; P. M. Perkins and M. F. Buvens, Many, La.; E L. Sharkey and W. Arnold, Greenville, Miss.; J. A. Maxwell, Columbus, Miss.; A. L. Fassett, Ciro, Ill.; John J. Sumpter, Jr., Hot Springs; W. A. Leach and Joe P. Matthews, Ft. Smith; G. H. Wells and A. H. Vaughan, Jr., Clarendon; J. M. Birdsong, W. D. Cobb, T. J. Ellis, C. B. Gregg and J. H. Lane, Jonesboro; John M. Pemberton, Dave Alexander, J. K. Thibault, John T. Fletcher, Col J. A. Woodson, H. Conner, A. Wade, H L. Kirk, John N. Dickinson, Jr., W. R. Duley, Little Rock; Swartz, of Swartz, La.; Herbert Taylor, of St. Louis, Mo., representing the Du Pont and Hazard Powder Co's., was the only trade representative present.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting was held in the parlor of the Trulock Hotel. There was more real business transacted at it than at any two previous meetings, and the Association will now doubtless become a real factor in the game question of the State. One of the principal transactions was the passage of a resolution authorizing any member of the Association to offer a reward of $5 for the arrest and conviction of any one for the violation of our game and fish laws. Said reward to be paid from the treasury of the Association.

A committee was also appointed to draft a new game law. This committee consists of J. A. Woodson, John M. Rose, W. R. Duley and Paul R. Litzke, Little Rock; W. J. Little, Hot Springs, and W. H. Langford, Pine Bluff. The present game law was discussed at some length, and the good of the Association in general was also dwelt upon.

The following officers were then elected: W. H. Langford, Pine Bluff, President; W. R. Duley, Little Rock, Senior Vice-President; E. A. Howell, Pine Bluff, Treasurer; Paul R. Litzke, Little Rock, Secretary. Little Rock was selected for holding the next annual meeting and tournament.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

In arranging the programme for this shoot the club had very wisely set aside $50 for average money, to go to the seven high guns of the tournament. This money was divided as follows: $10, $9, $8, $7, $6 and two $5; but in order to compete for these prizes one had to shoot in all the open events for the three days. These average prizes kept up the interest and were conducive of much good-natured rivalry. It will be seen that fourteen shooters shot in all the events, and of that number eight got part of the money. The total of fourteen shooters recorded above would have been increased to seventeen, had not the Monroe shooters missed the train and thus arrived after the programme had been commenced.

The high average was made by J. K. Thibault, of Little Rock, with a fair margin over Sharkey, who won the $9. Clements, a member of the local club, won third, $8, with one less to his total than Sharkey: then comes Sumpter, 4 breaks less than Clements. Of the fourteen who shot through, six are local men, a very creditable showing for a club with a membership of not over twenty. This shows that the club evidently did not intend to depend entirely on the visiting shooters to make the shoot a success, as is too frequently the case.

Thibault, the winner of high average, shot a Parker gun, Repeater shells and Gold Dust powder; Sharkey shot a Winchester, Leader shells, and E. C.; Clements a Smith, Smokeless shells and Schultze; Sumpter a Smith, Smokeless and Du Pont.

| | Shot at. | Broke. | Av. | | Shot at. | Broke. | Av. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Thibault | 450 | 393 | 87.3 | Coles | 450 | 370 | 82.2 |
| Sharkey | 450 | 385 | 85.5 | Marsh | 450 | 356 | 79.1 |
| Clements | 450 | 384 | 85.3 | Lindsey | 450 | 356 | 79.1 |
| Sumpter | 450 | 380 | 84.4 | Lloyd | 450 | 353 | 78.4 |
| Matthews | 450 | 378 | 84 | Frank | 450 | 345 | 76.6 |
| Sorrells | 450 | 375 | 83.3 | Wade | 450 | 345 | 76.6 |
| Speers | 450 | 370 | 82.2 | Kirk | 450 | 342 | 76 |

### First Day, July 20.

The entries in to-day's events were not as large as the home boys had expected, though the awfully mean weather more than anything else is responsible for this. That old threadbare adage that it never rains but it pours, was never more forcibly illustrated than to-day—for it did rain and it did pour to such an extent that in every low place on the ground the water stood inches deep. Notwithstanding this handicap, the events were started promptly at 9 o'clock, as per schedule.

The programme consisted of ten 15-target events, $1.50 entrance, and $15 added to each. There was also a State event for the club team championship. The averages for the day are not high. Clements, a local man, is first with an average of 88. Singularly enough, he was also the first man to the score, so this was not a case of the first shall be last, etc. Speers, Thibault and Sharkey are all grouped together in second position, having an average of 86 per cent. Sorrells and Wade follow with 85.3. The others, as usual, are placed in order of merit in the table. Wade started off at a great clip, scoring 14 in each of the first four events, but after that he let down perceptibly, though he managed to make a straight in the last event. Conner and Forsythe both shot well; the latter wound up with 38 straight. Neither of them, however, shot in all events. The best run of the day was Sumpter's 45 straight. Thirty of these are not shown in the table, as they were made in two extras that were shot after the regular programme. The average entry for the day was about thirty, entries ranging from 27 to 35.

SCORES OF JULY 20.

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 | Shot at. | Broke. | Av. |
| Clements | 14 | 13 | 15 | 11 | 14 | 14 | 13 | 13 | 12 | 13 | 150 | 132 | 88 |
| Speers | 13 | 14 | 14 | 13 | 11 | 13 | 14 | 14 | 11 | 12 | 150 | 129 | 86 |
| Thibault | 11 | 12 | 15 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 12 | 14 | 13 | 13 | 150 | 129 | 86 |
| Sharkey | 13 | 9 | 12 | 13 | 15 | 12 | 13 | 15 | 14 | 13 | 150 | 129 | 86 |
| Sorrell | 12 | 13 | 14 | 12 | 14 | 12 | 14 | 12 | 14 | 11 | 150 | 128 | 85.3 |
| Wade | 14 | 14 | 14 | 14 | 12 | 11 | 10 | 11 | 13 | 15 | 150 | 128 | 85.3 |
| Sumpter | 12 | 14 | 11 | 12 | 10 | 11 | 13 | 14 | 14 | 15 | 150 | 126 | 84 |
| Marsh | 11 | 8 | 12 | 14 | 13 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 13 | 12 | 150 | 119 | 79.3 |
| Coles | 11 | 13 | 11 | 10 | 11 | 13 | 11 | 12 | 12 | 14 | 150 | 118 | 78.6 |
| Matthews | 12 | 11 | 15 | 9 | 12 | 10 | 14 | 12 | 13 | 10 | 150 | 118 | 78.6 |
| Frank | 12 | 12 | 10 | 14 | 13 | 11 | 12 | 12 | 11 | 11 | 150 | 118 | 78.6 |
| Lloyd | 13 | 13 | 10 | 11 | 13 | 13 | 9 | 12 | 13 | 10 | 150 | 117 | 78 |
| Maxwell | 8 | 13 | 9 | 14 | 10 | 10 | 12 | 13 | 12 | 15 | 150 | 116 | 77.3 |
| Perkins | 10 | 12 | 10 | 11 | 14 | 14 | 11 | 11 | 13 | 9 | 150 | 115 | 76.6 |
| Kirk | 10 | 12 | 14 | 9 | 13 | 10 | 11 | 9 | 12 | 13 | 150 | 113 | 75.3 |
| Alexander | 11 | 12 | 13 | 10 | 14 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 13 | 150 | 113 | 75.3 |
| Lindsey | 6 | 11 | 9 | 13 | 12 | 12 | 12 | 10 | 12 | 13 | 150 | 110 | 73.3 |
| Duley | 13 | 11 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 12 | 14 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 150 | 107 | 71.3 |
| Burens | 6 | 10 | 12 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 11 | 13 | 10 | 12 | 150 | 107 | 71.3 |
| Fa sett | 12 | 13 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 11 | 11 | 10 | 11 | 11 | 150 | 105 | 70 |
| Arnold | 9 | 12 | 10 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 11 | 12 | 10 | 150 | 102 | 68 |
| Conner | .. | .. | .. | 13 | 13 | 14 | 14 | 13 | 12 | 13 | 105 | 92 | 87.6 |
| Forsythe | .. | .. | 13 | 11 | 10 | 14 | 12 | 12 | 15 | 15 | 120 | 102 | 85 |
| Voss | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 14 | 12 | 10 | 45 | 36 | 80 |
| Fergus | 12 | 10 | 12 | 13 | .. | 13 | 12 | 10 | 11 | 11 | 135 | 104 | 77 |
| Leach | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | 12 | 10 | 11 | 60 | 46 | 76.6 |
| Lane | .. | 10 | .. | 11 | .. | 10 | 11 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 105 | 78 | 74.2 |
| Pemberton | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | 12 | 10 | 13 | 60 | 43 | 71.6 |
| Dryburg | .. | 12 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 30 | 21 | 70 |
| Martin | 11 | 8 | 12 | 9 | 10 | 6 | 12 | .. | .. | .. | 105 | 68 | 64.7 |
| Gregg | 8 | .. | .. | 10 | .. | 7 | 10 | 11 | 4 | 11 | 105 | 61 | 58.1 |
| Cobb | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | 9 | 8 | 9 | .. | .. | 60 | 34 | 56.3 |
| Ellis | .. | 7 | .. | 10 | .. | 8 | 11 | 5 | .. | .. | 75 | 41 | 54.6 |
| Black | 9 | 8 | 5 | 7 | 12 | 6 | 9 | 8 | .. | .. | 120 | 64 | 53.3 |
| Howell | 7 | 5 | 7 | 11 | 14 | 5 | 7 | 7 | .. | .. | 120 | 63 | 52.5 |
| Birdsong | 6 | .. | .. | 10 | 7 | .. | 10 | 8 | 6 | .. | 90 | 47 | 52.2 |
| Langford | .. | .. | 10 | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 30 | 15 | 50 |
| Simpson | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | 15 | 9 | 60 |
| Arnold E | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | 15 | 6 | 40 |

THE FOUR-MEN TEAM RACE.

Only two clubs were represented in this contest, Little Rock and Pine Bluff, but the contest was nevertheless interesting. It was shot in squads of four, two from each team. The first two men on the Pine Bluff team were Sorrells and Clements; Little Rock's two were Thibault and Wade. These pairs tied with 41 to their credit. This virtually left the match with the last two men on each team, and it is here that Pine Bluff won, as Alexander, usually so reliable, went wrong, only scoring 17; Conner scored 22, while the Pine Bluff pair got 43, which made their total 84, and landed them winners by 4 birds. This is the second time that Pine Bluff has won the trophy, having won it in '91, at the first meeting of the Association. The conditions of the race are four men to a team, all members of the same club; no club allowed to enter more than one team, 25 singles per man, unknown angles:

Pine Bluff Gun Club.

Speers........1110111111111101111101111—22
Lloyd........1111011111011101111111110—21
Sorrells........0101011111111111111011111—21
Clements........1111001111101111001111111—20—84

Little Rock Gun Club.

Thibault........1111011111111111111100111—22
Conner........1111111111011011111110111—22
Wade........1001010111111111111001111—19
Alexander........0111101110110011111011010—17—80

### Second Day, July 21.

That gentlemanly and unpretentious shooter, Frank Dabney, of Monroe, La., put in an appearance at the shoot to-day, and proceeded at once to set the pace for the rest of the contestants, finishing with the fine percentage of 91. Thibault, however, was right after him with 90.6, a break less than Dabney. The latter in the first event scored one break more than Thibault; this lead he could never overcome, although he broke 125 out of his last 135, as Dabney did likewise. There is quite a gap between Thibault and Coles, who is third, but Forsythe, in fourth position, is only 1 bird behind Coles, as is Sumpter, who follows Forsyth. In all, thirty-eight shooters participated in the shoot to-day, and of this number twenty-one shot through the ten programme events, just the same number that shot through on the first day. The weather was threatening, and during the early morning a heavy rain fell that made it very disagreeable under foot. The event of interest for the State shooter was the contest for the individual championship.

THE INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

It is but natural that the interest of the day should center in this event, as there were a number of those who were eligible to contest for this trophy that were in fine form. Sumpter was full of grit; that 45 straight on the previous evening had inflated him considerably, and he expressed himself as willing to wager 1 to 2 that he would land the trophy even against so strong a field as the one he was up against. It did not take the boys long to bet him to a standstill, so that when he went to the score he stood to land quite a nice sum if he could win. Little Joe Matthews was equally confident, and felt sure that he, if no one else, would beat Sumpter out. Sumpter had them all guessing for a while, at least, as he scored 23 out of his first 25, missing his last one. Matthews, who shot alongside him, also scored 23. Conner, however, broke 24 his first time up, and it was evident that the race was between these three. When Sumpter went to the score for his last 25, he ran eight more straight before he dropped one, but then he bunched three misses together, and lost two more before he finished, going out with 43. Matthews made good his threat of beating Sumpter out, as he scored 44. It remained for Conner to win the badge, which he did, as he had added 21 to his first score of 24, and won the trophy by one bird, 45 being his total. Dabney, who scored 47, was not eligible to contest for the trophy, as he is not a resident of the State; neither were Forsythe, Aby and Frank.

The conditions of the race were 50 singles, unknown angles; winner is subject to challenge and must defend the trophy every sixty days if challenged; challenger to post $10 against the trophy, winner to take money and trophy, loser to pay for the targets. Trophy can never become the property of any one, but the Association will redeem it once a year at $10. Scores in this race were:

Conner 45, Matthews 44, Sorrels 43, Sumpter 43, Dickinson 43, Thibault 41, Fletcher 41, Clements 40, Fergus 39, Coles 39, Floyd 38, Duley 38, Marsh 36, Wade 33, Vaughn 25.

The following were not eligible for the trophy: Dabney 47, Forsyth 41, Aby 37, Frank 39.

Scores in the programme events were:

SCORES OF JULY 21.

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | Shot at. | Broke. | Av. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dabney | 12 | 14 | 15 | 14 | 13 | 14 | 13 | 15 | 14 | 13 | 150 | 137 | 91.3 |
| Thibault | 11 | 13 | 14 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 14 | 14 | 15 | 13 | 150 | 136 | 90.6 |
| Coles | 10 | 12 | 11 | 14 | 12 | 14 | 12 | 15 | 14 | 14 | 150 | 128 | 85.3 |
| Forsythe | 13 | 13 | 14 | 13 | 11 | 13 | 11 | 12 | 14 | 13 | 150 | 127 | 84.6 |
| Sumpter | 12 | 11 | 9 | 15 | 13 | 11 | 13 | 14 | 14 | 14 | 150 | 126 | 84 |
| Matthews | 11 | 13 | 13 | 14 | 13 | 13 | 12 | 13 | 10 | 14 | 150 | 124 | 82.6 |
| Sorrells | 13 | 12 | 11 | 10 | 11 | 13 | 13 | 12 | 14 | 15 | 150 | 124 | 82.6 |
| Sharkey | 11 | 13 | 10 | 13 | 10 | 15 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 14 | 150 | 124 | 82.6 |
| Lindsey | 13 | 12 | 13 | 12 | 11 | 13 | 12 | 13 | 12 | 13 | 150 | 123 | 82 |
| Speers | 12 | 11 | 14 | 11 | 13 | 11 | 13 | 12 | 12 | 11 | 150 | 120 | 80 |
| Clements | 12 | 12 | 11 | 11 | 13 | 10 | 14 | 14 | 11 | 12 | 150 | 120 | 80 |
| Frank | 13 | 13 | 11 | 14 | 7 | 10 | 12 | 13 | 13 | 12 | 150 | 118 | 78.6 |
| Taylor | 12 | 7 | 12 | 11 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 12 | 12 | 13 | 150 | 117 | 78 |
| Aby | 14 | 9 | 9 | 12 | 12 | 12 | 10 | 10 | 13 | 13 | 150 | 114 | 76 |
| Lloyd | 12 | 11 | 13 | 10 | 9 | 12 | 11 | 11 | 13 | 11 | 150 | 111 | 74 |
| Kirk | 11 | 10 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 10 | 12 | 11 | 11 | 8 | 150 | 111 | 74 |
| Marsh | 12 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 13 | 12 | 10 | 10 | 12 | 11 | 150 | 109 | 72.6 |
| Wells | 11 | 9 | 12 | 10 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 12 | 10 | 150 | 108 | 72 |
| Maxwell | 13 | 14 | 10 | 13 | 10 | 6 | 13 | 7 | 9 | 12 | 150 | 107 | 71.3 |
| Wade | 10 | 7 | 11 | 12 | 10 | 11 | 9 | 12 | 12 | 11 | 150 | 105 | 70 |
| Vaughan | 10 | 8 | 14 | 12 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 11 | 11 | 13 | 150 | 105 | 70 |
| Conner | 11 | 14 | 15 | 12 | 14 | 12 | 11 | .. | .. | .. | 105 | 89 | 84.7 |
| Fletcher | .. | .. | 13 | 9 | 13 | 13 | 10 | 14 | 13 | 13 | 120 | 97 | 80.8 |
| Dickinson | .. | .. | 13 | 10 | 10 | 15 | 12 | 12 | .. | .. | 90 | 72 | 80 |
| Voss | .. | 12 | 10 | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | 60 | 44 | 73.3 |
| Arnold | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 | 15 | 11 | 73.3 |
| Pemberton | 9 | 12 | 13 | 10 | 12 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 90 | 64 | 71.1 |
| Lane | 10 | .. | .. | 11 | 9 | 10 | 12 | 13 | 15 | 5 | 120 | 85 | 70.8 |
| Gregg | 9 | .. | .. | 12 | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 45 | 31 | 67.7 |
| Howell | .. | 11 | .. | .. | .. | 12 | 7 | .. | 9 | .. | 60 | 39 | 65 |
| Fassett | 11 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 30 | 19 | 63.3 |
| Alexander | 9 | 10 | 7 | 11 | 10 | 9 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | 105 | 64 | 60.9 |
| Fergus | 8 | 6 | .. | .. | 13 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 60 | 36 | 60 |
| Duley | 11 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 9 | 6 | 9 | 7 | .. | .. | 120 | 66 | 55 |
| Langford | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 15 | 7 | 46.6 |
| Dryburg | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 8 | .. | 30 | 14 | 46.6 |
| Martin | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | 15 | 6 | 40 |
| Black | 7 | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 30 | 11 | 36.6 |

### Third Day, July 22.

The interest in the shoot now flagged until the last gun was fired, and the entries ran very uniformly, ranging from 29 to 35, and the total participants up to 31, of which number 23 shot through the entire programme, two more than on either of the previous days. Dabney kept up his fine form of the previous day and was again at the top of the list, but Forsythe tied him, each having an average of 90.6. Matthews was second, with just 90 per cent. Then comes Clements and Sharkey. Forsythe's run of 48 straight was one of the features of the day, it also being the best made during the shoot. Aby, too, made one run of 36 straight. The local club gave all the visitors a pleasant surprise by having them dine as guests of the club. This was greatly appreciated by all. The weather to-day was fine, though very warm.

SCORES OF JULY 22.

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | Shot at. | Broke. | Av. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dabney | 15 | 12 | 12 | 15 | 14 | 14 | 13 | 14 | 13 | 14 | 150 | 136 | 90.6 |
| Forsythe | 14 | 11 | 14 | 15 | 12 | 12 | 15 | 15 | 14 | 14 | 150 | 136 | 90.6 |
| Matthews | 14 | 14 | 14 | 15 | 11 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 14 | 14 | 150 | 135 | 90 |
| Clements | 14 | 13 | 13 | 12 | 13 | 13 | 14 | 13 | 14 | 13 | 150 | 132 | 88 |
| Sharkey | 13 | 14 | 14 | 11 | 15 | 13 | 13 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 150 | 132 | 88 |
| Sumpter | 14 | 12 | 12 | 12 | 14 | 14 | 13 | 12 | 13 | 12 | 150 | 128 | 85.3 |
| Thibault | 12 | 13 | 14 | 13 | 15 | 12 | 13 | 11 | 11 | 14 | 150 | 128 | 85.3 |
| Marsh | 15 | 11 | 13 | 13 | 14 | 12 | 15 | 11 | 11 | 13 | 150 | 128 | 85.3 |
| Lloyd | 11 | 11 | 11 | 14 | 14 | 13 | 13 | 12 | 13 | 13 | 150 | 125 | 83.3 |
| Coles | 5 | 10 | 13 | 14 | 14 | 14 | 14 | 15 | 12 | 10 | 150 | 124 | 82.6 |
| Sorrells | 10 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 14 | 10 | 12 | 150 | 123 | 82 |
| Aby | 10 | 10 | 11 | 13 | 13 | 15 | 15 | 13 | 12 | 11 | 150 | 123 | 82 |
| Lindsey | 11 | 14 | 13 | 12 | 10 | 15 | 11 | 13 | 13 | 12 | 150 | 123 | 82 |
| Speers | 13 | 13 | 13 | 12 | 12 | 12 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 13 | 150 | 121 | 80.6 |
| Fletcher | 11 | 9 | 12 | 12 | 10 | 15 | 14 | 12 | 13 | 13 | 150 | 120 | 80 |
| Kirk | 10 | 14 | 12 | 13 | 11 | 11 | 12 | 12 | 12 | 11 | 150 | 118 | 78.6 |
| Wade | 8 | 9 | 11 | 10 | 13 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 12 | 150 | 113 | 75.3 |
| Taylor | 14 | 10 | 13 | 10 | 10 | 12 | 13 | 11 | 12 | 8 | 150 | 113 | 75.3 |
| Leach | 11 | 12 | 11 | 10 | 12 | 11 | 9 | 11 | 12 | 12 | 150 | 112 | 74 |
| Alexander | 12 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 10 | 13 | 14 | 12 | 10 | 10 | 150 | 110 | 73.3 |
| Frank | 8 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 12 | 9 | 12 | 13 | 11 | 12 | 150 | 110 | 73.3 |
| Arnold | 11 | 13 | 12 | 10 | 7 | 15 | 11 | 9 | 8 | 10 | 150 | 106 | 70.6 |
| Martin | 13 | 8 | 12 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 7 | 11 | 10 | 12 | 150 | 101 | 67.3 |
| Woodson | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 11 | 13 | 12 | 12 | 13 | 13 | 105 | 73 | 70 |
| Maxwell | 13 | 12 | 12 | 11 | 13 | 9 | 11 | .. | .. | .. | 105 | 81 | 77.1 |
| Pemberton | 13 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 12 | 9 | 14 | .. | .. | .. | 105 | 75 | 71.4 |
| Fassett | 10 | 13 | 9 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 60 | 40 | 66.6 |
| Turner | 11 | 11 | 10 | 8 | 10 | .. | 11 | 10 | 8 | 10 | 125 | 82 | 65.1 |
| Williams | 10 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | 45 | 28 | 62.2 |
| St Clair | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | 15 | 9 | 60 |
| Conner | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 15 | 6 | 40 |

KEELEY CUP FOR TWO MEN TEAMS.

The special event for to-day was the two-men team race for the Keeley cup, 20 targets per man. This, like the four-men team race, was won by a team from the local club composed of Sorrels and Speers, with a score of 36. Fletcher and Woodson, of the Little Rock club, gave them quite a scare, as they finished only one bird behind, and then each of them lost their last bird. The cup becomes the property of the winners. Ten teams competed, but two of these—Dabney and Forsythe, and Frank and Aby—were not eligible to win the cup, but only shot along for the birds. The scores were:

Sorrels 19, Speers 17—36; Fletcher 18, Woodson 17—35; Clements 17, Coles 17—34; Thibault 18, Pemberton 16—34; Dabney 17, Forsythe 17—34; Matthews 18, Leach 15—33; Lloyd 18, Marsh 14—32; Kirk 17, Wade 12—29; Aby 16, Frank 12—28; Meyer 15, Turner 9—24.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

## Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., July 17.—The Pawtuxet Gun Club finished its prize series of weekly shoots known as the Fisherman's Handicap, this afternoon. The system of handicapping, which has been liberal, has had the effect of increasing the attendance at the club's weekly shoots. Several new men have also been brought to the front. Prominent among these is H. W. Bain, who has jumped from a 60 per cent. shot to an 80 per cent. gait, winning the last four shoots in succession. Another new man in the front ranks is Mr. R. C. Root, who had scarcely handled a gun prior to this spring; he won fifth place, only shooting in four of the eight shoots. J. Armstrong, Jr., has worked up from a 50 per cent. gait to one of 75 per cent. this season; he won fourth prize. The winners and their respective four best scores, together with their handicaps, are as below:

H. W. Bain (5), 24, 24, 23, 22—93; first prize, steel rod. W. H. Sheldon, 25, 23, 21, 21—90; second prize, split-bamboo rod. F. Arnold (4), 23, 22, 22, 22—89; third prize, basket. J. Armstrong, Jr. (7) 25, 21, 21, 20—87; fourth prize, split-bamboo rod. R. C. Root (8), 25, 21, 21, 19—86; fifth prize, bass line. S. D. Greene, 22, 22, 20, 19—83; F. Corey, 22, 21, 20, 20—83; tie for sixth prize, one dozen squiteague hooks.

W. Thoene, who was not among the winners, has shown great improvement in form, and in to-day's race broke 25 straight, with the aid of 3 out of his allowance of 7 extra targets to shoot at; his score was actually 25 out of 28. The two extra prizes offered for the highest scores in the eight shoots were won by W. H. Sheldon with 169 and L. D. Greene, Jr., with 155. To-day's scores were as below:

W H Sheldon (0)........1111011110111111101111110—22
S D Greene, Jr. (0)........1111111101111111111100111—23
F Cory (0)........1101111001111111111110111—21
C Smith (0)........1010000'0111011010110000—13
F Arnold (4)........11100111110101011110111111111—22
H W Bain (5)........110111101110101101111011011111—23
Dr Hammond (0)........0111111111100111111011111—21
J Armstrong (7)........11101110011110110101101100100110—20
Repeater (7)........10011101111000111100001010100010—16
Wm Thoene (7)........1011111111111001111111111111—25
R D Currier........0011111100011001101110110—15

PAWTUXET.

## Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., July 23.—Below find scores made to-day at the weekly practice shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club. All 10-bird events:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bryan | 7 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 4 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 6 | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Wright | 6 | 6 | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Leighton | 6 | 7 | 4 | 6 | 3 | 1 | 8 | 3 | 8 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | 3 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Miller | 5 | 4 | 7 | 4 | 8 | 5 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 4 | 4 | 8 | 8 |
| Stevens | 7 | 7 | 8 | 9 | .. | 9 | .. | .. | 8 | 9 | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Webster | .. | 2 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Ingham | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Sprague | .. | .. | .. | 3 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 5 | .. | 7 | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Osborne | .. | .. | .. | 3 | 9 | 6 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 9 | 7 | 4 | .. | .. | 3 | .. |
| Gardella | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 2 | 5 | 7 | 4 | 2 | 7 | 2 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 2 | 6 |
| Tozier | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 4 | .. | 5 | .. | 5 | .. | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Griggs | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 6 | 2 | 5 | 4 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 4 |
| Bickel | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 3 | 4 | 6 | 6 | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |

Events 1, 2, 7 and 12 were at regular angles; events 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 13 were at unknown angles; event 14 was at regular angles, expert rules; 15 and 16 were at 5 pairs, doubles, each; and 17 and 18 were "snipe" shoots, unknown traps and angles.

G. F. STEVENS, Sec'y-Treas.

## Capital City Gun Club.

LINCOLN, Neb., July 16.—Below are the scores made at the regular weekly shoot of the Capital City Gun Club. George Rogers broke the record for the State by scoring 99 out of the last 100 shot at. The practice event at 10 targets was just a preliminary. Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., formerly held the State record with 98 out of 100 made here in April at the last State shoot. Rogers used a Greener gun, 3½drs. E. C. powder, with 1¼oz. No. 7½ chilled shot in a U. S. Rapid shell. Scores:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | 10 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | Targets: | 10 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 |
| Smith | 6 | .. | 15 | .. | .. | .. | Randall | 8 | 17 | 16 | .. | 18 | .. |
| Troyer | 6 | 19 | 17 | .. | .. | .. | Rogers | 9 | 19 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 |
| Moore | 8 | 14 | 14 | 14 | .. | .. | Mann | 7 | 18 | 13 | .. | .. | .. |
| Clyde | 7 | 11 | 16 | 18 | .. | .. | Raymond | .. | 18 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Louis | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Jones | .. | 14 | 16 | .. | .. | .. |
| Ray | 8 | 19 | 19 | 16 | 15 | 18 | Harley | .. | .. | 18 | .. | .. | 18 |
| Welch | 6 | 16 | .. | .. | 16 | 18 | Parker | .. | .. | .. | 11 | 17 | 13 |

SECRETARY.

## Bedford Rod and Gun Club.

BEDFORD, Ind., July 20.—The scores given below were made to-day on the grounds of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. Conditions; 50 targets per man, known traps, unknown angles:

S ipp........11011111111111111110101111111111101000111101111111111—42
Sherwood........11110111110111110111101111111101101111101111100011—41
J M Ebiesiior (25)..1111111011111111011111111—23

SHERWOOD, Sec'y.

## IN NEW JERSEY.

RIVERTON'S INVITATION TARGET SHOOT.

*July 21.*—In "Drivers and Twisters" of our last issue we mentioned that the Riverton Gun Club had departed from its usual custom of shooting at live birds, and had taken to target-shooting to some extent. To-day we had an opportunity of seeing the facilities for enjoying this sport, which the club has at its command.

With some 15 acres of ground surrounding its comfortable club house there was no difficulty in finding room for a magautrap, though there was some trouble in locating it satisfactorily as regards background. Targets have to be thrown to the north of east, if the light is to be favorable at all hours of the day; accordingly, the magautrap at Riverton is located in that portion of the club's grounds which lies between the dead lines of the "new grounds" and the grounds immediately in rear of them. The background is not an easy one, several isolated trees on the river bank and a bunch of trees to the right that looked like an orchard, making it necessary to keep one's attention fixed closely on the target if anything like a good score was wanted. To-day, too, there was a changing light and a strong wind that quartered across the flight of the targets, making shooting very difficult at times. The trap was run very well, and balks were extremely few. The speed of the trap was also well kept up, targets being thrown fully 50 to 55yds. most of the time. Prior to the commencement of the shoot, Capt. Money and the man in charge of the grounds had paced off 45yds. and planted flags in a semicircle in front of the trap. The man running the trap was directed to keep the speed of the trap to a pitch that would carry the targets up to and slightly beyond these flags. He did this all the time, but targets thrown to the right—that is, to the wind's eye—would often stand still in the most tantalizing manner, while others thrown to the left, down wind, would make haste in a manner that left many a charge of shot hunting holes in the air.

The attendance for a first attempt was very good, and an extremely pleasant shoot was the result. Rain, which threatened to fall many times during the day, kept off until after 6 P. M., at which hour all were preparing to make for home. The programme arranged for the day called for ten events and a total of 160 targets and an entrance fee of $17 for the programme. There were three 10-target events, three 15-target events, three 20-target events and one 25 target event. The entrance fees (including the price of the targets) were: $1 in the 10s, $1.50 in the 15s, $2 in two of the 20s and $2.50 in the other 20, while $3 was the entry fee in the 25 target event. Sixteen shooters shot through the programme, making an average of over three squads of five men all the time. J. K. Starr, of the *Public Ledger*, of Philadelphia, acted as cashier, while Will. K. Park, of *Sporting Life*, scored, refereed and shot, helping greatly to keep things moving.

Among those present were Capt. A. W. Money, of the E. C. & Schultze Powder Company, Limited, the Captain being a member of the Riverton Club; Capt. J. A. H. Dressell, of the U. M. C. Company, was also present as guest of Capt. Money; U. M. C. Thomas was also on hand. H. P. Du Pont Collins, of the Du Pont Company, and J. M. Hawkins and Ducker, all three members of the Baltimore Shooting Association, were there to shoot, Hawkins in particular being well to the front; J. 147 L. Winston, of the Austin Powder, was present, and took second place with Billy Wolstencroft, the latter shooting for the first time a new Greener gun, and doing well with it, especially in the extra event at 10 pairs; Harry Thurman, Landis, Burton, Anderson, Harry Febiger, Cartledge, Jones and David were also there. A prominent figure was John J. Hallowell, better known to trap-shooters as Tucson; Hallowell has left the heated confines of Arizona, and now makes his home and breaks targets within fifteen miles of Philadelphia; he is an acquisition to the trap-shooting circles of Philadelphia that is not to be sneezed at. T. S. Dando and Junius H. Davis, both of the Riverton Club, shot all through the programme, and, for novices at targets, pulverized many a bluerock thoroughly and in good time.

Toward the close of the afternoon a few miss-and-outs at live birds were shot on the grounds back of the target score. We have no details of these events at hand, but we do remember that U. M. C. Thomas distinguished himself by scoring 8 straight in the first event, staying in the race until the round before a division was arrived at. It was a decided novelty for men to be able to shoot a string at targets, and then walk right over to the live-bird score and take a whack at pigeons.

On targets no great averages were made; without a wind, there might be some chance of making something over 90 per cent. on these grounds, but with a strong breeze across the line of flight of the targets when they leave the magautrap, 90 per cent. is not easy to realize. To-day's scores were as below:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | *10* | *15* | *20* | *10* | *25* | *15* | *20* | *15* | *10* | *20* | Shot at. | Broke. | Av. |
| T S Dando | 4 | 10 | 11 | 6 | 17 | 14 | 16 | 9 | 7 | 18 | 160 | 112 | 70 |
| Hy Thurman | 6 | 13 | 16 | 9 | 19 | 13 | 17 | 13 | 9 | 16 | 160 | 131 | 81.8 |
| Landis | 7 | 12 | 16 | 7 | 17 | 14 | 16 | 12 | 8 | 18 | 160 | 127 | 79.3 |
| Henry | 6 | 12 | 8 | 6 | 15 | 11 | 10 | 11 | 5 | 13 | 160 | 97 | 60.6 |
| U M C | 6 | 12 | 11 | 7 | 12 | 9 | 16 | 11 | 7 | 14 | 160 | 105 | 65.6 |
| H P Collins | 4 | 6 | 11 | 6 | 13 | 8 | 11 | 7 | 6 | 11 | 160 | 83 | 51.8 |
| Anderson | 10 | 11 | 17 | 9 | 21 | 8 | 11 | 12 | 7 | 16 | 160 | 122 | 76.2 |
| Burton | 7 | 8 | 13 | 9 | 16 | 11 | 9 | 9 | 7 | 13 | 160 | 102 | 63.7 |
| 147 | 9 | 13 | 18 | 10 | 23 | 12 | 17 | 13 | 9 | 14 | 160 | 138 | 86.2 |
| J J Hallowell | 9 | 12 | 15 | 8 | 19 | 11 | 16 | 12 | 9 | 17 | 160 | 128 | 80 |
| E Banks | 10 | 14 | 15 | 9 | 23 | 15 | 18 | 13 | 7 | 16 | 160 | 140 | 87.5 |
| Capt Money | 7 | 14 | 15 | 6 | 21 | 10 | 16 | 11 | 8 | 14 | 160 | 122 | 76.2 |
| W H Wolstencroft | 9 | 12 | 16 | 8 | 21 | 14 | 18 | 14 | 9 | 16 | 160 | 138 | 86.2 |
| J H Davis | 7 | 11 | 16 | 9 | 17 | 12 | 17 | 14 | 5 | 18 | 160 | 126 | 78.7 |
| J M Hawkins | 9 | 12 | 15 | 9 | 21 | 13 | 19 | 12 | 9 | 19 | 160 | 137 | 85.6 |
| Ducker | 8 | 13 | 17 | 5 | 19 | 13 | 16 | 12 | 9 | 15 | 160 | 127 | 79.3 |
| W K Park | 10 | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | 30 | 24 | 80 |
| Bill | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 15 | 12 | 8 | 12 | 65 | 47 | 72.3 |
| Cartledge | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | 11 | .. | .. | 35 | 24 | 68.5 |
| Jones | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | 15 | 6 | 40 |
| David | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | .. | .. | 15 | 12 | 80 |

A couple of extras were shot, both being at 5 pairs. These were shot on the squad system, five men up as for singles, each man firing at 2 pairs before moving. In the first Billy Wolstencroft had no trouble in landing first money on 20 straight; Dando with 16 and Banks with 15 took second and third moneys respectively. In No 2, Dando with 18, Banks with 17 and Wolstencroft with 16 took the three moneys. In the last-named event Dando broke 9 pairs clean, only missing both targets in one pair. Scores in these events were:

No. 1, 10 pairs: W. H. W. 20, Dando 16, Banks 15, Thurman 13, Henry, Landis and Hawkins 12, Davis 11, Hallowell 10, Money 7.

No. 2, same again: Dando 18, Banks 17, W. H. W. 16, Davis 15, Landis and Hallowell 13, Thurman 12, Money 11, Collins 8.

EDWARD BANKS.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

*July 21.*—The second contest for the silver tea service on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club did not draw a large attendance. Only five men shot for the service, Van Dyke being the winner after a hard tussle with C. W. Tuttle, of Auburn, N. Y. Van's 49 out of 50 was a great score; his total for the contest was 100 out of 105. He used, as usual, his new Model '97 Winchester and Leader shells, loaded with Laflin & Rand's W-A. Scores in this event were as below:

F Van Dyke..11111111111111111111111111101111111111111111111111 —49
W H Huck....11111110101111111011110110101111110111101000011111—38
1110 — 3—41
G H Piercy....11111111111011111111111010101011111111001001110111—41
11111111 — 8—49
T W Thomas..10110111111110101111111111111111101111111111111111—45
0 — 0—45
C W Tuttle....11111111111111011111111111111110111111111111110111—47
11 — 2—49

On the first shoot-off at 25 targets Van Dyke broke 23; Tuttle broke 21 and his handicap of 2, scoring 23 in all; Piercy broke 15 and missed the seventh target in his handicap of 8.

The second shoot-off was at 15 targets, the two men shooting from scratch; both broke 14. In the third shoot-off Van Dyke broke 14 to Tuttle's 12, and won.

A few sweeps were also shot as below:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | *10* | *10* | *10* | *10* | *15* | *15* | Targets: | *10* | *10* | *10* | *10* | *15* | *15* |
| James | .. | .. | 8 | 10 | .. | .. | Thomas | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 13 | 14 |
| Tuttle | 8 | 9 | 6 | 10 | 13 | 15 | Piercy | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 9 | 13 |
| Huck | .. | 8 | 9 | 9 | 10 | .. | Van Dyke | .. | .. | .. | 10 | 15 | .. |
| Kent | .. | 5 | 5 | .. | .. | .. | Wright | .. | .. | .. | .. | 14 | 14 |
| Blauvelt | 6 | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | | | | | | | |

W. H. HUCK, Sec'y.

BERGEN COUNTY GUN CLUB.

*July 22.*—C. F. Dudley was the winner of the E. C. cup this afternoon, at the traps of the Bergen County Gun Club. He shot a gait this afternoon that was totally at variance with some of his recent records, breaking 46 out of 50, then 4 out of 5 of his handicap allowance of 8, finishing up with 24 out of 25 on the shoot-off. H. Blauvelt shot up well, but Dudley's gait in the shoot-off was too hot for him. The two above-named were the only ones who shot off their allowances, none else being able to reach the 50 mark. The shoot was managed by E. G. Horton, who came down from Pleasantville, N. Y. to help out the Hackensackians in the absence of the captain, secretary and pretty nearly all the officials. Barring a slight sprinkling of rain at intervals, the afternoon was a pleasant one for shooting. A strong wind prevailed early in the day, but it died away to almost nothing before the cup shoot was finished. Scores in this event were:

C F Dudley (8).11101111111111111111111111011111111001111111111—46
01111 — 4—50
H Blauvelt (8).11111010111111111101011111011111111111011101111—43
11101111 — 7—50
E Banks (0)....11111111111111011111111111011111111111111011111 —46
G H Piercy (4) 01111110110111111111111111111011101111101111111 —44
Capt Money (4)11001111011111111101111110111111111101011111111 —43
J G Linsey (4)..01111111111111111011011101101101111011111111101 —42
Van Keuren (7)...11111111111111011111001110111111011011100111111—42
Dr De Wolf (3)....11011101111001111111111111111011001111111011111110—41
M Herrington (4)..11011011011111111110001111101100111111111111111—41
P Adams (7) .....11110111111111100101101111111111001011111101111111—41
Ed Taylor (4).....0111101111111111111101101111101110101110101111—40
L Piercy (5).......01111110100111001111001001011110110111111101111111—38

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

*July 23.*—Jack Winston and Fred. Hoey tied to-day for the Leroy prize at Elkwood Park with 10 straight each. On the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Hoey lost his fifth bird. Winston shot at 29 birds this afternoon, scoring every one of them. Below are the scores of the events decided, rain putting a stop to the shooting quite early:

| | No. 1. | No 2. | No 3. | No. 6. | No. 7. | No. 8. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hoey (30) | 0 | 22 | 2222222220 | (29)....2221222222 | 20 | 0 |
| Ballard (28) | 200 | 22 | 2221212222 | (28½)..11102220 | 220 | 21222 |
| Murphy (29) | 102 | 10 | 2220 | (30)....1212111222 | 0 | 10 |
| Ivins (30) | 202 | 20 | 20 | ................ | ... | ..... |
| Daly (28) | .. | .. | .......... | (28)....1221202'2 | 222 | 22222 |
| Doctor | .. | .. | .......... | (25)....C2202222202 | ... | 0 |

| | No. 4, Irroy prize, 30yds, all. | No. 5, $5. |
|---|---|---|
| Hoey | 2222222222222220 –14 | (29)...2222222222222220 |
| Ballard | 02 | (28)...20 |
| Murphy | 11220 | (29)....1222221121111110 |
| Ivins | 00 | .............. |
| Daly | 220 | (28)....220 |
| Winston | 222222222222222–15 | (29½)..2222222222222222 |
| Green | 0122201110 | .............. |
| Loening | 2001121101 | .............. |
| Wert | 22.0201200 | .............. |

## Western Traps.

COOK COUNTY TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

*July 17.*—The regular monthly contest of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League was held to day on the grounds of the Garden City Gun Club. The attendance of members of the home club was very poor; however, the other clubs forming the League were fairly well represented. The traps were not working very well at first on account of changing the club's traps to set No. 1, and shooting the League traps as set No. 2. Not over 3,000 targets were thrown to-day, while last year in the same shoot over 6 000 targets were shot at. Some good scores were made notwithstanding the delays and balks. Scores in the League shoot were:

Cicero Gun Club: Lowrey 20, A. Cheeseman 18, W. Cheeseman 17, Knott 13, Lawler 13.

Garden City Gun Club: Adams 24, Ruble 23, I. K. Hess 22, Halligan 20, Southard 16, McHie 16, Levi 15, Goldsmith 13, Smetah 12

Eureka Gun Club: Hollister 25, Glover 24, Steck 24, Antoine 23, Stannard 21, Hess 21, Cromwell 21, Goodrich 20, Cunningham 19, Jones 18, Prickett 18, Walters 18, C. W. Carson 15.

Garfield Gun Club: Kuss 25, Neal 23, Fehrmann 22, Edgar 21, Fisk 21, E. S. Graham 21, Patterson 21, Dr. Shaw 21, Richards 18, T. Graham 17, Bowers 16, Wiley 15, Thatcher 15

Calumet Heights Gun Club: Young 24, Lamphere 22, Turtle 22, Marshall 22, Ferguson 20, Harlan 19, S. M. Booth 18, Harston 18, Norcom 17, Schmidt 15, Metcalfe 15, Greeley 14, Davis 9

Scores in the sweepstake events are given in tabulated form below:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | *10* | *15* | *20* | *25* | *20* | *10* | *20* | *15* | Targets: | *10* | *15* | *20* | *25* | *20* | *10* | *20* | *15* |
| Houston | 8 | 13 | 11 | 19 | 13 | .. | .. | .. | De Mario | .. | .. | 19 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Willard | 8 | 14 | 18 | 20 | 15 | .. | .. | .. | Rock | .. | .. | .. | 21 | 13 | 7 | .. | .. |
| Adams | 8 | 12 | 16 | 23 | 14 | 5 | 16 | .. | Fehrmann | .. | .. | .. | 21 | 15 | 9 | 19 | .. |
| Kuss | 8 | 14 | 19 | 24 | 17 | 8 | .. | 14 | Wiley | .. | .. | .. | 21 | 14 | 7 | .. | .. |
| Stannard | 9 | 12 | 17 | 23 | .. | .. | .. | .. | Fish | .. | .. | .. | 18 | 18 | 9 | 16 | .. |
| Hollister | 9 | 12 | 18 | 19 | .. | .. | .. | .. | Prickett | .. | .. | .. | 15 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Lamphere | 10 | 12 | 17 | 21 | .. | .. | .. | .. | Hess | .. | .. | .. | 17 | 11 | .. | .. | .. |
| Jones | 6 | 12 | 13 | 19 | .. | .. | .. | .. | Smead | .. | .. | .. | 18 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Patterson | 8 | 14 | 17 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Richards | .. | .. | .. | 20 | .. | 7 | 19 | 13 |
| Ruble | 9 | 15 | 18 | 21 | 19 | 10 | 20 | 13 | Metcalfe | .. | .. | .. | 12 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Goodrich | 7 | 12 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Walters | .. | .. | .. | 16 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Schmidt | 3 | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Halligan | .. | .. | .. | .. | 14 | 7 | 20 | 12 |
| Steck | .. | 13 | 18 | 24 | 18 | 9 | 18 | 14 | Mc Hie | .. | .. | .. | .. | 18 | .. | .. | .. |
| Glover | .. | 11 | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. | Cun'gham | .. | .. | .. | .. | 19 | 8 | .. | .. |
| Lawler | .. | 12 | 23 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Ford | .. | .. | .. | .. | 14 | 7 | 12 | .. |
| Carson | .. | .. | 14 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Southard | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 | .. | .. | .. |
| De Roi | .. | .. | 13 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Goldsmith | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 | 7 | 18 | 6 |
| Young | .. | .. | 15 | 13 | .. | .. | .. | .. | Graham | .. | .. | .. | .. | 17 | .. | .. | .. |
| Shaw | .. | .. | 13 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Ludlow | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. |
| Che'seman | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Cornwell | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. |
| Bowers | .. | .. | 18 | .. | 19 | .. | 16 | .. | Bradley | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | 13 |
| Palmer | .. | .. | 9 | 11 | 11 | 2 | 16 | 11 | Williams | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 20 | .. |
| Neal | .. | .. | 16 | .. | 17 | 10 | 19 | 15 | Hoyt | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 17 | 10 |
| Booth | .. | .. | 13 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Elliott | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 14 |
| Ferguson | .. | .. | 15 | 23 | 15 | .. | .. | .. | Edgar | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 14 |
| Thatcher | .. | .. | 14 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | | | | | | | | | |

No 9, at 25 targets, resulted thus: Neal 24, Kuss 23, Richards 22, Steck 21, Palmer 16.

LEE.

AT WATSON'S PARK.

*July 21.*—The monthly live-bird shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, of Chicago, was held to-day at Watson's Park. Only four members took part in the club event, which was at 15 live birds. Amberg won out after shooting off the tie with Gillespie. Scores were:

| | Club shoot. | Tie. | Sweep. |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Amberg ( ) | 112022102202022 –12+2–14 | 12 12—5 | 00002.0020—3 |
| J Gillespie (2) | 101011111222202–12+2–14 | 2020 | ........... |
| H B Foss (2) | 102201122012110 –11+2–13 | | 1202011001—6 |
| Hollister (2) | 011102101100100— 8+2—10 | | 1102121212—9 |

GARDEN CITY GUN CLUB.

*July 24.*—There was a very small attendance at to-day's club shoot of the Garden City Gun Club, West Forty-eighth and Harrison street. D. Hutchinson made the best score. Below are the totals:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | 25 | 25 | 15 | 20 | 15 | 15 | Targets: | 25 | 25 | 15 | 20 | 15 | 16 |
| Smead | 19 | .. | 9 | 12 | 7 | .. | Finsted | 19 | 18 | .. | 9 | 11 | .. |
| Hutchinson | 23 | 21 | .. | 20 | 12 | 14 | Ludlow | .. | .. | 14 | 13 | .. | 10 |
| Hellman | 21 | 15 | 14 | 15 | 11 | .. | Clark | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 |
| Levi | 16 | 18 | .. | 15 | .. | 8 | Daily | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 1 |

SEC'Y.

CALUMET HEIGHTS GUN CLUB.

*July 18.*—The scores given below were made to-day by members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club at the club's regular weekly shoot. Paterson was the winner in class A on the shoot-off, and Greely won in class B, after shooting off his tie with Norcom. Scores:

Paterson (A)..........0101111111111111011111111—22
Young (A)..........1101011111111011111111111—22
Booth (A)..........0111111010001111011111111—19
Wescott (A)..........1111110101111111110100000—17
Metcalf (A)..........1111001100001111111010101—16
Turtle (A)..........0011100111111011011110110—17
*Antoine..........11111 11111111111111110111—24
Greely (B)..........0101111010111111111101101—19
Norcom (B)..........1111110111111101101010110—19
Harlan (C)..........1011110001111011001011111—17
Schmidt (C)..........1101111011101000101010110—15
Mumford..........0111000010111100110001000—11

* Visitor.

Sweepstake events were shot as below:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | *15* | *10* | *10* | *10* | *10* | *10* | *20* | *10* | *10* | *10* | *15* |
| Paterson | 12 | 10 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 9 | 19 | 6 | 8 | .. | .. |
| Antoine | 13 | 10 | 8 | 5 | 8 | .. | 17 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 13 |
| Wescott | 7 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | 5 | 6 | 5 | 9 |
| Norcom | 12 | 7 | 10 | 6 | 4 | 5 | 15 | 0 | 7 | .. | .. |
| Young | 14 | 9 | 7 | 5 | 7 | 4 | 17 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Schmidt | 7 | .. | 2 | 6 | 7 | 4 | 8 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 6 |
| Metcalf | 12 | 4 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 14 | 4 | 9 | 7 | 11 |
| Harlan | 5 | .. | 5 | 5 | 6 | 5 | .. | 3 | 6 | .. | .. |
| Booth | 12 | .. | 6 | 6 | 6 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Jake | 7 | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Greely | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |

Nos. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 10 and 11 were at known traps, unknown angles; Nos. 4 and 8 at unknown traps and angles; Nos. 3 and 9, snipe shooting. No. 8 was 5 pairs, not singles.

The weather was fine to-day, with a light north wind blowing. The club was favored with a large attendance of members and visitors, who indulged in bathing and had a fine time, the water being warm. The trap-shooting was very enjoyable, about 1,300 targets being thrown from five expert traps.

PATTI.

## Around Buffalo.

BISON GUN CLUB.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 15.—In the Bison Gun Club's weekly shoot, held to-day on the Walden avenue grounds, Wheeler won the Class A badge, Vine the badge in Class B, and Salesman the Class C badge. The scores made in the badge shoot (No 3 in the table below) and in the seven other events decided this afternoon are given in tabulated form, as usual:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | *10* | *15* | *25* | *20* | *20* | *10* | *25* | *15* | Targets: | *10* | *15* | *25* | *20* | *20* | *10* | *25* | *15* |
| Mack | 5 | 13 | 20 | 14 | 15 | 8 | 13 | .. | Smokey | 3 | 6 | 11 | 9 | .. | 6 | 10 | .. |
| Foxie | 9 | 10 | 15 | 13 | 18 | 7 | .. | 9 | Salesman | 6 | 8 | 13 | .. | 13 | .. | 17 | .. |
| Wheeler | 8 | 9 | 23 | 12 | .. | 6 | .. | .. | Wilson | .. | .. | 16 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Appel | 4 | 10 | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | King | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 6 | 10 | .. | .. |
| Danser | 4 | 7 | 13 | 13 | 15 | 4 | 16 | 7 | Smith | .. | .. | .. | 11 | .. | 5 | .. | .. |
| Zoeller | 6 | 12 | 17 | 14 | 18 | .. | .. | .. | Collins | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Cooper | 7 | 14 | 17 | .. | 11 | 8 | .. | .. | Bauman | .. | .. | .. | 16 | 16 | 6 | .. | 10 |
| Vine | 8 | .. | 16 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | | | | | | | | | |

*July 22.*—In the club shoot of the Bison Gun Club held this afternoon. Esson won the badge in class A; Siegrist, Danser and Vine tied for the class B badge; Wrench won in class C. Scores in all events were as below, No. 3 being the badge shoot and No. 5 at 5 pairs:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | 10 | 15 | 25 | 15 | 10 | 15 | Targets: | 10 | 15 | 25 | 15 | 10 | 15 |
| Ditton | 8 | .. | 11 | 6 | 5 | 10 | Wheeler | 6 | 11 | 18 | .. | 6 | .. |
| Eates | 8 | 14 | 21 | .. | 7 | .. | Wrench | .. | 9 | 14 | .. | .. | .. |
| Kinner | 8 | 8 | 12 | 4 | .. | .. | Vine | .. | .. | 16 | 7 | .. | .. |
| Esson | 9 | 12 | 21 | 11 | 5 | 13 | Mignerey | .. | .. | 19 | 12 | 8 | 11 |
| Garrison | 6 | 8 | 14 | 10 | 3 | 4 | Danser | .. | .. | 16 | 10 | 3 | .. |
| Foxie | 10 | 13 | 18 | .. | 5 | .. | Bauman | .. | .. | 15 | 11 | 7 | .. |
| Siegrist | 8 | 12 | 21 | 9 | .. | .. | Hager | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 12 |

SECRETARY.

## Sandwich Gun Club.

SANDWICH, Mass., July 17.—The regular weekly shoot of the Sandwich (Mass.) Gun Club was held to day. Conditions: 25 bluerocks per man, unknown angles:

G H Haines ..........1111111111111111110110111 1– 23
W R Procter..........0110001101111010000101110–13
E E Phillips..........1001000111001000111010001–10
G F Dennis ..........0111100101000000001000100– 8
E S Keith..........0100011010000000101000010– 7

It is expected that a gun club is being organized at Sagamore, Mass. the town adjoining ours. We hope this is true, as some fine sport can be had between the two clubs.

G. H. HAINES, Sec'y.

## Answers to Correspondents.

### No notice taken of anonymous communications

R P. A., Saginaw, Mich.—What is the matter and the proper treatment for my English setter dog, two years of age? The symptoms are: Appetite very variable, and he will eat principally meat—raw, cut fine, or cooked. I feed him but once a day, and then light; for he will not eat much. His mouth is continually filled with a ropy saliva, which strings out of the corners of his mouth and is plastered over his neck and breast, and dries on and is very filthy. At times he has a very bad breath. Every four or five days he refuses food, and eats grass; then will vomit up a wad of it as large as one's fist and mixed with a brown slime. He will then vomit two or three times more, consisting of brown slime. I gave him Glover's condition pills, also Glover's worm capsules; but saw no worms. He is full of life, always busy working small birds and doves. Eyes are clear, and he is in good order, but not fat. Have also given pepsin three times a day for a week at a time, but it done no good. Can you help us out? Ans. Wash the gums and teeth well once a day and touch the gums with tincture of iron. Give three times a day, after feeding, a pill containing:

Quinine sulph.......... 1gr.
Acid arsenous.......... 1/40gr.
Iron powd.......... 1gr.
Strych. sulph.......... 1/40gr.

## PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.


### Savage Rifles.

SPORTSMEN interested in small-bore smokeless powder rifles should send for the 1897 catalogue of the Savage Repeating Arms Company, Utica, N. Y. This catalogue contains much interesting information aside from the technical matter relating to the Savage rifle. Mr. Andrew S. White, of Syracuse, N. Y., tells how he killed two bull moose on successive days last fall with single bullets, and there are also testimonials from Ira Dodge and John Sinclair. The following is taken from the catalogue:

"Sportsmen who have never tried the small-caliber rifles and smokeless powder ammunition, are somewhat skeptical as regards the killing or stopping power of the small metal covered expanding bullets. These are far more deadly than black-powder ammunition, however large the caliber. The secret of the deadly effect of these small projectiles lies in their expanding qualities and extraordinary high velocity, which impart a percentage of their energy to the otherwise inert flesh and bone; and these substances, being acted upon by so quick a blow, become themselves projectiles, following a well-known mechanical law, lacerating the surrounding tissues and bone, and leaving a path of destruction which is widened by resistance encountered by the bullet."—*Adv.*

### Linenoid.

LINENOID is a composition of pure linen thread reduced to pulps chemically treated, moulded on wooden or iron forms, subjected to great heat and pressure, and then finished as desired.

The result is a light, tough, waterproof material, capable of taking a high polish and admirably adapted for the seamless construction of boats, and many articles in use by sportsmen. Crane Bros., Westfield, Mass., the famous paper makers, are manufacturers of linenoid. Their latest circular contains particulars relative to boats and canoes listing from $35 up, as well as model yacht hulls, megaphones, bicycle touring cases, etc. It will be sent to any address on application.—*Adv.*

### Visitors to Lincoln Park in Chicago

WILL be delighted with the souvenir book of this beautiful spot now being distributed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y Co. It is a magnificent publication of 96 pages, full to overflowing with delicious half-tone pictures of one of Creation's most charming places of resort for citizens of the Great Republic.

No stranger visiting Chicago should be without a copy of the "Souvenir of Lincoln Park." It can only be procured by inclosing twenty-five (25) cents—in coin or postage stamps—to Geo. H. Heafford, Gen'l Pass. Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

### G. A. R. Encampment, Buffalo.

HALF RATES VIA PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

FOR the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Buffalo, Aug. 23, the Pennsylvania R. R. Co. will sell special tickets from all points on its system to Buffalo and return at rate of a single fare for the round trip. These tickets will be sold and will be good going on Aug. 21 to 23, and good to return not earlier than Aug. 24 nor later than Aug. 31, 1897.—*Adv.*

THE following letter is from a prominent St. Louis trap shooter:

*G. W. Cole & Co., 111 Broadway, New York:*

GENTS—I take great pleasure in advising of the good results obtained in using your "3 in-One" oil, and this in view of putting same to many severe tests, and I find it does far more than you claim. As a rust remover it has no equal, and for protection against rust it leads all other preparations.

I shot 100 loads of black powder in a Winchester repeater and put gun away without cleaning for two weeks; I then put a rag in barrel of gun at breech and poured a quantity of oil in at muzzle and let it stand over night, soaking thoroughly, and then run a cleaning-rod through, and at the first passage of rod removed all foreign substances and left barrel of gun as bright as a silver dollar.

I also used it on the mechanism of my repeater, and the gun works admirably.

I am now using the tenth bottle since using up the samples you sent me some time ago, and have no doubt that as soon as the trap shooters of the country are advised of the good qualities of your oil you will find a big sale for same, as it is the proper article for guns.

Very respectfully,

—*Adv.* JOHN M. TRENDLEY, Pres. King's Smokeless Gun Club.